…s, and the reputation
…, is warranted by the

…re stated, every form
…es, tincture, fluid ex-
…of any preparation of
…s. Twelve years' ex-
…me the right to judge
…judice or partiality, I
…thers,
…s effect on patients. I
…n cured with it, more
…ings than I have ever
…CHU, or any other pro-
…r name.

…SER, M. D.,
…ST., PITTSBURG, PA.

…OLLARS WOULD
A BOTTLE,
…SSARY.
…ray, N. J., Dec. 2, 1869.
…n Sir:—I take great pleas-
…eate, in addition to the
…suffering humanity. I
…sufficiently strong to ex-
…n at the wonderful cure
…. For four years I have
…All my friends (with
…ion that my case was in-
…our advertisement in my
…e your "EUCHU." I fol-
…o my utter astonishment,
…les of your valuable med-
…tle, if I could not get it at
…ly cured. I most earnest
…suffering from disease. I
…take your valuable medi
…with great success. Any
…ons may require will be
…er, at his residence, No. 78

…EEMAN,
…ARD, CITY OF RAHWAY.

…RAHWAY, N. J., Dec. 2, 1869.
…well acquainted with H. M.
…d know that he has been a
…orest possible form, for the
…he has been entirely cured
…D'S BUCHU."

Ex-Mayor.

President of Council.

Clerk of Council.

…Councilman.

…Councilman.

…Councilman.

…Councilman.

Merchant.

…E OFFICE, RAHWAY, N. J.,
…Dec. 9, 1869.
…am personally acquainted with
…am cognizant of the facts as set
…ent, and the several persons
…reunto attached are all known

…IN F. WHITNEY,
Mayor of Rahway, N. J.

…VOLUNTEER INSTI-
…TUTE,
…IFTH AVENUE AND
…XTH ST., CENTRAL
…PARK,
…HOOL FOR THE SONS OF
…ED SOLDIERS).

…:—Two bottles only of the pack-
…UCHU presented to the Insti-
…y the children, and with perfect
…of our little lieutenant, A. J., his
…rtified, and he is free from the
…ms of the chambermaid who has
…. I feel that a knowledge of the
…your BUCHU with the children
…y save many a Superintendent and
…r Schools and Asylums a great
…; and many poor children, suffer-
…kness than from habit, may be
…hat is (not knowing it as a weak-
…d habit) most unjustly inflicted
…r you on behalf of the children,
…y be alike benefited,
…ly yours,

COL. YOUNG,
…ERAL SUPT AND DIRECTOR.

…SALT LAKE CITY.
UTAH, Jan. 23d, 1858.
…LD—DEAR SIR:—Your co mmunica
…terms for advertising was only re-
…prejudice I had formed against ad-
…r secret diseases," it was left un-
…an accidental conversation in a
…evening, my mind was changed on
…r Buchu. It was then highly com-
…lseases by two physicians present.
…our advertising.
…T. B. H. STENHOUSE,
…tor of Daily and Semi-Weekly Tele-

…existant for any and all diseases of the Kidneys, and I am quite confident that it will do all you claim for it. You may publish this if you desire to do so.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD M. FRAZEL.

UNITED STATES HOSPITAL.

SALISBURY, N. C., March 15th, 1869.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.:

DEAR SIR:—I wish you to send me one dozen of your Sarsaparilla's Extract, and half a dozen of your Rose Wash.

Allow me to say that your preparations are very satisfactory, not only to the practitioner, but also to the patient; and I shall endeavor to bring them to universal use in this part of the country.

Please forward these medicines again as before, C. O. D., per express.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours, etc.,

M. F. A. HOFFMAN,
Surgeon in Charge of Hospital.

CERTIFICATE OF A DISTINGUISHED MIDWIFE.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1869.

MR. HELMBOLD:

SIR:—I have used your EXTRACT BUCHU with many of my patients, and can speak of it in the highest terms in every case, and consider it a valuable remedy, and one that should be in the hands of every midwife. Very truly yours,

REBECCA STANTON, M. D.

CURE OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND DECLINE OF A YOUNG LADY.

H. T. HELMBOLD:—I have been giving your EXTRACT BUCHU to my daughter, who has been unable to sleep, very nervous, loss of appetite, general debility, and rapid falling into decline—in fact, consumption was talked of. I was recommended to use your "BUCHU" by a highly respectable lady of this place who had given it to her son with complete success. My daughter had been troubled for a long time. I purchased one bottle some eight weeks since, which last one week, and from which she received great benefit, and induced me to purchase one-half dozen bottles, as I had tried many other remedies, and my family physician, to no avail. It is now more than two weeks since she has taken the last bottle, and I am happy to inform you of its complete success.

Very truly yours,

GEO. M. MARSHALL.

Germantown, Pa., Feb. 12, 1869.

SPEEDY RELIEF FROM KIDNEY AFFECTION

OCCASIONED BY ACCIDENT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1st, 1870.

DR. H. T. HELMBOLD:

DEAR SIR:—On the 23d of August last I received severe internal and external injuries, occasioned by an accident on a Philadelphia Railroad car. On my arrival in New York, I was attended by Dr. WILL… of East Fifty-fifth street, and another physician, whose name I do not now remember. After my wounds were dressed, I suffered for three (3) days intense agony from internal injuries, which affected my kidneys. I can say that after taking but three doses of your TRACT BUCHU I felt greatly relieved. I used the balance of the bottle, and am happy to state that at this time I have experienced no further difficulty.

Very truly yours,

P. H. KEARNEY,
No. 848 THIRD AVE…

I respectfully refer to either of the following gentlemen:

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, ESQ.,
Editor of *Citizen and Round Ta…*

B. F. CURTIS, ESQ.,
No. 102 Greenwich ave.

MORRIS PHILLIPS, ESQ.,
Editor of *Home Journal.*

HON. M. CONNOLLY,
Register of City.

MESSRS. PETTENGILL & BA…
Proprietors of *Hearth and Ho…*

I. N. HUDSON, ESQ.,
No. 41 Park Row.

HON. NELSON J. WATERBU…
New York.

HON. JAMES E. COULTER,
New York.

And many others, if necessary.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

ESTABLISHED UPWARD OF NINETEEN YEARS.

PREPARED BY

H. T. HELMBOLD

AT HIS

Drug and Chemical Warehouse

No. 594 BROADWAY

NEW YORK,

AND

No. 104 South Tenth S…

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRICE:—SIX BOTTLES FOR $5 50, OR $1 PER BOTTLE. DELIVERED TO ANY ADDRESS.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

None are genuine unless done up in steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed

H. T. HELMBOLD.

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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1870. NUMBER 1140.

Nearing "the Long Path."

Grandmamma.

JUDGE NOT!

BY PHŒBE CARY.

As eye with the piercing eagle's fire,
Not the look of the gentle dove;
Not his the form that men admire,
Nor the face that tender women love

Working first for his daily bread
With the humblest toilers of the earth;
Never walking with free, proud tread—
Crippled and halting from his birth.

Wearing outside thorny suit
Of sharp, sarcastic, stinging power;
Sweet at the core as sweetest fruit,
Or inmost heart of fragrant flower.

Fierce and trenchant, the haughty foe
Felt his words like a sword of flame;
But to the humble, poor, and low
Soft as a woman's his accents came.

Not his the closest, tenderest friend—
No children blessed his lonely way;
But down in his heart until the end
The tender dream of his boyhood lay.

His mother's faith he held not fast;
But he loved her living, mourned her dead,
And he kept her memory to the last
As green as the sod above her bed.

He held as sacred in his home
Whatever things she wrought or planned,
And never suffered change to come
To the work of her "industrious hand."

For her who pillowed first his head
He heaped with a wealth of flowers the grave,
While he chose to sleep in an unmarked bed,
By his Master's humblest poor—the slave.*

Suppose he swerved from the straightest course—
That the things he should not do he did—
That he hid from the eyes of mortals, close,
Such sins as you and I have hid?

Or suppose him worse than you; what then?
Judge not, lest you be judged for sin!
One said who knew the hearts of men:
Who loveth much shall a pardon win.

The Prince of Glory for sinners bled;
His soul was bought with a royal price;
And his beautified feet on flowers may tread
To-day with his Lord in Paradise.

*THADDEUS STEVENS, who cared nothing about his own burial-place, except that the spot should be one from which the humblest of his fellow-creatures were not excluded, left by will one thousand dollars to beautify and adorn the grave of his mother.

JOHN ROBINSON OF LEYDEN.

[WRITTEN FOR A FAMILY BIOGRAPHY.]

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

THERE can hardly be a nobler lineage than a descent from those who founded the State of Massachusetts; but there was one man who "founded the founders" in all matters of religious and civil polity, and who died just too early for our clear understanding of him.

However they differed on other points, all the Nonconformists of his time agreed in their love and reverence for him; and he had the singular gift of binding those who loved him in love of each other. We find no better proof of this than the fact that thirty-five families belonging to his congregation were transported from Leyden to New England in 1629, at an expense of £500, borne by the colony; and another party followed in 1630, at a still greater cost.

It was said by a German scholar that only five men ever lived who had moved the whole world, and he counted John Robinson one of these. John Robinson was disciple of Calvin; and, if *he* is not to be counted one of the levers of the world, it is only because he was too wise and generous to allow himself such autocracy. When he parted from his people, he urged them to follow him no further than he followed Christ, feeling confident that the Lord had more truth and light ready to break forth from his Holy Word. He bewailed the condition of the churches, declaring to learn. "The Lutherans," he said, "would not go beyond what Luther saw; and the Calvinists stick where Calvin left them—a misery much to be lamented." "It was not possible," he thought, "that the Christian church should come out of such thick darkness, and the full light break on it, at once."

Mr. Sumner has seen fit to doubt the authenticity of Winslow's report of this discourse; but he cannot sustain his objections. Winslow knew Robinson was present at the service, and his account is confirmed by Governor Bradford.

"He was a man," says the Governor, in his dialogues, "not easily to be paralleled by all things. Of learned and solid judgment of a quick and sharp wit, yet tender as his conscience and sincere in all his ways, he was a hater of dissimulation and would be very plain with his best friends. He was affable and courteous, not apt to acute in disputation as to be much troubled. He was never satisfied till he had searched a matter to the bottom, and was accustomed to say that he had another others, *but not himself.* He was much beloved by his people, and as loving as he to them. Through his singular piety, he was also a fit manager of their affairs."

Sadler, the well-known opponent of all the Nonconformists, calls him the "most learned, modest, and polished spirit that ever separated from the Church of England."

It is clear that he was distinguished for docility and candor, and for the cordial relations he sustained with his Dutch neighbors. All his own writings show that he was likely to make a parting address such as Winslow ascribes to him.

"We ought to reverence excellent men," he writes; "but the truth more."

"Ignorance is not always blameworthy; but then only when we are ignorant of that which we should know."

"Both poverty and riches, if they be in any extremity, have their temptations; and in truth the middle state is freest from sin or misery in this world, as Icarus's father told *him* that the middle way was safest for his waxen wings, neither to be moistened with the water nor molten by the sun."

"In the wife is especially required a reverend subjection in all lawful things to her husband. Lawful, I mean, for her to obey in; yea, though *not lawful for him to require of her.*"

"Love rather descends than ascends, as streams of water do; and no marvel."

These are the words of a man liberal beyond his time. John Robinson was born somewhere in Lincolnshire, in 1575. We find him first, a boy of seventeen, about to matriculate at Cambridge. The following entry appears in the register of Emanuel College:

"John Robinson entered as sizar March 2d, 1592, took his A. M. 1600 and B. D. 1607."

The record of Corpus Christi says:

"John Robinson. F. Lincsh. admitted 1592 Fell. 1598."

He was at first only a Puritan; but, when found preaching in Norfolk without his robes, was suspended by his bishop, and then retired to Norwich, collecting a congregation, who were instantly fined for listening to his exhortations.

That he was neither a fanatic nor a lover of discussion, but most anxious to retain his connection with the Church, is proved by his applying to the corporation of Norwich, after his suspension, for the grand mastership of the City Hospital, usually held by a clergyman; and, failing to secure that, for the lease of a hall which he might use for several years.

Both applications were refused; and he *then* became a Separatist, faithful to his conviction that no man should stand still, but "invite all further revelation of Truth." He left Norwich, resigned his fellowship at Cambridge in 1604, and in "Lincolnshire, his county," joined a body of his brethren, who two years before had bound themselves to "walk in all the Lord's ways *known* or *to be made known* to them, whatsoever it should cost."

His people worshiped every Sunday at the house of a Mr. Brewster, of Scrooby. Brewster was a wealthy man, and Scrooby an Episcopal manor. Very soon the little church was persecuted, and party after party gathered at different points on the Humber, to make unsuccessful attempts to escape into Holland. It was not till 1608 that Robinson reached Amsterdam, with the last of his people, a body consisting chiefly of those whom weakness or sex had hitherto embarrassed.

Here Brewster and Bradford learned to print and dye and weave. Robinson also earned his bread with his hands. In 1609, by permission of the authorities, he removed with his people to Leyden, "a fair and beautiful city of a sweet situation, made famous by the university with which it was adorned."

Of this university Robinson finally became a member, as the following record attests:

1615
Sept 5o Johannes Robinsonius—Anglus.
Coss. permissu. Ann. xxxix
Stud. Theol. alit Familiam.

This membership set him free from the control of the local magistrates, after the fashion of foreign universities, and gave him not only a tun of beer every month, but about ten gallons of wine every three months!

Here he was forced, against his own desires and after repeated refusals, to a public disputation with Episcopius, the ablest defender of the Arminians. It must have been hard for this "man of progress," claimed of late by the Unitarians themselves, to relish this position. Perhaps it was of this occasion that he thought when he sometimes spoke of convincing others when he had not convinced himself.

The Synod of Dort, in 1618, decided for Robinson and the Calvinists, and the "states-general," when summoned, sustained the Synod. All who would not agree to the prescribed terms of belief were driven into exile; but there is no other evidence that Robinson "played the parf of a bigot" in those days, as Sumner most unjustly charges, than the simple fact that he shared the religious convictions of the dominant party.

When it became possible for such as sold their estates to come to America, a large body prepared to depart with Brewster from Delft Haven.

"Be not loth to take another teacher," Robinson said, in the parting advice already quoted; and then the company gathered round the festive board "at the pastor's house, which was large," and, "making a joyful melody," departed thence for Delft Haven, where they were feasted again, and set sail, giving a "farewell volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance, on the 21st of July, 1620."

At Southampton the "Mayflower" awaited them, and on board Mr. Carver received a letter of counsel from Robinson. It was an exhortation to peace.

"Your intended course of civil community will minister continual fuel to the fire of offense," he says, "except you diligently quench it by brotherly forbearance."

"With common employment you should join common affections, bent on the general good; avoiding, as a deadly plague, all retiredness of mind for proper advantage. Let your wisdom and godliness appear not only in choosing such persons to rule over you as do love the common good, but in yielding due honor and obedience in their lawful administration."

"Hail to thee, poor, common-looking ship!" wrote Thomas Carlyle, years after. "Thou, little 'Mayflower,' hadst in thee a true Promethean spark!"

With what delight Robinson received the news of their arrival! In his first letter, written June 30th, 1621, he says:

"In a battle it is not looked for but that divers should die. It is thought well for a side if it get the victory, though with the loss of divers, if not too many or too great."

"It is a Christian's *honor* to give honor according to men's places; and his *liberty* to serve God in faith and his brethren in love, orderly and with a willing heart."

It was the liberal spirit of this man which, transfused into the Plymouth Colony, rendered its policy so shining a contrast to that of Massachusetts Bay. It is quite possible, also, that his congregation took a lesson in methodical registration from the quiet people of Leyden. There is said to be a strong likeness between our early records and those to be found at the Stadt-Huis.

Much as Robinson longed to go to the New World, he determined to be the last to quit Holland. He showed the same spirit at Leyden that he had shown in Lincolnshire, remaining with the wives and children of the fugitives—the very last to leave the faltering, hard-pressed flock. When all arrangements were made, a higher will than his interposed. He was seized with an "inward ague," and gently faded out of life in eight days.

At the age of fifty, on the first of March, 1625, he set sail for a fairer land. He was yet in his prime, a man possessed of full vigor. "The university and ministry of the city" followed him to the grave.

Mr. Sumner seems unwilling to accord him this natural honor. He may have been poor; but he was also distinguished, and a member of the university. We are distinctly told that his sickness was of so simple a nature that all through it his friends went and came freely, without a thought of the plague that prevailed in the town. On account of this, large funeral gatherings may have been forbidden; but even then it surely was not forbidden that a few persons high in authority should follow to the grave a man who died of a slow fever.

In the records of the Cathedral of St. Peter's are the following words:

1625 *Openonen en huer van Jan Robens. Engelo predicant—9—florins.*
10 *Mart.*

"Open and hire for John Robens, English preacher. 9 florins."

This was the smallest sum ever paid for an interment. Robinson's house was near the clock-house or belfry. That stood in an open square, with a few well-conditioned houses on one side of it. We remember that the Pilgrims called it "large" when two hundred of them were feasted there, before they started for Delft Haven. But evil times came; his diminished and impoverished congregation, struggling for a transatlantic home, were not likely to be hard-pressed by their loving friend. He had himself been waiting for remittances to go to Plymouth; and it is just possible that, when the last hour came, neither he nor his people had the means to buy a minister's proper resting-place.

At the last, this "Son of Man had not where to lay his head." He was actually laid in one of the pits intended for transient burial; yet it is, on the other hand, quite possible that this was done in the hope that the church might carry the precious remains to their new home.

He was buried on the 4th of March. In the *Gravenboeck* deposited in the *Stadt-Huis*, in 1812, is the following entry:

1625.
4 *Maart.* *Jan Roelands, Predicant van de Engelsche Gemeente by het Kloekhuijs, begraven in de Pieter's Kerk.*

"John Roelands, Preacher of the English congregation by the Belfry, buried in Peter's church."

This church is the oldest in Leyden. No one knows when it was built. Want of money may have prevented the widow and her son from going immediately to New England, or they may have unselfishly lingered to strengthen and help the very last. The first party came over in 1629; and in 1630 a second came in the same vessel with Winthrop, who was already appointed governor. For some reason, Isaac Robinson lingered until 1631. For a long time a singular uncertainty hung over Robinson's family. It was the uniform tradition that his widow (perhaps a certain widow Ann Robinson, of Salem) came to this country in the fleet with Winthrop and with her two sons—one of them the well-known Isaac Robinson, of Barnstable, the other a mythical hero, dwelling in the shadows of Cape Ann, and answering alternately to the names of Abraham or John.

It was a story that no one could credit who was accustomed to investigation. Had Winthrop come over with the widow of the "blessed John," he would not have been likely to be silent on the subject through his whole life. Had she died immediately on her arrival, it was impossible that the records of the two colonies should not contain some reference to the solemn service which would have commemorated at once her removal and the old life in Leyden.

But all mysteries are dissipated in time. In what church did the little congregation at Leyden gather? As no trace remained of it, people naturally imagined that it had been taken down. The little Dutch city was not possessed of the mania for improvement which characterizes more modern towns. Two brief entries in the pages of its ancient record have set many doubts to rest. These are the record of the sale of the house in which Robinson lived, to *himself and three others;* and the register of his family on the census of 1622.

At its largest, Robinson's congregation numbered three hundred souls; and the house in which the pastor's family lived was, doubtless, held by the four purchasers for the use of the whole body. How otherwise should so poor a people afford a parsonage which cost, in that remote time, $3,200? Eight hundred were paid down, and the balance was to be transmitted in yearly payments of $200 each. How else can we explain the mysterious words in the Gravenboeck: "*Predicant van de Engelsche Gemeente by het Kloekhuijs*—Preacher of the English *Congregation by the Belfry?* There is an old map or plan of the square, which represents the Belfry, and the few houses standing in a sort of garden near it, which may help us to understand exactly what John Robinson's house looked like. Every child has laughed at the oddities of his Dutch village, with its Lombardy poplars made of shavings. Were there ever any houses like those—long and tall and narrow, and glued together, as it were, in blocks of five or six? Yes, in just such a house Isaac Robinson was born. Two blocks of such houses, set at right angles with each other, stood in the Belfry Square, and it was the fifth house in a block of six that belonged to the Leyden pastor. The deed of sale describes it as 25 feet 6 inches broad; and, to judge by its apparent proportions, it should have been at least three times as deep—large enough, in truth, for all Pilgrim purposes.

Of Mrs. Robinson we read a few words six several times in those old records.

Her maiden name was Bridget White. It was her brother Roger who wrote the news of Robinson's death to Governor Bradford.

On the 11th of April, 1611, she witnessed the marriage of her sister, Jane White, to Reynulf Dickens.

On the 17th of December, in the same year, she witnessed the marriage of William Boeckram and Elizabeth Neal.

On the 15th of October, 1622, the census tells us that Bridget and John Robinson, with their six children and a maid-servant, were living in the Clock-house Square.

On the 15th of January, 1626, after her husband's death, she promised, with Henry Jepson and two other joint owners of the house in which she had lived, to pay 125 francs interest on the unpaid value of the estate.

On the 26th of May, 1629, she witnessed the marriage of her oldest daughter, Bridget, to John Greenwood, student in theology at the university.

On the 13th of December, 1629, she sold her quarter of the premises on the Belfry Square to William Jepson. This looks as if she were about to leave Leyden; and, accordingly, James Sherley, writing to Governor Bradford, from London, of the discontents of the remnant of the Leyden church, just three months after, adds that, if "Mrs. Robinson were well over," he would not disburse a penny "for the traveling expenses of the rest of the congregation." Could it be possible that she was in London at the moment, waiting transportation; and that she sickened and died there, so delaying her son Isaac until 1631?

Surely, Sherley's own pen must have recorded such a close to her significant career!

On the other hand, Hoornbeck, in his "*Summa Controversiarum Religionis*," published within thirty years of Robinson's death, says "that the *widow*, children, and relatives of Mr. Robinson—in fact, the remnant of his church—were received into the National Dutch Church"; and Baron Elsivier has found among the "acts" of that church the following entries, dated, however, as late as 1655:

"April 23. Dominie Lantsman enquires how he shall act in respect to certain Englishmen of the Brownist congregation, who ask to be received by our church."

"Dominie Lantsman was requested to converse with them respecting their faith; and, if they were found to be sound therein and not to speak against the Reformed, especially in the matter of Infant Baptism, to receive them after the usual manner."

But, if Mrs. Robinson was one of these Brownists, what became of her between 1629 and 1655? When John Greenwood married Bridget Robinson, he lived in the Vrowenkamp, an humble quarter at the west of the city. When Mrs. Robinson sold her fourth of the house in Clock-house Square, the little congregation may have gone to Greenwood in the Vrowenkamp—an inference confirmed by the circumstance that in 1644 a small Brownist congregation in the Vrowenkamp gave 538 florins toward a general contribution for the relief of some persecuted Irish Protestants.

On the 8th September, 1648, Mrs. Robinson's youngest daughter, Fear, was married in Leyden to John Jennings, son of John, of Colchester, England; and Mrs. Robinson's name does *not* appear in the record. Even if she had passed away, the fact that her husband was once connected with the congregation would account for Hornbeck's statement. The census of 1632 tells us that nine persons lived in the ward "*Seven huisen.*" John and Bridget Robinson, with their six children:

John b. 1606?
Bridget b. 1608?
Isaac b. 1610
Mercy b. 1612?
Fear b. 1614?
Jacob b. 1616?

and Mary Harper, a maid-servant.

Of their birth the dates which I give are all conjectured with the exception of that of Isaac, born, according to his own account, in 1610; and I attach them to the record merely to indicate the fact, nowhere alluded to, that Robinson must have married in England, and had one or perhaps two children before he went to Leyden. The order of the names is undoubtedly correct. With the exception of Bridget, they are repeated in Isaac Robinson's family.

Of John, Mary, and Jacob we know nothing.

The tradition of the son who came to Cape Ann is utterly groundless.

The Robinson-Trumbulls, of Norwich, Ct., have a silver cup, with a handsome handle, marked "J. R.," which they preserve as a relic of the Leyden pastor. It probably belonged to the Rev. John Robinson, of Dorchester, from whom they are stated to have descended; but not a drop of the Leyden pastor's blood flowed in *his* veins.

The year in which Isaac Robinson came to Plymouth is stated on his own evidence to be 1631. In the year 1702, Chief-Justice Sewall made the tour of Martha's Vineyard and the region round about. He found Isaac Robinson at Tisbury. He seemed to wish to meet him for some special reason, for he writes: "He saith he is 92 years old, is ye son of Mr. Robinson, pastor of ye ch. of Leyden part of wch came to Plimo. *But, to my disappointment,* he came not to New England till ye year in which Mr. Wilson was returning to England" and ye settlement of Boston. I told him I was very desirous to see him for his father's sake and his own. Gave him an Arabian piece of gold to buy a book for some of his grandchildren."

The next day the Judge lost his way. Called at Mr. Robinson's, who offered him some "good small beer," and one of his sons bears him company awhile on his journey.

In the opportunities of conversation then afforded, it is incredible that the lives of Isaac's father and mother should not have been discussed. If Mrs. Robinson had been buried in this country, surely Judge Sewall would have said so; but, if she had died in England or Leyden, he might naturally omit to record it. Nor could Prince, who knew Isaac well, have failed to tell us if any other of the family had come to New England.

Isaac Robinson, the third child of the "blessed John," was born in 1610, came to this country in 1631, and was made a freeman in 1636. He is mentioned by Sherley in his letters on the 8th of March 1629–30. He was first taxed on the Duxbury side of Plymouth, in 1634. He went to Scituate in 1636, and married Margaret Hanford on the 27th of June of that year. She was the sister of the Rev. Thos. Hanford, the first minister of Norwalk, Ct., and a niece of Timothy Hatherly, a London merchant, who founded Scituate. He came from Hatherley, in Barnstable, Devonshire; and married for his second wife a Tilden, of Scituate. Isaac Robinson's first house in Scituate was the 29th, which he sold to "Goodman Tivesden." He built another, which was also sold, as the 49th, on his removal to Barnstable, in 1639.

He took a letter of dismission from the church in Plymouth, and joined the Rev. Thomas Lathrop on the 7th of July. His first estate in Barnstable was opposite that of Governor Hinckley. This he also sold, and took twenty acres further to the west. In 1639 and 1648 he was a member of the Grand Inquest of the Colony. In 1641 he was on the jury for trials. In 1645 he was a deputy from Barnstable to the General Court, at Plymouth. In 1646, '47, and '48 he was a "receiver of excise" for the town; and in 1651 again a deputy.

Thatcher, in his "History of Plymouth," says:

"For the purpose of bringing the Quakers to a sense of their mistake, the laws were so far relaxed as to permit certain persons to attend their meetings. This permission was given to Isaac Robinson and three others."

"But," says Baylies, "the government were not aware that the fanaticism of a new sect is always an overmatch for that which has been cooled by time."

Instead of "reducing the Quakers," Isaac Robinson, an excellent and sensible man, became a patient listener to their teachings; and was consequently disfranchised and suffered many indignities.

Gov. Prince deprived him of his citizenship in 1659. One of the first acts of Winslow, on his appointment, resulted in their restoration.

The bare facts, as they are told in the records, have a very different color from the romantic assertions of the historian; and they are infinitely more to the credit of the man.

On March 7th, 1659–60, after his appointment to the "reducing" of the dangerous sect, "the court takes notice of sundry scandals and falsehoods in a letter of Isaac Robinson's, tending to the prejudice of this government and encouragement of the Quakers; but forbears censure till inquiry shall be made." On the 6th of the following June he is ordered to be disfranchised.

Thirteen years after, when persecution had gone out of fashion, the old record is interlined with the words: "There being some mistake in this, the said Isaac, at his request, is re-established."

To look at it, one would think this an innocent matter enough—promptly set right by a few written words; but thirteen years of unjust obloquy had intervened!

The year after his disfranchisement, Jonathan Hatch, of Boston, with Isaac Robinson and 12 others, purchased the plantation of Succanesset, now Falmouth. The same year, or in 1660, Isaac Robinson had a grant of land given him near his house. His party bought their land of the Indian chief Quachatesset, by a permission of the General Court. It is very likely that this scheme grew out of the restlessness of a man smarting under unjust enmity and persecution. But it did not content him long. In 1664 he was licensed to keep an ordinary at Falmouth, on account of the number of travelers to Martha's Vineyard; and in 1670 he had gone. Whatever may have been the views of the other settlers, it was natural that Isaac Robinson should follow the "inward voice," the "truth wherever and by whomesoever taught." *He* could remember hearing his father say: "I am convinced that God has much truth *yet* to break forth from his Holy Word."

The first company of settlers were all Congregationalists; but it was not surprising that a "Friends' meeting" was soon called. The sufferings and undismayed bearing of Isaac Robinson were a natural invitation to that unhappy people. His grandson, Isaac, married a Quaker girl, the daughter of Robert Harpur; but the first Isaac was never a Quaker. Had he been so, his liberality would have had very little significance. He remained in full communion with the Barnstable church for upward of 70 years. James Savage disputes the statement that he was ever a "governor's assistant" or member of the council. Prince asserts that he held this office in 1646 and 1651. If he did so, he sacrificed the favor of the government to a sense of duty, as his father had done before him.

1673 found him "recorder" at Tisbury. For several years he was its selectman. In 1700 he had divided his estate equally between his three sons, and in 1701 he deeded the homestead and its garden to Isaac. This was the first house built in Falmouth, standing on the south side of Fresh Pond.

In November, 1701, he went once more to Barnstable, to live with his daughter Fear, the wife of its minister, the Rev. Samuel Baker.

He had probably kept some landed estate there, for the town voted "to give old Mr. Robinson an acre and a half of marsh," which they would hardly have done had he had no pasture.

Sewall saw him at Tisbury in 1702; but he is supposed to have died at Barnstable, in 1704, aged 94 years.

If any humble slate ever marked the spot where they laid him, it has crumbled away.

At the age of 92 he was represented as a hale and vigorous person, with locks as white as the drifted snow. "A venerable man," writes Prince, in his Annals, "whom I have often seen."

I have lingered on this life of the founder of Scituate because its patient liberality and unambitious toil throw great light on that of his sainted father. The only thing I do not like about it is that picture of the chief-justice handing him "a piece of Arabian gold" to buy a book for some of his grandchildren. We might have looked, I think, for the fine courtesy that would have selected and sent the book, rather than given the coin!

For a different reason—namely, to remove the obscurity which has hung over the name—I give, in conclusion, a brief sketch of his family history:

Isaac Robinson, b. 1610; m. Margaret Hanford, June 27th, 1636. They had five children:

1. Susannah, bapt. Jan. 21, 1638; but dead before 1664.
2. John, bapt. April 5, 1640; m. E. Weeks, May 1, 1667, and went from Falmouth to Connecticut in 1714.
3. Isaac, bapt. Aug. 7, 1642; m. Ann; was drowned at Falmouth, without issue, Oct. 6, 1668. The decision of the inquest appointed to view the body is preserved as a specimen of the style of the time:

> "Wee, the jury of inquest appointed to view the corpse of Isaac Robinson, jr., do apprehend according to view and testimony that the means of his death was by going into the pond to fetch two geese, the pond being full of weedy grasse, which we conceive to be the instrumental cause of his death, he being entangled therein."

4. Fear, bapt. Jany. 26, 1645; m. Rev. S. Baker, of Barnstable.
5. Mercy, bapt. July 4, 1647; m. Wm. Weeks, Mar. 16, 1669.

The four surviving children were all named in Timothy Hatherley's will, dated 1664. Margaret Robinson was brought to bed of a stillborn child, and was buried with it on the 13th of June, 1649. In 1650 Isaac married as his second wife Mary, the sister of famous Elder Faunce, of Plymouth, and by her he had four children:

6. Israel, bapt. Oct. 5, 1651. After Isaac was drowned, in 1668, Israel seems, according to the bright suggestion of Amos Otis, to have taken his father's name, that he might fulfill the uniform custom of the time, a custom which occasions a great deal of confusion. Those people who think that the science of medicine has made no advance in the last century should give one glance at the early records of our churches, where it is a common thing to find the same infant name three or four times repeated, before it is borne safely over the second summer.

   Israel, afterward *Isaac*, lived at Tisbury until 1728, when he died without issue.
7. Jacob, bapt. May 15, 1653; m. Experience; died 1733.
8. Peter, said to have gone to Norwich, Ct.
9. Thomas, bapt. Mar. 6, 1666, and removed to Guildford, Ct.

In May, 1701, the great grandson of the Leyden pastor gave the unusual name of *Roeland* to his oldest child. Up to this time the families in and about Falmouth had perpetuated among their rapidly-spreading branches the old Leyden prefixes. In the year 1675 a certain Roland Robinson (who might have been, so far as dates go, a grandson of the Leyden pastor, and have taken his prefix from the Roelands of the *Gravenboeck* in the *Stadt-Huis*) came to Narragansett, with his wife, Mary Allen. He was born in 1654; came, it is said, from Longbrough, Cumberland County, six miles from Carlisle, in the North of England. He gives to his children the old Leyden names. Of the sons, only John surviving when he died, in 1716. He names none after himself. Joseph Robinson, a lineal descendant of the pastor, evidently named his oldest son after this man, in 1701, while he was still living; and after that we find the name repeated in every generation of the Leyden family.

It may be that some distant progenitor of both the Narragansett and the Falmouth families bore that name in the *North of England*, whence, while living in Lincolnshire, John Robinson was always stated to have come. The memory of the fact may yet throw some light on the origin of that loving and liberal man.

BOSTON, Aug. 24th, 1870.

MARY JANE.—I have embroidered a flag for the Prussian army, and am at a loss for a motto. How would "Bear and Forbear" would do? *Answer.*—"Beer and for Beer" would be better.

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The Independent.

POMONA.

Her trailing robe is rich with Tyrian dyes,
Her glowing cheek is flushed with sunset's hue,
As, standing 'neath the Autumn's pensive skies,
Whose fleecy rifts the golden sun peers through,
The purple clusters of the vine she bears,
The downy peach than maiden's cheek more fair,
And apples streaked with red, and golden pears—
Then flings upon Earth's lap her treasures rare.

Earth, bounteous goddess, revels in thy sweets;
Thy sounding praises every lip repeats.
When Summer flowers are fading, leaves grow sere,
Thou crownest with thy luscious gifts the year.
We quaff the nectar, true Olympian wine,
Nor envy e'en the gods their draught divine.

E. V. S.

THE RED EAR.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"EVERYTHING must be put off until Lucy Malcom gets here. The boys are ready to break their necks for her. We mustn't let her know how much this visit has been looked on. It will make her too important."

"They say there's lots of music in Lucy," returned Uncle Dorset. Everybody called him Uncle Dorset. "She's just that trim-built, light-steppin' creeter her mother was before her. What grand, good times we boys and girls used to have together when she was young."

"Yes," said his wife, with a slight air of inquiry. "You and Horace was both of you smitten with Lucy Parkes. Everybody knows that well enough."

"No," replied Uncle Dorset, wagging his good-natured old head, "it was Horace's sister I was after; but I was always willing to crack a joke with Lucy Parkes."

"Wal," said Aunt Dorset, the aggrieved tone shading off a little, "it always looked as if it was nip and tuck between you and Horace."

The old lady did not really mean it; but the truth was she had always been a little jealous of her brother's wife, and now, almost unconsciously, the feeling was transferred to Lucy Malcom. She did not relish the idea of her coming to Stockburn, and turning people's heads, as her mother had done. She had not seen the girl for five or six years; but report said Lucy had grown to be a pretty, arch, dark-eyed little witch, with a spice of mischief in her composition that made her quite irresistible. In the mild haze of the autumn day the Dorset boys were getting in the corn, drawing with an ox-team the rustling shocks to the barn—

"The old swallow-haunted barn,
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams,
Through which the moated sunlight streams."

"We will have a husking-bee when Cousin Lucy gets here," said Enoch Dorset, as he stood up on the load, pitchfork in hand, his tall, well-knit form swaying a little, and showing clearly, clad as it was in a comfortable flannel shirt and trowsers of Jersey blue.

"Golly! so we will," said his brother Job from the threshing-floor. "If Cousin Lu is as lively as they say she is, it will be general training most of the time while she stays."

Job was not as good-looking as Enoch. His hair was lank and his face was sallow; but there were funny lines round his mouth, and he had a dry way of saying things, and a taste for drollery of all sorts, that made him a favorite. He kept his wit sharpened at Enoch's expense; and Enoch was rather open to ridicule, for he had a sneaking fondness for hair-oil, and fancy neckties, and scented pocket-handkerchiefs, and secretly believed himself to be the best-looking fellow in Stockburn.

"Hullo!" said Enoch, standing still on the load, with that easy sway of the hips, and shading his handsome brown face with his hand, as he looked up the road where it rose a little until the spiral Lombardy poplars in front of Elkanah Raynor's house showed gaps of sky between, like parted fingers, and the old chimneys were nested in a bower of fruit-trees, yellow and russet now. The road down which Enoch was gazing was by no means a common country road. The fences were all of the best, and the foot-paths were shaded by fine, stocky maples, that were carpeting the wagon-track with flecks of flame color. Every house in Stockburn neighborhood was snug and neat, with a well-to-do air. It had the best school-house and church in the township, and was what people called a "crack" street.

"There's the stage coming round the turnpike corner," exclaimed Enoch, as his eyes followed a cloud of dust.

"Cousin Lucy!" shouted Job. And he threw down his fork and dashed away to the house; and in a minute more Uncle Dorset, bare-headed, with his broad, good-natured old face smiling all over, and little, bustling Aunt Dorset, with her cap-strings flying, hurried out into the front yard.

There was a face at one of the windows of the Raynor farm-house as the top-heavy stage, with its six horses, and flapping leather curtains, and piles of trunks strapped on behind, went creaking past. The house was too much shaded for health, and the face was in shadow. It was a young face, with an abundance of soft hair, regular features, and large blue eyes, that ought to have been patient and loving; but there was an unnatural compression about the lines of the mouth, that made it look a little stern. Now, as the stage passed quickly by, affording to the watching eyes at the window a glimpse of a fascinating, girlish countenance, lovely in its bloom, with a little blue veil fluttering from a jockey hat, Nancy Raynor's head bent down on her work, and it seemed as though something said in her ear: "He will love her; I know he will love her."

So it appeared that Lucy Malcom's arrival was causing some heart-burning in Stockburn neighborhood. All unconscious of this, Lucy—the roundest, plumpest, merriest little maiden ever seen—tripped out of the stage when the driver had brought his horses to. There was a pair of sparkling black eyes adorning her rosy face, and her laugh rang out as clear as a silver bell. Lucy had various parcels, bags, and books, which she shed about as such little minxes will; and a young man, who had got down from the stage to assist her in alighting, gathered them up and handed them back. He was evidently a town-bred man, with white hands, and a downward look, and too little chin, and a carefully-kept moustache. Lucy took her things from him in a pretty, petulant sort of a way, giving him a curt little bow; and the next moment they were all on the ground, and she had her arms hugged tightly round Uncle Dorset's neck.

"Don't you mean to give me one of them, Cousin Lucy?" inquired Enoch, leaning in one of his naturally graceful postures against the gate, as the kisses went flying about. I think I ought to come in for my share."

The saucy little maiden shook her black tresses very decidedly, making eyes at Enoch, Aunt Dorset thought, just as Lucy Parkes used to do; and the next moment, in one of her capricious fits, she embraced old Job with her chubby little arms and gave him a sounding smack. From that time her flirtation with Enoch may be said to have begun.

"Who is that spruce-looking young fellow who helped you out of the stage, Lucy?" inquired Aunt Dorset, gazing through her honest old specs. "Is he an acquaintance of yours?" The young man had mounted to the driver's seat while the operation of getting the trunk off was in progress, and appeared to be watching the group in the front yard under the locust trees with considerable interest.

"Oh, I believe he has got business somewhere around here," returned Lucy, with an indifferent toss of her head. "He was very civil to me on the journey."

"I am afraid you are a bit of a flirt, child," said Aunt Dorset. And then she thought to herself; "Her mother was before her; pity if she shouldn't be."

"Me a flirt! O, Auntie!" and Lucy's black eyes rolled up, and her mouth puckered itself into a dewy, rosy exclamation point.

They were in the house now; and Aunt Dorset had shown her niece up to the best room, shut up as best rooms are apt to be in the country, and rather heavy with old mahogany furniture, and a high-post bedstead, with its dimity-teaster and mountain of feathers. The moment the little dumpling of an old lady had trotted out of the room to fetch something that had been forgotten, Lucy skipped to the window, pushed back the blinds, and let her handkerchief flutter out in the breeze. Strange to say, there was an answering signal from the top of the stage. Enoch, who was lingering below in the yard, saw the manœuver, and said to himself: "She's a regular little case. I believe she knows more about that fellow than she pretends."

Lucy had been brought up in a town of considerable size, where French fashions prevailed; and she had brought all her little gauds and furbelows to Stockburn, with the hope of electrifying the natives, for her soul was by no means above such feminine triumphs. She opened her trunk, and hung some trinkets about her plump little person, and nestled some bows of cherry ribbon among her glossy black curls. She went down stairs just before tea.

"How nice it is here!" said Lucy, looking out through the sitting-room window at the sunny old garden. "I have always been cooped up in a town, Uncle Dorset; and now you must teach me to be a country girl."

"I s'pose you think, don't you," inquired the old gentleman, "that some cows give buttermilk, just as Dr. Hillyer's niece did when she came up here on a visit from York?"

"Perhaps I do," returned Lucy, archly, bursting into a merry laugh; "and then you know I solemnly believe that potatoes grow on bushes."

"Do see Lucy snuggled up to your father, and he looks as pleased as cuffy," said Aunt Dorset to Job, as she put a drawing of tea in the pot. "There's a good deal of the cat about that girl. The Parkeses have all got it, every one of them."

"I wouldn't mind having her purr round me," responded Job, in his dry way.

They were seated at the pleasant tea-table now. Enoch had come in, and Lucy was the center of everybody's attentions. In spite of Lord Byron's churlish opinion, she was perfectly charming while engaged with her knife and fork.

"Tell me, Enoch," inquired she, "are there any nice girls in this neighborhood? I don't care a fig for young men (there was a sly twinkle in her eye)—they are horrid, conceited creatures; but I should like to get acquainted with a nice girl."

"Nancy Raynor is our next neighbor's daughter," said Uncle Dorset; "and she is as likely a girl as ever was raised here in Stockburn."

"She has got what I call pretty manners," put in Aunt Dorset, dishing out the stewed quinces. "Most of the girls nowadays are too brazen to suit my old-fashioned notion."

"Ask Enoch about her," said Job, with a droll wink.

"O, yes," struck in Uncle Dorset, "Enoch and Nancy used to be very thick; and I can't say whether it's her fault or his'n that they don't hitch horses any more."

Enoch colored as he bent over his plate, and Lucy cast a mischievous little glance at him.

"Nancy don't come here near as often as she used to," said Aunt Dorset, pouring out the old gentleman's second cup of tea and putting in what he called a "long sweetening." "She ain't the kind of girl to let any young man think she's going to break her heart about him. She's an independent little piece, if she does look as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. All the Raynors are hard-bitted."

Enoch looked really annoyed now, and kept his eyes fixed on his plate, to avoid Lucy's wicked little glances.

Suddenly he looked up, and said to her: "If you get acquainted with Nancy, you can wave your pocket-handkerchief out of the window. I believe you like that sort of thing." Now it was Lucy's turn to cast down her eyes.

The house was full of fun and music, just as Uncle Dorset had predicted. Lucy kept things pretty well stirred up, and plotted against Aunt Dorset's steady, jog-trot, old-fashioned ideas. She wanted to have her finger in everybody's pie. She meddled with the cooking, and made little, mortified-looking cakes, that nobody could eat.

"Pears to me these biscuits have got the measles," said Uncle Dorset, one morning, as he broke one open decorated with a number of yellow eyes.

"I made them, dear," said Lucy, looking so penitent. "You know I've been brought up in dreadful ignorance; but now I am learning to cook, for I expect to marry a poor man—perhaps a farmer." And she cast such a glance at Enoch that Aunt Dorset took the alarm. That same forenoon, while Enoch was down in the Evans lot, mending a piece of fence, to keep Squire Bridgam's cattle out, his anxious mother appeared, with her apron over her head.

"Look here, Enoch," said she; "the neighbors have got it round that you are going to make a match with Lucy Malcolm. I wouldn't be quite so pertickerler toward her, if I was you. It never turns out well for first cousins to marry."

"The neighbors may just mind their own business," said Enoch, angrily, as he hammered away at a board.

"Tut, tut," returned his mother, who had a temper of her own. "It takes a dirt to catch a flirt; and I shouldn't wonder if you and Lucy were well matched. To speak plain, I don't think you have treated Nancy Raynor right; and the day may come when you will find out what a true heart is worth."

In spite of all this, Aunt Dorset liked the creature. Lucy compelled liking from those who did not wholly approve of her. She was disorderly and upsetting, and shocked the old lady's ideas of method and regularity; but still she would bear more from her than from anybody else. Job liked Lucy's spirit of fun. She was not too big to play tom-boy, and to follow the boys into the field and ride home on a load of pumpkins, looking like a little queen amid her golden treasures. She had seen Nancy Raynor in the singers' seat at church, of a Sunday morning; but that was as near as the two girls had approached each other. In response to Lucy's teasing, Aunt Dorset had invited the neighbor's daughter to tea; but on the afternoon of the day appointed Nancy had sent to say that she must be excused, on account of a bad headache. Job comforted Lucy by saying that Nancy would surely come to the husking-bee; but Nancy, as she lay awake nights, with the tears wetting her cheeks, thought to herself that she would not go and witness that girl's triumph. From her place of vantage by the window, with her face looking pale and her breath coming fast, she had watched Enoch pass by in the moonlight, with Lucy clasping his arm and gazing up in his face, and she almost despised herself because she could not see it unmoved.

Enoch was bewitched by Lucy; but the bewitching did not go very far. He was a young man who had a very good opinion of himself, and his constancy had not been developed. He liked to have a number of girls fond of him; and he thought it was rather a fine thing to cool off toward a flame as he had done toward Nancy Raynor. Still, with all her innocent, pussy-like ways, Enoch distrusted Lucy. He had caught her sending billets privately to Middletown by the farm-hand, Zeke; and he had not forgotten her adventure in the stage-coach.

The preparations for the husking-bee were almost complete, and Lucy was quite wild with delight. The big barn was to be nicely illuminated, and the supper of pumpkin-pie, doughnuts, and cider to be spread in the kitchen after the good old orthodox fashion. Afterward the great barn-floor was to be cleared, and black fiddlers, engaged at Middletown, were to play for dancing.

Two days before the husking-bee was to come off, Lucy made Job an apple-pie-bed. Job meant to be even with her, and the next afternoon he called up the stairway:

"Cousin Lucy, don't you want to take a ride behind Brown Betty?"

Lucy was, of course, delighted with the proposition. So she stepped to the window and peeped through the blinds; and there was Brown Betty hitched to the sulky—a light, airy thing, that looked as if made of cobwebs, with the tiniest of backless seats hung in the middle. Lucy appreciated the joke, and, while Job ran back to the carriage-house to get his coat, she slipped down stairs, unhitched Brown Betty, and was off down the road like a flash.

"O, massy to us!" screeched Aunt Dorset, running to the door. "That child will surely get killed. She don't know nothing about driving, and the mare is as skittish as a colt."

Job dashed out of the carriage-house, looking crest-fallen enough. "She's a plucky little piece of baggage," said he; "and there's no use trying to get ahead of her. Don't worry, mother; Lucy is able to take care of herself."

There certainly was a sweet little cherub somewhere up aloft, who looked out for audacious Lucy. In an hour's time she came back, with a demurely wicked gleam in her eye. Brown Betty had evidently been put through her paces. Lucy threw down the lines with a professional air, and ordered Job to give her nag some water, "for she is as dry as a contribution-box," she added; "and I would like to know who is a little sulky now."

Lucy explained, later, that accidentally she had met Mr. Allen, the young man who was polite to her in the stage. In return for turning her horse round, she had asked him to come over to the husking-bee.

The night of the husking-bee had come, and Milton Raynor was blacking his boots at the back-door of the farm-house.

"Aren't you going over to Dorset's to-night?" he inquired of his sister.

"No, I am not."

"Now, I would, if I was you, Nancy. It don't look well for you to stay cooped up here at home. Folks will begin to say you are love-sick."

"I don't care what they say," returned Nancy; and her voice sounded harsh and metallic in her own ears. She went up to her room, and sat down by the little window, that was festooned by the Virginia creeper, burning with a deep autumnal crimson. The moonlight was falling still and white on the stubble-fields and belts of woods. It blanched Nancy's face—not a patient or submissive face. Her eyes might have read a poem in that lovely evening, but they were full of trouble. She wanted to crush out the core of constancy and devotion in her heart; but she knew not how to do it. She was too restless to stay within doors; so she wrapped her head and shoulders in a shawl, and glided out into the shadow of the trees along the roadside, until she came nearly opposite to Uncle Dorset's house, where she could see the lights from the barn and catch the sounds of fun and frolic from the huskers. She was haunted by an irrational desire to spy upon Enoch and Lucy, and to confirm what she so much dreaded to find true.

Mr. Allen arrived early, and, with his white hands, his want of chin, black moustache, and city-made clothes, quite captivated the rustic beauties of Stockburn. But Nelly Blake, a blue-eyed little blonde, received a much larger share of his attentions than Lucy Malcom did; although Lucy, in her scarlet spencer and black skirt, below which peeped the trimmest of ankles and tidiest of buskin shoes, was certainly very charming. She was always with Enoch, laughing and sparring and flinging back her bright, saucy wit. Enoch had just whispered to her that if he found the red ear she would have to suffer, when some one screamed that Mr. Allen had found it. The dove-cote was ruffled, and the girls scampered over the piles of corn and hid in the horse-stalls, trying to avoid the penalty of a kiss. At last the young man took after Lucy; and the light-footed little minx gave him a chase round the barn, and then dashed away through the door into the moonlight, he after her, and the ring of her silver laugh was the last that was heard of little Lucy.

In the confusion, nobody missed them. The whole company went to supper pretty soon, and more than half an hour had passed, when Enoch came and took hold of Job's coat-sleeve. They stepped outside the kitchen-door together, and then Enoch said, in an agitated whisper:

"For Heaven's sake, where is Cousin Lucy? That fellow Allen has disappeared, too. Can it be she is playing one of her pranks? Father has gone to bed. Don't speak to mother yet. Get a light and come up to her room with me."

The two brothers slipped noiselessly up the staircase into Lucy's chamber, where the moonlight was lying quietly upon the carpet. Everything seemed just as usual, only a note lay on the bureau, addressed to Uncle Dorset, in Lucy's pretty, girlish handwriting. Enoch snatched it and tore it open. It ran as follows:

"Don't be cross and scold me; that's a dear. I am going to marry Charley Farnsworth. He isn't Mr. Allen at all. I think pa has been very cruel toward Charley. He wouldn't let him come to the house, because he was a little wild once. But now Charley has reformed and don't drink a drop; and if he couldn't get into business, I am sure it wasn't his fault, poor fellow. The only business he had in Middletown was seeing me. Maybe you will think I am to blame; but I do love Charley to distraction, and we mean to get married this very night. Nobody need follow us, for it will be too late."

Perhaps Enoch uttered an oath; at any rate, he crushed the note in his hand. "Go downstairs, Job," said he, "and try and keep the folks agoing. Get up a dance, if you can. Don't tell mother quite yet. I will put Zeke on one of the farm-horses and mount Brown Betty myself; and perhaps we can bring the crazy girl to her senses. The fellow looked to me like a sneak, and I dare say he is after Uncle Horace's money. Won't the old gentleman fume, though."

Enoch ten minutes later was spurring along the moonlit road, when he caught sight of a fluttering garment among the trees by the way.

"Who is there," he called out sharply. As no answer came, he alighted, took the bridle over his arm, and pushed into the shadows.

"It's me, Nancy Raynor," said a faint voice.

"You, Nancy, out alone this time of night! Did you see anybody pass here half an hour back?" he asked, hurriedly. "I am afraid my cousin, Lucy Malcom, has made a fool of herself, and gone off with a scamp who has been hanging round here ever since she came."

Nancy had often thought in just what scornful tones she would speak to Enoch Dorset, if he ever chanced to be humiliated in her presence; but now the opportunity had come, and all her vindictiveness had vanished.

"And do you care so very much about her?" she asked, in a faltering voice.

"I don't care in the way you think I do, Nancy." And Enoch's better nature suddenly asserted itself. "The only girl I ever really cared for was you; and I was a fool and a coxcomb. I thought I could play with you; and when I wanted to come back, you were like ice toward me. Of course, I deserved it. I deserve that you should never speak to me again."

"Oh, Enoch! How miserable I have been," sobbed Nancy, as her head went down. Enoch found a moment in which to comfort her before he leaped again on his horse and darted away after the fugitives. But they were not found that night. The next day Lucy came, with her graceless husband, and threw herself at Uncle Dorset's feet, and begged him to intercede with her father. He could not help promising anything when Lucy had her arms around his neck; and so he did intercede, and the old man relented in a few months, and Lucy was taken back into favor. The little cherub that sits up aloft has never deserted her, and Charley has turned out better than could have been expected. He takes care of the babies, and is good to his flyaway wife, and makes jokes of how he won her with the red ear in that old husking-bee.

When Nancy married Enoch, folks said she was too good for him. And so she was; but she has helped to make him a man, and Enoch would be ready to shoot anybody who should even hint that he does not love his wife dearly.

BOYS AND CIVILIZATION.

BY REV. JOHN W. DODGE.

PHYSIOLOGISTS tell us that the brain of the Caucasian child presents the same organization as the adult Mongol. The features at birth very strongly suggest the savage—flat nose, large lips, forward-opening nostrils, and wide-apart eyes. And it is a well-established fact that children, particularly boys, pass through that phase of character from which they descended as a race. The old Teuton of ten centuries ago—our Saxon grandfather at about the thirtieth remove—is discernible in the boy of to day. His idea of happiness was a banquet-hall, where soldiers drank from the skulls of their enemies. The instinct for cruelty crops out in Saxon boys still. He is the terror to the cat at what we should call a very innocent age. She has to go through fire and water, as the old martyrs did. Then he is the veritable Philistine of the home; the irrepressible enemy of good order, ready at any moment to make a raid, to the discomfiture of all decent and quiet people. Staid and decorous housewives dog his muddy footsteps from room to room, with dust-pan and brush in hand, denouncing him as a perfect bother; while bachelor uncles and maiden aunts, whatever other points they may disagree upon, are sure to agree in abhorring boys. If anything goes wrong at home, of course, it's the boys. If the gate is left open and the cabbages are eaten down, it is nobody that's to blame but that boy. If a cricket is upset in church—and the total depravity of inanimate things is specially applicable to meeting-house crickets—all grave people look daggers at the boy in the gallery, who did it on purpose to disturb the meeting. Shall there be any wrong in store or shop or barn, and a boy hath not done it?

His first ruling passion is for destruction. His first movement with a new horse will be to find out whether his tail will come out or not. He proves his new cart by vigorous efforts to get the wheels off. His favorite playthings are swords, drums, guns, and the shrillest of whistles. He believes in taking things by storm, and would have gloried in being at Jericho, with a lamp and a pitcher of his own to break, and a trumpet to blow, and a chance to shout to his heart's content. He knows when the band is coming out, and makes it a point to keep opposite the bass drum in the procession. He delights in going to fires, with the rattle of engines, the hoarse shouts of the hurrying crowds, the wild screaming of bells, and the lurid splendors of the scene. But most characteristic of all is his enjoyment of a dog-fight. In the concentric circles that close round the two assailants, with eyes bent downward, you will find the inmost ring is of boys. It is a fine illustration to the mind of boyhood of energy in action. It is a kind of law in boydom that the weak have no rights which the strong are bound to respect. Rich boys tyrannize over poor ones, and great boys over little ones. This makes the despotism of the fagging system in English schools, and the bazing in our own. It is the charm of scrapes that there is an ingredient of cruelty as well as frolic. This gives zest to plundering orchards, robbing birds'-nests, climbing precipices to search for hawks and owls, and the habit of imposing on the unwary generally. But there is not the same vehemence in all. There is as much difference in boys as there is in anybody, and more than there is in some, according to the old rune. If he be of a lean and hungry mould, like Jack Falstaff's starved "justice, made after supper of a cheese-paring," he may wriggle his little way into the world without much bustle; but if he has the stuff that men are made of he has hot blood within. Lord Byron is not alone among boys with his angel and devil. Things may look pretty dark at times, as they did with Christopher North, who blunderbussed, flirted, boxed, wrestled, boated, kept a whole establishment of fighting-cocks, and seemed bent on self-destruction. The passion for field sports, though they illustrate the possibilities of the savage, springs doubtless from that rude sense of power which may develop into the higher kinds of strength. "The man," says Schiller, "who can strike the hardest blows is the man who can shed the saltest tears." The extreme of valor is not noble unless it is balanced by the other extreme of gentleness. Boyhood is the transition state between childhood and manhood. The elements are in a state of chaos; but the spirit of gentleness broods over the troubled waters. Themistocles's saying may be true that "the wildest colts make the best horses, when they come to be broken and managed." Strong, passionate natures often have the finest sense of honor and the truest bravery: and it is the blending of the two that produces the true chivalry of character. The redeeming element of Saxon boyhood is found in the susceptibility for feeling, a later development, which relieves the hard selfishness of mere animal spirits and gives a touch of generosity. This very Christopher North, who was the greatest boxer in England, could sing so as to dash tears into grave men's eyes, and actually swooned over the grave of his father as the clods rattled on his coffin. It was the last act of Nelson, who "never saw fear," to kiss his friend Hardy before he expired amid the booming guns of Trafalgar. The question of fight is the crucial test of chivalry in boyhood. Mr. Hughes has given us the best portrait of a healthy boyhood that the language affords. His verdict on the justifiableness of fighting is thus given in "Tom Brown": "Keep out of it, if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if ever it should, that you have to say 'yes' or 'no' to a challenge to fight, say 'no,' if you can. . . . But don't say 'no' because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God; for that's neither Christian nor honest. And, if you *do* fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand or see." It is simply a question of conscience. Shall a boy stand up for what is right and noble? Let him have moral courage enough to repay good for evil; but, when actual violence comes, let him protect himself or a weaker friend with all the power he possesses.

The problem of boyhood is, how to make the passage from barbarism to civilization—that is, to secure the supremacy of the moral element; to get the lion and the lamb to lie down together. It is the transition through which the Californian is now passing, and is very well pictured in the *Overland Monthly*. It is the working off of the superabundant vitality. By and by the froth floats off to the edge of the stream, and the dark, deep current of life comes to view. The one-sidedness of boyhood under right training will be relieved by healthy growth. It is an unhappy period; for he sees enough of the inside of life to feel something of the mystery of the problem, but does not see far enough to be cheerful. He tells it all into the ear of his dear Bob, in long, confidential letters; and Bob understands it all, for it is the echo of his own hidden history. Blessed office of early friendship! It helps to develop all that is deep and generous in the soul, arouses the dormant moral element, and makes the true beauty of manliness appear.

YARMOUTH, Mass., Sept. 6th, 1870.

FAR OFF.

BY ALFRED SULLY.

FAR off, beyond the mountain-top,
Beyond the crimson bars of light
That wrestle with the coming night,
A little star of purest ray
Shines, signaling the dying day.

Far off, beneath that western sky,
All that I love are waiting me:
My boy, upon his mother's knee,
Lists to her lonely evening song
And wonders that I tarry long.

Far off, ah! so far off from me
Are boy and wife and babe so fair;
Oh, birds that haunt this Rhineland air,
I pray you bear across the sea
The yearning love I breathe to thee.

DOVE, PACIFIC, Sept. 1st, 1870.

HINCHIN BOWSER.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

"I DON' care what comes of dis ole corporation, as long as my soul's safe," said Aunt Agnes, turning the baby over on its stomach and trotting it up and down, to relieve incipient colic. Aunt Agnes Bowser was little, plump, black, and shining; of an age impossible to guess, for time had written no wrinkles on her benevolent forehead; and, like Moses, her "eye was not dim, nor her natural force abated." A dear, motherly old creature, full of crotchets, and the best nurse in M——, she had one hobby—her son Hinchin—named after "de good ole preacher who turned my loiterin' feet de way to glory"; and one unfailing topic, which always made her voice shrill and her words become eloquent—the goodness of God. In the most untoward and contrary events Aunt Agnes found some evidence of her Father's wisdom and care.

"Auntie," said little Mrs. Dill, anxiously, "I can't help it; but when you trot the baby so, I'm a little afraid he'll roll off your lap."

It was not an unnatural fear; for Auntie's lap was very much like an inclined plane. But she replied, laughing till she shook like a jelly: "Is you, honey? Bress your heart, honey, chile, there never was a baby so much as thought o' rollin' off my lap, or havin' any misfortunate occurrence whatsomever. Your too narvy and timersome, Miss Sarah, pore chile; dat's all. Dis yer baby knows better. He ain't afeard to trust hisself to his ole mammy; dat isn't he!" And Auntie trotted and trotted, and by and by gathered him up in her arms, and, hushing him against her ample bosom, rocked and sung to him till he fell asleep, and was laid away in royal state among his blankets.

Mr. Dill, coming in, thought the picture a pretty one. The westering sun cast its golden light, shot with fast-fading gleams of crimson, into the wide, old-fashioned room. Mrs. Dill, paler but not less beautiful than usual, sat pillowed up in her easy-chair, her white dress relieved by the warm folds of a bright shawl. Auntie, in her unvarying blue homespun, with a plaid 'kerchief over her breast, a very long and full white apron on, and a gay turban round her head, sat finishing off the toe of a monstrous sock; while the son and heir, who had just begun life, slept as sweetly as if life were to have no thorns.

"For whom is the sock, Aunt Agnes?" inquired Mr. Dill, smiling as he glanced at its generous proportions.

"Dat, sir, is for my boy, Hinchin—as fine a lad as ever you see; not so good lookin' as some, but for goodness his beat can't be found. And dere he come now. Speak o' de Debbil! Scuse me, Miss Sarah, please, while I see what dat boy want. Some day I'se gwine tell yer how Hinchin Bowser set himself free before Massa Linkum set de Lord's chariot-wheels a rollin' our way."

Not without dignity, Aunt Agnes waddled off; and Mr. and Mrs. Dill, looking from the window, saw "dat boy," the pride of his mother's heart, standing on the other side of the road, under a crepe myrtle tree, which was all one glory of vivid pink blossoms.

A tall, loosely-put-together man of forty, with enormous feet and hands, a very wide mouth, and a face that expressed little besides good-nature; though, as it lit up when the little "mammy" came ambling down the walk, it was far from stupid. Dress, upon the nondescript order, was composed of odds and ends, had a general hitchy look, and was crowned by a rimless straw hat.

"Howdy mam?" they heard him say, as the little woman looked up into his face. "You look peart as ever."

"Why not, boy? De Lord looks out for me," she answered. "Come in and talk a bit." And the two entered the garden. Hinchin had to stoop; for the path was arched by a grape-arbor, and the last storm had broken down a part of the ancient trellis-work. It sunk pretty low in the middle; and Mr. Dill, though a Northern man, had so far been affected by the inertia of the South that he had contentedly let it stay so, instead of repairing at once.

"Reckon I'll have to crawl through dis yer place on my han's and knees," said the man, with a comical glance at the low-depending fruit and foliage.

"Well, you may have to, son," answered Aunt Agnes; "but I'm built on a low foundation. Dis yer don't illconvenience me. De good Lord, he looked out for dat too. What would have become o' me now, ef I'd been a great clapperti-clappin gianless, I wonder? Some folks little, some folks big; but de good Lord he makes a place for dem all in dis world, and I'se shore he'll save big and little deir mansion in de skies."

A few days later, Mrs. Dill reminded Auntie of her promise to tell her of Hinchin's freedom, which antedated the proclamation.

"Miss Sarah," said Auntie, "I'll have to go back a long, long ways, though it seems to me as if it were yesserday. 'Pears like I can hear the crows caw-cawing over the wavin' corn-fields, come up as high as Hinchin's head. 'Pears like I can see the blue skies bendin' and laughin' down at me, a little gal, a-totin' my Mas'r Harry; him a baby, like dis yer. 'Pears like I see ole Miss, with her black silk dress a rustling, and her cap like the snow, and her keys by her side. Ah, me! Mas'r Harry was a pretty boy: curls like the sunshine, eyes like blue sky, mouf like a cherry. We all spoiled him; and so, when he was grown, he spoiled us. Dat's de way, honey! Keep a firm hand on dis yer boy o' yourn when he little, ef you want him *genteel* when he big.

"I belonged to genuine people, Miss Sarah; and dat's how I know so well what ladies like. I'se used to ladies' ways, honey! Well, well, ole Mas'r died; an' Mas'r Harry he ran horse-races, and drank, and gambled, an' jest went to the bad as fast as he could. 'Twas the way with the Nottinghams. The men went fast, splendid like picters for looks, and soft-spoken, and genelmen up to the last; but, one way or anodder, dey generally ended by breakin' de women's hearts. I've lived a heap more years dan you has, Miss Sarah; and de result o' my observations is dat de men mostly hab a gift dat way. Our ole house went down fast as a stone rollin' down hill. Miss Lucy and Miss Lily, dey got married. Pretty faces didn't go a-beggin' for husbands dem days; an' ole Madam, she broke her heart, of course, and died. How she used to talk to Mas'r Harry, telling him he goin' to wrack, shore. Didn't do no good. Too much talk to him; too little to de Lord. 'Prayin' breff ain't nebber spent in vain'; but dat my pore Miss didn't know.

"How I go on! I'll nebber get to *my* story. Mas'r Harry finally went clar off with delirium tremenses, an' sheriff sell house an' land an' servants.

My ole man Sam and me was parted then; and sore it was to part. He was sold Souf. We hadn't been married but a year, and my Hinchin wasn't born. Long o' what I went through den, dat made dat boy so pecooliar. Some mought think him not right; but, honey, de Lord made him smart enuff. Sam away, de Lord knew where, I didn't; me workin' in tobacco-field, dat had been raised in de house, good as Missis' own chillen; my baby yer, and my tears a droppin' hot on his little head while he nursed, and comforted me best he could—dem was hard times!"

"Did you have a good master, Auntie?" said Mrs. Dill.

"Tol'able, Miss Sarah; only tol'able. He came from de Norf, and he hadn't feelin's for us. Dat all he courted his wife for, 'cause she owned so many ob us; and he kept buyin' more. Long as Hinchin little, an' I could tote him about, we did well enough; but when he got big, an' dey wanted him in de house, my troubles began. He was dat onhandy he nebber tuk a plate or a cup dat he didn't break; and de whippins dat chile got! It's orful to think of! I am not against whippin'," said Auntie, very impressively, for the young mother's benefit, "if it's in reason. Many's the time I corrected him myself. But it goes against flesh and blood to see other people beatin' your own chillen. And what could I do? I was so afraid that he would be took away from me dat I jest kep' still and kep' up a prayin'.

"Last it got so dat dey thought him a fool, and Mas'r let him 'lone. Dey wouldn't gib him no food in particular, 'cause Mas'r said that de Bible said, 'Can't work, can't eat!' Had a Bible of his own, I believe. Hinchin hab, however, a 'mazin' large mouf—yer may hab noticed. Not handsome, but mighty useful, Miss Sarah. He always could catch things in his mouf wonderful! And he used to foller de chillen to school, and lift de little ones over de pools, and push de rocks out de way, and keep off de cows: and den de chillen would pay him. Somebody had to tote the little ones, and he would do dat; and he was worf all he got, Miss Sarah.

"He would stand with his back to a tree, and dem chillen would throw biscuits and bread and meat and apples, and see him catch dem in his mouf. Dey gave him his dinner dat way, reg'lar, year in and year out!

"One day I found out dat a man was comin' round to buy negroes, and my heart misgave me dat Mas'r would sell Hinchin. Miss Molly was to be married, and extra money had to be had. Hinchin bein' strong, though not of much account there, he thought he could get a good price for him for a rice-field hand.

"'My boy,' I said, 'it's done, done now; you are goin' away from ole mammy. I feel it in my bones.'

"'Nebber!' said dat boy. 'I'se gwine stay here.'

"I felt sorry, sorry, sorry; but dey carrid him off to the county town, and I thought I'd seen de las' ob him. One week dey was gone; and one week after dey dragged him back.

"Mas'r ridin' on him brown horse. Hinchin fastened by a rope and pullin' along after. Dirty wid the dirt ob the way, scarred wid the lash, clothes torn off, starved, sore, thirsty, half dead; but back again, back again to his mammy! Mas'r Bob gave him a kick, pore, pantin', faintin' thing, and says: 'There, Agnes, there's yer boy. Let him keep out o' my way; dat's all! An' let him look out for de worst whippin'-ebber servant had on dis estate, fust time I do see him.' And, cursin' an' swearin', Mas'r Bob rode off."

"What had he done?" said Mrs. Dill.

"Honey, when dey took dat boy away, he shet his eyes and he opened his mouf, and he kept his mouf open and his eyes shet till dey bring him back. Nuffin could conduce him to open dese, nor to shet dat. Consequence, he couldn't get sold. 'Blind and useless,' say the traders. 'Blind and useless,' said the crowd. 'And with such a mouf!'

"Well, I got him hid out of o' mas'r's sight. And he, dat nebber had had no sense, actually cut off to de Norf, and was free a year 'fore I was—more'n a year, I bein' in Maryland. The war broke out, and my Hinchin knew enough to follow the flag. He went as an officer's servant fust; den, when dey found out he could fight too, dat boy 'listed and fought through the war. He didn't know much; but he knew enough to pick off rebels and stand fire, and I'se proud of him, dat I is!"

"How does he support himself now?" inquired Mrs. Dill.

"Hinchin," said Aunt Agnes, "hab altered remarkably, Miss Sarah, sence he used to tote chillen to school for part ob their dinner. He can do a heap of things. Takes care ob horses, fixes up gardens, an' pays his way as well as anybody. Reckon you better let him mend dat ar' arbor 'fore it blows down flat."

"And you are really happy, Auntie, in your old age, are you?"

"Happy?—when I'se lived in dese grand and awful days! When I'se seen de glory of de Lord, and how he's let de oppressed go free! Happy, when I'se soon goin' to put off dis ole robe o' flesh, and put on immortality! Yes, I is happy. An', as I often say, when I'se gone, dey may put dis worn-out skellington anywhar, long as my soul shall go mounting and mounting up to Heaven."

Prince Baby, now stirring in his cradle-rest with many little starts and cries, Aunt Agnes gave her attention to him, administering consolatory pats and catnip tea, as though he were to her the dearest object in the world, and Hinchin Bowser had ceased to exist.

CHICAGO FOLLIES.

BY REV. H. N. POWERS, D.D.

CHICAGO has much to boast of, and it is not her fault if the world has not heard of it. For enterprise in almost every direction that illustrates human energy and the control of material forces she will not yield the palm to any city, old or new. Generally she means well in whatever is undertaken for the public interest. In the direction of a practical utilitarianism she is an example of conspicuous success. But as concerns the ornamental and æsthetic, owing to bungling officials, she sometimes makes herself ridiculous. Two or three examples of decorative folly in the city are now so glaring as to deserve the plainest rebuke.

There is a single vacant square set apart for a public park between Monroe and Adams streets on the north and south and Throop and Loomis streets on the east and west. The space contains perhaps four or five acres (not more than some gentlemen have in their private grounds). This is dignified with the title of Jefferson Park. It is a good name and the property is devoted to a good purpose. Such a little breathing place in a great city, in due time, might be very pleasant and attractive, if properly treated. Common-sense would say, "in ornamenting this little spot, treat it like a little spot. Enclose it neatly; cultivate a thick, velvety turf; make smooth walks, rustic seats, arbors, flower-beds; constru

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L. JENKINS.

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reached the surface of the ground. It was completed in due time, and stands there as strong as granite and cement and iron can make it, and will stand for ages—a monument of honest and thorough construction. It is a good illustration of a deep-seated and well-founded Christian character. Christian brother, build like this; so that, when the rain shall descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, your habitation may not fall with a crashing ruin.

The Pemberton Mills, at the same place, on the contrary, were reared on a shaky foundation, with insufficient supports, and the whole job was a most horrible and murderous botch.

Many of us recollect how, some fifteen years ago, the whole country was shocked and agonized by the flying telegram that the Pemberton Mills had fallen, and that hundreds of operatives were perishing in that awful funeral pile. Impenitent man and brother, you who hear the sayings of Christ and do them not, may not this calamity in some way typify your possible fate? It may be that to you all is calm and pleasant now. There may be no black clouds and forky lightnings in your sky to portend the coming storm. But may be in the very hush of this brooding calm are mixing the elements of future tumult. Perhaps in the secret laboratory of Nature the electric bolts are forging, and in the upper heavens the vapors are condensing, that will one day burst upon you in wild confusion. Fly to the Rock that is higher than you. Hide yourself in its clefts till the tempest shall pass by, and then shall angels compass you with songs of deliverance.

CASTILE, N. Y.

SCHILLER'S LAST SUNSET.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

It was a spring eventide at Weimar—Weimar, the Athens of Germany, the city of Goethe and Wieland and Herder, with many other names of noble interest—and here, sixty-five years ago, Johann Christopher Friedrich Schiller lay dying! No, no; not dying. The large, deep, earnest heart cannot die, although the tabernacle in which it has had its abode crumbles helplessly into earth! It lives in its great thoughts, counsels, and efforts; it lives in the mighty words it has uttered, and the labors it has accomplished. And, though in the revolution of the vast cycles of time these thoughts, utterances, and works may disappear or be forgotten, yet have their fires enkindled other hearts and warmed and quickened other generations, which in their turn transmit the vestal spark to gifted natures which still succeed them.

Such a mind was that of Luther, and Bunyan, and Milton; such too was the man who was putting off his mortal vesture on a spring eventide at Weimar.

Disease had followed Schiller long and sorely, though in the prime of life; but the instinctive energy of genius had often overmastered physical infirmity. This spring sunset, however, found the spirit and the flesh no longer struggling together. The conflict was over, and that which belonged to earth was now to be relinquished; while what belonged to heaven, to time, and to posterity was to put on its robes of immortality.

His great tasks are finished, and he has seen their appreciation and success. But other and greater are conceived and commenced: he regrets the languor and pain which must interrupt these. Daily he has hoped to grow stronger; while all the time he has been sinking hopelessly, and all must be abandoned forever.

At length the great poetic intellect is clouded, and he moans and raves piteously. Then the darkness disperses, and clear mental light appears again. He talks calmly of death; he feels it approaching, yet fears no evil. "Death cannot be an evil," he says; "for evil is not universal, and death is so." It is but a transition—a bridge, high and dry, but dark enough, over a still darker and gloomier stream. Thoughts on this subject, which he has long since clad in poetic dress, now linger in his mind and are often upon his lips.

> "Aloft I see a fair dominion,
> Through Time and Chance all vernal still:
> But where the power or what the pinion
> To gain that ever-blooming hill?
>
> "For lo! between us rolls a river,
> O'er which the wrathful tempest raves:
> I feel the spirit shrink and shiver
> To gaze upon its gloomy waves!"

But his faith discerns a "rocking boat" upon the stream, and "trusts the breath that swells its sails."

It is in the hours of slumber that the questioning soul sometimes finds strangely clear ideas of the unseen and unsearchable; which correct, perchance, certain crude notions which our coarse humanity is apt to form of the after state—divesting it, may be, of sensual attributes and circumstances by placing it in a focal point of spiritual perception. Thus it was with Schiller in these last, languishing days. His intensely active imagination, to use his own language, "ever on the upward path," derived marvelously solacing conceptions of eternity, even in the broken sleep of a sick-couch. "Is that your hell? Is that your heaven?" he exclaimed, while a lofty surprise transfigured his slumbering countenance. And then, awakening to recall and reflect upon the vision, he remarked to a fond and observant friend: "Now all is so clear; life is so clear and plain!"

The domestic relations of the poet were remarkably congenial, and to his last hour he gave evidence of the deep joy which the love of wife and children had brought to his heart. In one of the last upflashings of this home-altar flame, Schiller asked that his youngest child might be brought to his bedside. It was done; and taking the little hand of his daughter into his own, now moist with the death-dew, he gazed into her young face till all the father was stirred within him, and he wept tender tears of regret and pity. Ah, the little, helpless one! There was a masculine energy and sturdiness in his boy—"his first born," as he said, "his gold acorn Karl"—which gave promise of power to battle with the world, come what might. But his little maiden—whom a frown could wither and a chiding word terrify, who clung to the parental bosom with such confiding sweetness—why should she be so early fatherless? Alas! alas! he was dying too soon; his work was not yet done. His masterpieces of dramatic poetry, criticism, and history, his glorious songs and ballads, were written, to be sure, and had won him applause and fame such as few authors in a lifetime enjoy, helping to make classic the literature of his Fatherland; but, after all, the dearest, tenderest offices of life were unperformed.

Toward the last he roused himself to reply to kindly inquiries after his welfare: "Better and better, calmer and calmer," he replied.

Presently he asked to be raised upon his pillow, so that his sight might see the sun. That broad, rosy orb was just sinking in the western horizon, and his level rays streamed softly over the city and its pleasant environs. They drew the curtain aside, and he looked serenely out upon the departing day. In that long and intense gaze he bade farewell to Nature, the great mother who had nurtured and inspired and directed his genius.

After this his voice failed, and he could no longer enunciate the sentence which seemed struggling upon his lips. The exhausted organs refused obedience to the will; and, after many fruitless efforts to make his meaning manifest, he signified his wish to express himself by writing. The pen was placed in his pale and quivering hand; but it was too late. A fainting, unintelligible scrawl alone bore token of the last thought of Schiller. His head fell back, and the calm of death overspread his features. It was all over!

Publisher's Department.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

Our splendid paper this week, we think, will satisfy every one of our readers. Indeed, the general sentiment is now one of wonder at what we are doing to increase the value of THE INDEPENDENT and make it indispensable to every intelligent household. As to complaints, we are not troubled with them from any quarter.

We claim to offer in our columns more that is really valuable to the public generally than any other religious newspaper in the country.

We claim to present attractions in the way of gifted writers and special contributors more numerous, influential, and popular than any similar journal in the world.

We claim to be the only weekly religious newspaper which dares to open its columns to good men everywhere for the free discussion of religious and moral questions from the highest Christian standpoint, untrammeled by any sectarian alliance or interference.

No intelligent, honest, Christian man or woman, we think, can look over this week's paper without feeling more than satisfied with his or her investment. If there is one such, we wish to have the name withdrawn from our subscription list. If we don't give a full equivalent for the subscription money we receive, it can easily be indicated in the way suggested. There was a time, and for a half a score of years, when we were glad to receive the patronage of the public as a matter of *charity* to us; but that day passed by long ago. We make no appeals for new subscribers from any religious party or sect as such; but offer THE INDEPENDENT to the people of all denominations, as we would offer a good book for sale, because we believe it worth all we ask for it, and because we honestly believe that great good will be accomplished by its extensive circulation.

The success of THE INDEPENDENT is unparalleled in the history of religious journalism, and in no period of its history has its prosperity been so great as during the present year. Notwithstanding the present general stagnation of business, and the consequent curtailment of expenses, our cash receipts for subscriptions and advertising have been far greater this year than ever before.

We invite special attention to our attractive list of premiums, and *particularly* to the new and magnificent engraving by Ritchie (the steel plate of which cost us eight thousand dollars), entitled "Abraham Lincoln Signing the Emancipation Proclamation." This is probably one of the largest, most perfect, and most valuable steel engravings ever executed. We expect to scatter them, upon the liberal terms proposed, by *tens of thousands*, in all parts of the country.

This wonderful work of art—undoubtedly the masterpiece of Ritchie—should be in the possession of every family able to enjoy any real luxury.

It is equal in value to many engravings which sell at the print-stores for

FIFTY DOLLARS EACH.

Any person not in arrears sending us ten dollars to renew his subscription for four years, or who will renew his subscription for one or more years, and make up the balance with new subscribers, shall have this splendid present sent by mail, free of postage. Further particulars in regard to this great engraving will be seen in another column.

Our crowded columns bear testimony week after week to the great value of THE INDEPENDENT as an advertising medium. Business men tell us that no other newspaper, either secular or religious, offers such attractive field to communicate with the public as we do. An advertisement of a whole page would not cost as much as the *postage stamps alone* on a circular addressed to each one of our readers. *This is a fact worthy of remembrance.*

We believe that we have fully redeemed all our past pledges in regard to making THE INDEPENDENT by far the best and ablest religious newspaper published. But we are not satisfied, and will not be so long as there is room for a single improvement. Thanking our host of friends for their past efforts to extend our circulation, we respectfully invite them one and all to continue their good work, promising them ample pay in our constantly-increasing attractions, besides liberal compensation from our valuable premium-list.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

No event in the history of this country, since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, can be compared with that which forever ended human slavery. The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Abraham Lincoln, setting free in our midst nearly four millions of men, women, and children, has been not only an unspeakable blessing to those immediately interested, and also to all the people of this great Republic, but a blessed example of justice to the whole world. That heroic act has laid the foundation of permanent peace at home, and by its wondrous results has inspired every struggling, freedom-loving patriot in all lands to work and wait and pray for the uplifting of the people, until all, of every clime and hue, without distinction of race or ser, shall rejoice in the God-given birthright of personal and Christian freedom. Abraham Lincoln sounded the logic-cell of emancipation to the whole world, and the poor and downtrodden of every kingdom, empire, and republic are now marching swiftly along out of both political and religious bondage. God speed their way.

The artist, the poet, and the historian have alike been moved by a holy inspiration to chronicle the great act of President Lincoln as worthy of perpetual remembrance and admiration. Of the former, Mr. Francis B. Carpenter, one of the most gifted portrait-painters of the times, has undoubtedly won the great prize and the highest praise in his wonderful, almost living and breathing, representation on canvas of the SIGNING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION. Here we have our noble President, seated at his table, at the White House, surrounded by all his cabinet—viz., William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Edwin M. Stanton, Caleb B. Smith, Edward Bates, Gideon Welles, and Montgomery Blair—who are witnessing his signature to one of the most humane and important documents ever signed by mortal man in all the history of the world. All the figures, faces, attitudes, dress, and surroundings are perfect to the life. This magnificent picture is destined to be one of the most valuable as it is universally acknowledged to be one of the most remarkable ever put on canvas. Already a movement is being made to place it in a conspicuous place in the Capitol at Washington. Its loss would be irreparable, and no time should be wasted in securing it by the Government.

The numerous friends of Mr. Carpenter in New York, Washington, and elsewhere, after seeing this great picture, insisted that it should be engraved on steel by some gifted artist, so that they and thousands of others might have a copy of it, to be kept as a household treasure.

After some consultation, it was decided to engage Ritchie, one of the best living engravers, for this great work. How well he has performed this difficult task numerous testimonials which we propose to publish hereafter will show; and we venture to say that no other artist, either living or dead, ever had such an endorsement as is given to Mr. Ritchie. He has achieved a victory and an honorable notoriety, which never can be forgotten.

We now desire to make public proclamation to our hundreds of thousands of readers in this and other lands that we have

PURCHASED THE STEEL PLATE

of this engraving from Mr. Carpenter, at a cost of

EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS,

with the EXCLUSIVE RIGHT to publish and use the same as we may see fit.

Now, therefore, be it understood that on and after this date, and until further notice, we will PRESENT A COPY OF THE SPLENDID ENGRAVING AFORESAID TO EVERY PERSON WHO SHALL SEND US THE NAMES OF FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND TEN DOLLARS, or who will RENEW HIS SUBSCRIPTION FOR FOUR YEARS AND SEND US TEN DOLLARS, or who will RENEW HIS SUBSCRIPTION FOR ONE YEAR AND SEND US THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS AND TEN DOLLARS; or, in other words, EVERY PERSON NOT IN ARREARS SENDING US TEN DOLLARS AT ANY ONE TIME AS SUBSCRIPTION MONEY FOR "THE INDEPENDENT" SHALL HAVE AS A PRESENT FROM US A COPY OF THIS MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING.

IT IS ONE OF THE

Largest, Most Perfect, and Most Valuable Engravings

ever seen in this country or Europe. The size of the steel-plate is 26x36 inches.

This great premium—UNDOUBTEDLY THE MOST VALUABLE EVER OFFERED BY ANY NEWSPAPER FOR FOUR SUBSCRIBERS—will be sent by mail on and after this date, free of postage, on the terms proposed, to any post-office in the country where overland rates are not charged; or it will be delivered at our office in this city, as may be preferred.

We have already actually GIVEN AWAY more than

FIFTY THOUSAND STEEL ENGRAVINGS

as Premiums for New Subscribers, and we CHALLENGE ANY HUMAN BEING to whom either has been sent to say that he or she is not PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

We are preparing to send off this new, latest, and best premium by TENS OF THOUSANDS, and we respectfully urge our friends everywhere to commence the work of canvassing for new subscribers to secure at once this invaluable present.

This beautiful steel engraving, ever vividly reminding us of the great and good Abraham Lincoln, and the crowning act of his wise and just administration, should hang on the walls of EVERY PARLOR, LIBRARY, AND BUSINESS OFFICE IN THE COUNTRY.

We absolutely guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case, and to all parties, or the money will positively be refunded.

Orders will be registered in the order in which they are received, and the engravings will be delivered accordingly.

Address

HENRY C. BOWEN,
P. O. Box 2787, NEW YORK.

THE PRESIDENT IN NEW JERSEY.

We learn that on Saturday the President, with a few friends, visited the United States Watch Company's Factory, at Marion, New Jersey.

This is really one of the notable places of interest in this section in the line of manufactories, which will be readily appreciated when we inform our readers that the watches made there are not excelled, if equaled, by any hand-made watches in the world, and that the watches made at Marion are machine-made.

We have visited these works on several occasions, and confess that our interest is increased at every additional visit we make.

The extent of these works may be faintly surmised by opening a watch, taking it apart, and laying its parts upon a table; and then reflecting upon the fact that every part, with the exception of the dial, is forged out, and, going through the manipulations of several distinct machines, is finally completed in this manner and made ready to assume its place in the watch, where it is certain to perform its part of the duties of running and indicating accurate time. Any one possessing in the smallest degree mechanical skill or inventive appreciation would be amply repaid for the time and trouble of a visit to these wonderful works.

We learn that President Grant and party were agreeably surprised at the magnitude of the works and with the variety and perfection of the machinery, much of which was designed and built by the company for their own special use in the manufacture of their justly-celebrated and renowned watches—the President designating many of these unique machines as truly wonderful as triumphs of invention and mechanical skill. He was profuse in his encomiums of praise as the functions of many of these petite machines were explained to him by Mr. Giles and his gentlemanly superintendents; and as he witnessed their accurate workings upon the delicate parts, requiring in most cases the aid of the magnifying glass to adjust them even in the machine which was to do some important office in its completion.

The watches made by the United States Watch Company stand at the head of the list for correct time and give assurance of great durability. They are finished and cased in gold and silver cases, and are handsome and convenient to wear. Their ladies' watches are finished up in a variety of styles.

Having carried one of their watches, which runs with scarcely any variation, we can speak by experience and endorse them in the fullest manner.

B. L. SOLOMON & SONS.

By reference to their advertisement, in another column, it will be seen that this enterprising firm are offering first-class furniture of their own manufacture at prices extremely low.

We have examined their stock, and are satisfied that it is unsurpassed in quality, design, and finish by any manufactured in this country, and found that their prices are so low that they can compete with any manufacturers or dealers.

Their stock, embracing all varieties of first-class furniture, is fully guaranteed to be equal to the best, and to be as represented in all respects. We advise those of our readers, either in or out of the city, in want of articles in their line to call or send their orders to this house, believing that quality and price will be found satisfactory.

"THE ARLINGTON," WASHINGTON, D. C.

This new and beautiful Hotel has, since the adjournment of Congress, been redecorated and greatly improved. The proprietors are determined that it shall surpass, in beauty and equipment, any hotel in the country.

MR. A. A. FAVARGER respectfully announces his return to New York, where he will give a course of his French Readings, favorably received in Paris and in London. For particulars address Mr. FAVARGER, 8 E. Ninth street. See advertisement in another column.

SWISS CARVED GOODS

The Swiss M'f'g Co., 36 East 14th St., cor. University Place.

BUSINESS MEN find it much more convenient to contract with an established Advertising Agency, like that of George P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, than to make contracts direct with publishers. They gain the advantage of dealing with one person, instead of dozens or hundreds, while the cost is not increased.

AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT.

We know of no subject of such practical importance to householders as that of a good, handsome, *durable* paint for their dwellings.

We frequently see houses repainted every two years, and often in less than 12 months. All gloss has gone, the white lead has faded and begun to wear off or wash off, and the entire building looks shabby. It is well known that painters themselves are not as careful in the mixing and selection of their colors as they should be; and it is easy to see how such a system soon proves more costly than the owner is willing to bear. A bill of $100 to $200 for painting one's house every two years is too much for any one to submit to.

We have long wanted a paint which would give a handsome gloss, retain its color long, and would wear for at least three years, and longer, if possible. Within the past few years we have watched the progress of the new Averill Chemical Paint, and have had frequent opportunities to test it fully. We think it just the article to supply the need, and give it our hearty endorsement. It has proved in every respect everything claimed for it by its originators; and, in durability, beauty, and cheapness unequaled among all paints we have ever known. We have known of instances where at the end of five years it remained as glossy and beautiful as the day it was applied.

It is made of the usual materials for paint; but so chemically prepared as to furnish a peculiar, lasting polish, impervious to the atmosphere and growing more and more solid with age. We unhesitatingly say it will last fully three times as long as white lead.

We direct special attention to their announcement this week, on our 3d page.

ROGERS' STATUARY.

ROGERS' groups of statuary as productions of art are not excelled by anything of the kind we have seen. They are most exquisitely wrought, and are generally so true to Nature as to seem almost animate. They are designed for ornaments, and are very suitable for wedding, holiday, and other presents. His last piece, entitled "Coming to the Parson," is a masterpiece of art.

$1,000 REWARD is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery for a medicine that will equal it in the cure of all those diseases for which it is recommended; among which are severe, acute, or lingering Coughs, Consumption in its early stages, Bronchitis, "Liver Complaint," or "Biliousness," Constipation of the Bowels, Loss of Appetite, Scrofulous Diseases and Skin Diseases, as Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, and Boils. It is sold by all druggists.

NOTICES.

APPEAL FOR HOME MISSIONS.

THE American Home Missionary Society is compelled to appeal to its friends and patrons for the immediate supply of its empty treasury.

The work is one that cannot be stationary. Every missionary's success makes room and work for others. Not to go forward is to retreat. Obeying what they believed to be the call of God, and the will of the churches acting through this society, the executive committee have steadily enlarged its operations, until on its list are nearly 950 men, supplying almost 2,000 stations, sustained last year at an outlay of $271,000, which ought to be increased this year. But, instead, the receipts for the six month now closing have been less than $69,000, while the payments have been $99,460, entirely exhausting the balance with which the year commenced.

This Society borrows no money. Its pledges are made payable as soon after labor is reported as the state of the treasury will warrant.

Money is now due to missionaries, which cannot be sent until our friends provide it. Meanwhile, the number is daily increasing of those who are waiting for their dues, at the cost of great inconvenience to all and of actual suffering to some. Shall such a band of Christian workers be left to suffer, while in the homes of any of their brethren there is bread enough and to spare?

Shall the work of the Society be hindered at this point of its richest success and promise, and when so many of its fields are calling for a decided advance?

These questions we leave with the faithful friends of the Society. Churches, that have long made it your almoner; Pastors, whose prayers, gifts, and influence with your people have sustained it; Christians, with property entrusted to you as stewards of God; humblest member of Christ's body, with your two mites; all who believe that true religion is the hope of our nation—shall we have your answer? Have it now? Such an answer as will be pleasing to your Master and ours?

With intense anxiety we wait for your answer, and can take no further step till we receive it. The home missionaries, with winter before them, wait for your answer. What shall it be?

In behalf of the Executive Committee:

MILTON BADGER,
DAVID B. COE,
ALEX'R H. CLAPP,
Secretaries.

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, Sept. 29th, 1870.

NEW LONDON, CONN., Oct. 1, 1870.

Delegates who expect to attend the General Conference of the Congregational churches of Connecticut, to be held at New London, November 1st, are requested to send their address.

JESSE C. LEARNED,
Chairman Com. of Reception.

MARRIED.

WILSON—JONES.—At Saxonville, Mass., Sept. 27th, by the Rev. Charles Jones, Lieut. R. B. Wilson, U. S. A., to Sarah Louisa, youngest daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DIED.

MONRO.—At Niagara, Ontario, on Tuesday, 27th Sept., Mr. James Monro, aged 67 years.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.'S

TOP LABEL. NEW SIX Cord BOTTOM LABEL. SUPERIOR SIX CORD MACHINE THREAD.

SOFT FINISH SPOOL COTTON.

A Thread, as will be seen from the following certificates,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO SEWING MACHINES.

Office of Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, 625 Broadway.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the Willimantic Linen Co., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Wood Sewing Machine Company,

WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO.—GENTS:—During the last six months we have thoroughly tested your IMPROVED SPOOL COTTON in various ways—using it in "running in," and especially our Machine at our Factory, dispatching Machines to customers, and doing all kinds of sewing at our offices; supplying the demands from our wholesale and retail trade; in short, in every requirement; and now take pleasure in saying that we neither expect nor desire to find its superior, as that which you furnish us answers every want, whether for strength, smoothness, or uniformity.

Yours, very respectfully,

S. L. CLARK, Sec'y.

Office of the Florence Sewing Machine Company,

FLORENCE, MASS., January 15th, 1870.

We have thoroughly tested the new Six Cord Thread of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., and find it superior to any other in the market, and warmly recommend it to the agents, purchasers, and users of the Florence and other Sewing Machines.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.

Office of TRACY & BILL, Importers and Manufacturers of Machine Folded Steam Pressed Skirt Fronts, 326 Broadway,

NEW YORK, September 10th, 1868.

MESSRS. GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., *Agents Willimantic Linen Co.*—GENTS:—We have given your SIX Cord Spool Cotton a thorough trial on our STEAM POWER SEWING MACHINES, (the severest test a Thread can be put to), and it runs to our entire satisfaction. In our estimation, it is superior to all the qualities of a perfect Six Cord Thread. Respectfully yours, TRACY & BILL.

GEO. S. MOULTON & CO., 101 Chambers St.,
SOLE AGENTS IN NEW YORK.

Use JOHN DWIGHT & CO.'S BUTT SALERATUS or the it SUPER CARB. SODA. No others are equal to these for cooking purposes. Established 1846.

LAWRENCE BROS. & CO.,
BANKERS,
No. 16 WALL STREET, N. Y.

THE DYING BODY
SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE!
THROUGH
DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A small atom of vaccine matter is sufficient to charge the system of the most robust and weighty body against Small-Pox. This potent power is secured through the blood. In every drop of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT there are concentrated the nourishing, strengthening, and purifying properties that will secure to every human being pure, rich, strong, and healthy blood.

If the blood can be charged with vaccine matter in atomic proportions, that reproduces on the part of the body inoculated a poison of such virulence that an atom will charge an ordinary body containing 10 pounds of blood, is it not reasonable that a remedial agent like RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, made from the most healing, purifying, strengthening extracts from the vegetable kingdom of known medicinal qualities, and combined together by the highest chemical skill, and the medicinal properties of these substances obtained under a process that secures only the active properties of the substances used, should have equally as potent power for cleansing, purifying, enriching, and strengthening the blood?

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it repairs the waste of the body with new and sound material. The SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT possesses *tissue-making* and *flesh-making* elements and supplies the system with any deficiency of *Caloric or heat-making constituents*. No matter how deeply seated or engrafted in the tissues, cartilages, glands, organs, or bones disease and corruption may be, the influence of this powerful agent on the blood and other fluids that supply the living body with repairs will so charge the system with such constituents as to *resolve* and exterminate the *dead* and *decomposing matter*, and supply its place with *sound* and *living structure*, nourished by rich, pure, and strong blood.

By the chemical action by which the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT has on the substances taken into the stomach during its process of digestion into Chyme and Chyle, before it is made blood, as well as the nourishing constituents it converts into blood, and its specific action when entering the circulation, it exterminates every atom of virus from the blood, and *resolves away all deposits of disease*, whether caused by the action of some specific poison or virulent disease, or Mercury, Corrosive Sublimate, Chloride of Silver, or other mineral poisons, or the effects of the last *Erysipelas, Fever Sores, Scald Heads, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Eruptive, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease the potent power to cure them.*

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually occurring, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, his digestion better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional, Skin, and Syphiloid diseases; but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is burning sensation, and pain in the Small of the Back along the Loins.

In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, added by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the Spine and Small of the Back, and the Bowels regulated with one or two of RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS per day, will soon make a complete cure, and in a few days the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural color.

Price one dollar per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Sold by Druggists.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter-stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you. Sold by Druggists.

8 Per Cent. Interest

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

The First mortgage Eight Per Cent. Gold Bonds of the

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY

are for sale by the undersigned. Price, 97½ and Interest. The amount of Bonds issued is $1,500,000 on 111 miles of road, of which 80 miles are completed and the grading of the balance finished, while the iron and materials are on the track to complete it.

This road, completed and about being finished, together with rolling stock, lands, *property of every description*, and franchises, is mortgaged to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in trust for the security of these bonds. This property has a value more than double the amount of this mortgage. The net earnings of the company are constantly on the increase and are in excess of the amount required to pay the interest on these bonds. The payment of the interest and principal is, therefore, fully secured. The bonds are in denominations of $1,000 and $500. Interest payable semi-annually in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the Main. We unhesitatingly recommend them, and will furnish maps and pamphlets upon application.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,
No. 54 Pine Street, New York.

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No. 49 Wall Street, New York.

$150,000. CHANCES $150,000.
FOR
PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

I offer a limited amount of Township, City, and County Bonds of the State of Illinois, bearing from eight to ten per cent. Interest.

These Bonds are registered in the State Auditor's office, and the interest is paid by the State Treasurer, the same as on the State Bonds.

No better investment is offered in this market. For particulars address C. P. BAILEY, 57 Pine Street.

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INTEREST allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. on all sums. Deposits draw interest from the first of January, April, July, and October. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.
WALTER W. CONCKLIN, President.
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CHILDREN TEETHING

Mrs. Winslow's
SOOTHING SYRUP,
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

Relief and Health to Your Infants.

We have put up and sold this article nearly thirty years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine: NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, AND PLEDGE OUR REPUTATION FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF WHAT WE HERE DECLARE. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. Be sure to call for

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"

having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations. Sold by Druggists throughout the world.

$1,000,000
OF THE
CONNECTICUT AIR-LINE BONDS
HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY NEGOTIATED,

LEAVING BUT $500,000 *UNSOLD,*

WHICH WE OFFER AT THE ORIGINAL PRICE, PAR AND INTEREST.

The solid, substantial character of the security has attracted to these bonds the attention of capitalists who prize an investment which insures the ABSOLUTE SECURITY OF THE PRINCIPAL and a liberal rate of interest.

THE BONDS are secured by a FIRST MORTGAGE on ALL THE PROPERTY of a railroad fifty-two miles in length, running through the center of the State of Connecticut, forming, with its connections, *the shortest and quickest route between Boston and New York.* The VALUE of the PROPERTY covered by the mortgage is MORE THAN DOUBLE the AMOUNT OF BONDS ISSUED.

The road is COMPLETED AND TRAINS ARE RUNNING BETWEEN NEW HAVEN AND MIDDLETOWN, while east of Middletown the unfinished portion is graded for over twenty miles, which leaves only some seven or eight miles to grade to COMPLETE THE WHOLE LINE.

Corporations, investors, and capitalists will find in the First Mortgage Bonds of this Road a form of investment SAFE, PRODUCTIVE, and CONVENIENT.

THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT IS TRUSTEE FOR THE BONDHOLDERS, and each bond is signed and issued by the Comptroller of the State. The bonds are of convenient denominations, $500 and $1,000, and can, at the option of the holder, be registered. They bear interest at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT., payable semi-annually, in May and November, in New York. They can be obtained of any bank or banker, or by sending direct to

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BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
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GOLD INTEREST
First Mortgage
SINKING FUND LAND GRANT BONDS
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WEST WISCONSIN RAILROAD CO.,
FOR SALE AT NINETY
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A GOOD HOME SECURITY AT A LOW PRICE.

NEW JERSEY
7 PER CENT. TOWN BONDS.

AUTHORIZED BY ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE, and the issue restricted to one tenth the assessed valuation of the real estate of the following towns:

NEW PROVIDENCE, Union County.
BEDMINSTER, Somerset County.
BERNARD, Somerset County.

In $100s, $500s, and $1,000s,
AND HAVING FROM 15 TO 20 YEARS TO RUN,
at 85 and Interest.

INTEREST PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY, January and July, AT THE
AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANK, NEW YORK, FREE OF TAX.

All marketable securities received in exchange at their full value. Pamphlets sent by express free of charge. For circulars containing full particulars apply to

Parker & Lawrence,
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TEN PER CENT!!
Why invest money at six to

Book Table.

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR TAPPAN.*

THE subject of this biography, we are told in the introduction, "had but a common school education, was not a writer or speaker, and kept no journal of his feelings and actions." He was emphatically a man of deeds, not words; and his appearance in public was always an act of duty, from which both as a busy and a modest man he naturally would have shrunk, never an occasion for displaying his sentiments or in any way thrusting himself upon the attention of others. He lacked time, even if he had the capacity, for self-analysis; and those resolutions which gave birth or success to a hundred charitable enterprises, and have left an incalculable impress upon the destinies of our country, were probably quite spontaneous, and not the product of consultation with others. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the compiler, having in mind to record his brother's life as a philanthropist, and to prove that "his zeal was accompanied with knowledge," found that he would have but scanty materials for a volume unless he depicted the *times* as well as the inner life of Arthur Tappan. This he has done in so large measure that his work may almost be classed with Mr. May's and Senator Wilson's histories of the anti-slavery struggle. The result is a rambling and disjointed narrative, which, considering the necessity just mentioned, it is easy to excuse, as it is pleasant to read.

It was by one chance out of many that the fame of Arthur Tappan is associated with New York. He might have settled in business in Boston, or in Portland, or in Montreal, in each of which cities for a time his lot seemed cast. He was a native of Northampton (a town whose vicinage has been noticeably productive of liberal men), and the seventh child in one of those now traditional families of eleven, which our social economists so much invoke against the civilization of to-day. However, in some respects the habits of New England in 1786 were grosser far than they are or have been for many years; nor does the compiler disguise them in his frequent reminiscences of his boyhood. It will be strange if a temperance tract is not based on the story of little Arthur made drunk by eating the sugar left in the pails of rum-and-water at a house-raising, staggering home after dark to the wood-shed; there falling like a log, and being nearly mistaken for one by his father, in search of one to split. But better parents, on the whole, could not be desired; and, though they latterly repented they had used the rod so much and made Sunday so irksome and gloomy a day for their children, their example and discipline more than counteracted the respectable vices of the time and the corrupting influence of the public pillory, with its floggings and brandings. If Benjamin Tappan had used tobacco and liquors, like the best of his neighbors (the clergy not excepted), it is doubtful if Arthur could have grown up with the character which distinguished him; and this circumstance can hardly appear trivial, when we reflect on the far-reaching consequences of the latter's purity of mind and body. The father might have lost nothing, perhaps would even have gained in the estimation of his townsmen, and yet the son have failed to develop into the most generous giver that the country had ever seen before or hes seen since.

In fact, in the long line of public benefactors ending for the moment with John Simmons, of Boston, but steadily and rapidly lengthening, is there any one who can compare with Arthur Tappan, and are there not many who but for his example would never have been heard of? The great majority have waited to be liberal in their wills, or have given specific sums toward the objects they favored. He seldom gave at once all he was prepared to give; and frequently, with equal trust in human nature and devotion to his ideas, put no limit on the amount which might be demanded of him. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of Prudence Crandall, narrated by Rev. S. J. May, in THE INDEPENDENT, in the summer of 1865, whose account has been reproduced by Mr. Lewis Tappan. The legislature of Connecticut had passed a special law making it a penal offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any one keeping a school to take colored pupils coming from other states. Mr. May had advised Miss Crandall to disregard this law as unconstitutional, and became at once involved in litigation. A letter from Arthur Tappan sustained his courage and assured him support. It read:

"But I am aware, sir, that you can ill afford to bear the expenses of the contest you have dared. In this respect I am, happily, able to help you, and shall consider it a duty and a privilege to do so. I wish you to consider me your banker, assured that I will honor promptly your drafts. Keep your accounts carefully, and let me know whenever you need money. Spare no necessary expense, employ the best legal counsel, and let this great question be fully tried, not doubting that, under the good providence of a righteous God, the true and the right will ultimately prevail."

The press combining against Miss Crandall and her friends, and Mr. May being sorely in need of Mr. Tappan's advice, the latter unexpectedly appeared on the scene; and, as the result of his investigations, at once announced:

"You must start a newspaper as soon as possible, that you may disabuse the public mind of the misrepresentations and falsehoods with which it has been filled. Scatter the numbers of your paper broadcast over the community. Get all the subscribers you can; and I will pay all the expenses you may incur more than the income you receive from subscribers and advertising patrons."

The same style of liberality was shown toward the students who withdrew, on account of their anti-slavery views, from Lane Seminary. "He wrote to me," says Mr. Theodore Weld, "enclosing a draft for a thousand dollars, to be expended in hiring a building where they might room, in buying such books as they might need, and in paying for their board, etc. The letter also empowered me to draw on him at sight for whatever they might need in addition during the autumn and winter, or until some permanent provision for completing their course might be made. He also requested that all who decided to return to their friends or to go to other institutions, and were in need of funds, should be provided with whatever was requisite."

Finally, this was his action in the case of Oberlin, when that college was in its infancy:

"Brother Finney, my income, I will tell *you* on this occasion, averages about a hundred thousand dollars a year. Now, if you will go to Oberlin, take hold of the work, and go on and see that the buildings are put up, and a library and everything provided; I will pledge myself to give my entire income, except what I want to provide for my family, till you are beyond pecuniary want."

Mr. Tappan's unstinted gifts (for which the word princely seems singularly inadequate) are not catalogued in this biography; nor, we suppose, was it possible to ascertain the direction of all. We may briefly summarize the most important of them, as giving either the initiative or vital strength to an undertaking. Having a very deep though unsectarian interest in promoting the cause of religion, his earliest donations were chiefly to that end. He was treasurer of a short-lived society for procuring the better observance of the Sabbath, and projected and founded unaided the *Journal of Commerce*, partly in order to improve the morals of the press and partly to prevent Sunday work on the Monday morning's edition. He lived to write from New Haven, April 2d, 1861: "I would have made the journey to New York to have witnessed the humiliation of the *Journal of Commerce*." He gave the $5,000 which confirmed the movement to establish the American Tract Society. He founded an indispensable professorship in the Auburn Theological Seminary, at a critical moment, and gave $1,000 as the first of $10,000 toward founding another at Kenyon College. He established a scholarship at Andover. He made himself responsible for the tuition fees for four years of one hundred students at Yale, sent there under the auspices of the Presbyterian Education Society—a liability of over $3,000 per annum. He was mainly instrumental in procuring Dr. Beecher to preside over Lane Seminary, though in this instance he had not his usual reason for feeling satisfied with what he had done. His brother's comments on the schism at the seminary are just and moderate. We have seen how Arthur Tappan befriended the seceders, who were presently to form the nucleus of Oberlin, and how his promises to Dr. Finney induced that able manager to unite himself with the college. He contributed largely to defray the expenses of Thome and Kimball, who were sent out by the Anti-Slavery Society to report the results of emancipation in the British West Indies; and rarely was money more effectively spent. When John G. Whittier had written a modest tract on the expediency of abolition, and printed only five hundred copies, Arthur Tappan paid for printing and distributing five thousand more; and the contrast between 1833 and 1870 can scarcely be more strongly suggested than by the fact that "for loaning a copy of this pamphlet to a physician in Washington Dr. Crandall was imprisoned, until his health was entirely destroyed, in the old city prison at Washington." He aided in establishing the *Emancipator* and sustaining the *Liberator*. Without solicitation, he redeemed Mr. Garrison from the Baltimore jail, and for whatever the blacks and the nation have gained from this timely deliverance he deserves to be remembered only less gratefully than Mr. Garrison himself. Along with all this giving, his pocket was freely emptied in behalf of temperance, of social chastity, and of the free people of color, whose efforts to elevate themselves he warmly seconded; and he would, but for municipal opposition, have established a high school or college for them in New Haven.

Arthur Tappan was the first president of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, which was born at Chatham-street Chapel, in 1833, amid the howling of a bloodthirsty mob of Southerners and Southern sympathizers. The infamous press of this city daily increased the odium in which his name was held, until in July, 1834, anti-negro rioting raged with as malignant fury as in the three days of July, 1863; and ended then, as at the latter date when the moneyed men saw with alarm that they must protect themselves against the thieves and ruffians to whom they had relinquished the control of the city. Lewis Tappan's house was sacked at night by a mob, in the absence of himself and family; and his brother, on whose head a price was set, had the courage to mingle with the crowd in order if possible to prevent the destruction going on. His own store was repeatedly attacked, and was only saved by his keeping an armed force within, ready to repel actual invasion. For all this, he never abated one jot of his principles or disavowed himself an Abolitionist. From the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which he was also first president, he did, indeed, withdraw in 1840, together with his brother and other near friends; ostensibly because women were admitted upon committees in the conduct of the society, but really because there had sprung up a radical difference as to the attitude to be preserved toward the church and clergy, who were, almost without exception, indifferent or hostile to the Abolition movement. The compiler touches lightly on this important event; but, considering the estrangements which it caused, and which were scarcely mitigated till the Rebellion broke out, in what he does say he has given little cause for complaint of misrepresentation. The "come-outers" can cover comfort themselves with his unconscious admissions, which, because they occur on different pages, are none the less effective in suggesting the truth. Thus the reasons for organizing an American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society appear to be *implied* in this passage from page 309:

"His [Arthur Tappan's] regret at such evidences of dereliction on the part of ministers and churchmembers [in justifying the Fugitive Slave Bill] did not, however, lead him *to abandon the church, defame the clergy*, or cease to uphold, so far as he could, by his constant attendance and means, the institutions of the Gospel."

On page 314 Mr. Lewis Tappan can speak of "the enormous mistakes and even *guilt* of ministers of the Gospel, elders and deacons of churches, officers of ecclesiastical bodies, editors of religious newspapers, and leading laymen in the churches and on committees of benevolent and religious societies, putting themselves in the scales with slaveholders to weigh down the poor slaves and their advocates." That is a dispassionate way of saying that the church was entirely corrupt, and as a church entirely committed against abolition. Boil down all that Stephen Foster, and Parker Pillsbury, and Henry C. Wright said in censure of the church, and we doubt if anything remains that is not contained in Mr. Tappan's wholesale arraignment: and, if they were then "defamers of the clergy," Mr. Tappan must be now scarcely a shade better. That we have a right to overlook and excuse the occasional extravagance of the Abolitionists Mr. Tappan admits with admirable candor when he says, page 177:

"It cannot be truly denied that some who were engaged in the enterprise were indiscreet, and sometimes rash, both in language and measures; but it is believed that, considering the opposition they met and the false statements uttered respecting their principles and measures, rarely has any reform been conducted with more discretion. Still, as is ever the case when aggressive movements are made for the correction of public sentiment and the wicked practices of men, the Abolitionists were subject to denunciation both from the pulpit and the forum, in the walks of business, in religious and literary assemblies, and to social ostracism of themselves and families."

Finally, to get all the light we can from the compiler, let us test the schism by its fruits, by the measure of simple expediency. "It is worthy of remark," he says, page 329, and we echo the sentiment:

"It is worthy of remark that when the division took place, and a portion of the Abolitionists, under Mr. Tappan's lead, drew off and formed a separate society, endeavoring to adopt *such language and such measures* as Christian men could not reasonably object to, those who had been loud-st in their opposition, and most offended with what *they termed* the unchristian spirit of the Abolitionists, kept aloof as well from the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, of which Mr. Tappan was president, as they did from that of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which Mr. Garrison was the head."

The italics in this, as in the previous quotations, are ours. In effect, the new society lived but little more than half-a-dozen years, disappearing nearly twenty years before emancipation was accomplished, though the members of it—none more diligently than Mr. Lewis Tappan—through various instrumentalities, continued to the end their sincere and active opposition to slavery. We cannot conclude without bearing testimony to the modesty with which the compiler has put himself in the background, when, as is known to a wide circle of his countrymen, his philanthropy, if not so lofty, is of the same stock as his lamented brother's, and will entitle him at last to kindred praise and affectionate remembrance.

*The Life of Arthur Tappan. By his Brother, Lewis Tappan. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

GEORGE SAND'S HERMIT.*

THE English Channel is ten times wider than the Atlantic Ocean. The people on the two sides of it live more than a hemisphere apart. In nothing is this shown more clearly than in their literature. Saint Beuve, the greatest French critic of the century, labored in vain to make the French understand some sides of English literature, and to naturalize some forms of English poetry on the other side of the Channel. But, in consequence, Saint Beuve's poetry is a feeble exotic, understood by critics and nobody else. Mathew Arnold, the great English critic, is trying to interpret French literature in England with hardly more success than Saint Beuve's in France. We gave last week an extended notice of George Macdonald's "Robert Falconer," and we cannot repress the impulse to place alongside of it a notice of the present work, the two are so alike and so unlike. In each there is a hero realizing an ideal life of a unique kind. In both cases this development has its root in a disappointment. Both have life-long griefs—the Frenchman in an abandoned daughter, the Scotchman in a profligate father. In each case the hero is the organ through whom the opinions of the author are advanced. Both heroes are believers in spiritual truth, both are at variance with a national orthodoxy; each of them has an unbelieving friend, and each treats unbelief with the greatest charity.

But the differences are great. We shall not try to point out the origin of the several points of contrast. In most of them we can recognize the influence of national character and education. Monsieur Sylvestre becomes a hermit near Paris. Robert Falconer becomes a sort of a hermit in the slums of London. The Frenchman catches fish for his subsistence, leads a half nomadic life, and consoles himself with philosophy. He is commended for unselfishness; which, however, never finds other outlet than an incidental one—the doing of acts of kindness to those about him, even at the expense of considerable inconvenience to himself. But Falconer's unselfishness is not an accident, is not a courtesy. It is a settled purpose, taking hold on the very foundations of his life. He does not fly from men, but seeks the suffering. He "prowls," as the author tells us, in search of an opportunity to help others. Sylvestre regales himself, in the quiet valley of Vaubuisson, in a poverty enforced by a manly pride. Falconer lives and rejoices in living in Rag Alley and Petticoat Lane, in a poverty that has no other motive than a desire to devote his ample means to the promotion of the welfare of the poor and the outcast. Madame Sand's ideal is noble, and she makes us love the old hermit; but it is a heathen ideal. Mr. Macdonald's is thoroughly Christian, in the sense of being Christlike; and his greater elevation of conception may be traced directly to the influence of Christian teaching.

But we should do our great authoress injustice if we allowed ourselves to be carried too far in making such a comparison. This is a work of art worthy of the genius of George Sand. The subordinate hero of the book, who is hardly subordinate at all, is a fine creation. He is ideal, unpractical, skeptical—in a word, French. But his sense of right, his honorableness, his growing self-control, his keen distinction between the false and entirely sensuous feeling that is excited by a sprightly and handsome girl, and the deep respect he develops by well-marked stages into a true and controlling attachment to Mademoiselle Vallier—all these, with rich Gédéon's selfishness, and Mademoiselle Vallier's nobleness, are described as only George Sand can describe them. The book is entirely pure and elevated in feeling. And, over-run as we are by vicious translations of French works, how shall we enough commend the pure and spirited English into which Francis George Shaw has done this story? The only exception we make to our praise is that so many phrases whose exact spirit if not their letter could have been represented in English idioms have been suffered to remain French.

*Monsieur Sylvestre. A Novel. By George Sand. Translated from the French by Francis George Shaw. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

—It has always been our way to welcome free discussion in religion, as in everything else. Rev. Edward C. Towne, of Chicago, whom we know to be a genial and cultivated gentleman, has issued the first number of a magazine called *The Examiner*—"A Monthly Review of Religious and Humane Questions and of Literature." Mr. Towne's creed, if it is one, is surely very broad, being nothing more nor less than "Our Father who art in Heaven." To teach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men is his first purpose. To teach and explain the mingling of error with truth from the first, in historical Christianity, is the second. "To root up the theological heathenism, total depravity, divine wrath, damnation, and blood atonement," the third. To expel from the Christian religion "Jesuism and Bibliolatry," the fourth. Mr. Towne's magazine contains one hundred and four pages, and about twice the matter of a number of *The Radical*, nearly all of it evidently from Mr. Towne's own pen. Mr. Towne has had much to do with literature in his life, and we are not a little surprised that he should make up a magazine so monotonously. For he sticks to his text from the first to the one hundred and fourth page, and gives us unadulterated radicalism, steady and uninterrmitted bombardment all the way through. "Crazy Chicago" is a didatic story. The other articles discuss the Dickens question, the McFarland trial, Freeman Clark's theism, the Unitarian controversy, Mr. Abbot, Dr. McCosh, the Devil, and a variety of other topics—all bearing, however, on the text. Mr. Towne's point of difference with Mr. Abbot, of Toledo, is that the former holds that Free Religion is the upshot of Christianity and entitled to retain the Christian name. We regret that, in forsaking orthodoxy so utterly, Mr. Towne did not also forsake some of the hard language that used to be considered so orthodox in theological discussions. To say nothing of the hard names applied to others, he calls Mr. Beecher a "time-server," and says: "He is afraid of the orthodox public, who buy *Plymouth Pulpit* and the *Christian Union*, and are expected to buy the 'Life of Christ' which he is writing." We differ widely from Mr. Towne on many things, though we certainly are not disposed to dispute his claim to be a Christian; but we wish he had given a little more scope to that most Christian virtue, charity.

—We have often been interested to notice how a sect separating on some point of biblical exegesis develops its scholarship while defending its position. This has been remarkably exemplified in the case of the Disciples of the Middle and Southern States. Another illustration is suggested to us by the appearance on our table of *A Critical Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament*, prepared by the late Rev. Charles F. Hudson (Scriptural Tract Repository, Boston). Mr. Hudson and his friend, Rev. C. F. Hastings, adopted certain not very popular views about the future state; and this made them students of the Greek Testament; and this again led them to feel the need of a cheap, portable concordance. We have in this little pocket volume every Greek work in the New Testament, with passages where it occurs, classified according to the translation which the word happens to bear in our version or in the margin. To this are added all the various Greek readings of the leading editors. Dr. Ezra Abbot, of Harvard Library, has carefully revised the electrotype plates, and added in an appendix the leading various readings, and especially (what we happen to know was no small task) a list of the readings of Tischendorf's VIIth edition, so far as published, where they differ from his VIth. This alone will make the volume a necessity to all who have Tischendorf. We are sure that for most scholars this little book will supersede all others that occupy this field.

—*The Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York* for the present year shows some advancement, but much backwardness. The average daily attendance per teacher in New York City was 41, and in Brooklyn 45 pupils. The average number of pupils attending any part of the year for each teacher was in New York 94 and Brooklyn 92. We may estimate from this that each teacher had in charge an average of about 50 scholars (including absentees), and that many of the teachers must have had very many more. Now we do not believe in the great efficacy of education in gross. Twenty-five or thirty pupils is all that one teacher can do justice to. And the worst feature of it is that this crowding is most excessive in the primary grades, and it is in the lowest grades that a teacher should have the fewest pupils. We are sorry not to find in the report the slightest notice of the great abuses of the present system, the slightest recognition of the fact that there is yet room for improvement, amounting almost to a revolution in the system of instruction.

—*The Orient Boys*, by S. F. Keen, (Henry Hoyt), is a more than usually excellent story of school life for boys. A little overwrought in parts, and a little given to melodrama sometimes, but good notwithstanding. Carlos changes a little too much; there is too much of the old "anti-papist" feeling in some parts; but the book, on the whole, is full of right feeling, good teaching, and interest. Little Stanley and Maurice are well-drawn characters; and the sickness, death, and burial of the favorite sweet singer is pathetic, and shows that the writer could do even better than she has done in the *Orient Boys* by the patient application of higher principles of art than generally rule in juvenile works.

—We like, as well as we can like anything of the kind, *First Steps in English Literature*, by Arthur Gilman, A. M. (Hurd & Houghton.) It is compact, concise, and, so far as we can see, conscientiously executed. For a text-book we do not like it. Literature is not learned by rote, and the love of literature is not fed by dry text-books. But for the young lover of books, who goes thirstily searching through antiquarian book-stores or in musty libraries for the good old wine of English literature, we know of nothing better than this condensed hand-book, in flexible covers, which he can carry in his pocket, and which he can consult as a navigator does his chart to find the exact location of the beacons and headlands. The author has builded better than he knew.

—*The Model Town*, by Beta, is a thin 12mo, in which a New England minister, if we are rightly informed, discourses of the possible organization of a model town. But let it be tried. We have known many failures, but no success. Books are not sufficient. One town so organized will do more to convince people than a hundred books. People can be manœuvered into co-operative houses and stores on paper; but in "real life" they are hard to manage. We should like to see it tried by some practical leader.

—Joanna H. Mathews, whose "Bessie Books" gained her such a reputation with the children, has never quite equaled them. Her *Flowerets*—stories to illustrate the commandments—are not appropriately named, and they are written on a wrong principle. The moral here is the prominent thought; the story is too much constrained by the necessities of the moral. And yet there are some very charming little bits of child-character in them, and they are very good on their didactic side. (Carters.)

—Some of Rosa Abbott's books are too sensational to be endured; but *The Pinks and Blues* (Lee & Shepard) has much of real excellence in it, along with a great deal that is not *very* lifelike or probable. It has so much of good that we are sorry it should not be quite free from the sensational police-court element that disfigures "The Young Detective" and the rest. Besides, the old ruse of making a fellow-servant appear to be a thief is not wholly original or very fresh.

—*Charley and Eva Roberts's Home in the West* is one of the "Charley Roberts Series." We have not read a line in it, nor do we mean to. The other volumes of the series are so utterly bad, so weak, so improbable, and so hurtful to all right intellectual development in children that we have not the faith to believe that there can be any good in the writings of the author; nor have we any patience to look for it. (Lee & Shepard.)

—Several correspondents ask us where books can be had describing the kindergarten, and from which a teacher can learn it. By sending to Milton Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., you can get Wiebb's *Paradise of Childhood*, with seventy-six lithographic plates. It is the only illustrated work on the subject published in this country. But no teacher can learn from a book. To become a teacher, you must enter a training-school.

—Fanny Fern's recent newspaper contributions are gathered into a book, and come to us with the rather appropriate title of *Ginger Snaps*. (Carleton.) There is a good deal of spice and much more of snap in them. In fact, Fanny Fern's snappishness was always a part of her literary capital. These little bits of energetic expression will always find interested readers.

—We take pleasure in recommending *Picks Elementary Treatise on Mechanics*, published by A. S. Barnes & Co. It assumes a knowledge of trigonometry, and has just mathematics enough to make the instruction it gives interesting and valuable. It is a pity that our colleges give so little instruction in the higher mathematics as to forbid the introduction of the Calculus into a text-book of this character.

—May Mannering writes stories that are juvenile romances. They are pleasant, their sentiments are good, many of their descriptions are photographs of real scenes; but there is a great improbability in some parts of the plot. As a work of art *The Little Maid of Oxbow*, one of the "Helping-Hand Series," is defective enough; but it is none the less a pleasant story. (Lee & Shepard.)

—Mr. Frande's *Short Stories on Great Subjects* are too well known to need any notice now. Whatever may be thought of the justness of some of his conclusions on the controverted points of history, this volume of essays must take rank with the finest productions of the kind in English literature; and we are glad to see it in a popular edition. (Scribner.)

—*The Swallows of Leigh Farm* is a story illustrating the habits of the swallows. We very heartily welcome all such Sunday school stories; but why must we reprint the English stories of this sort, with so much that is inappropriate to this country? *Can* our American juvenile writers put together nothing but melodramatic scenes and weak conversations, full of goodish cant? (Am. S. S. Union.)

—Of the excellent *Household Edition of Dickens's Works* (Fields, Osgood & Co.) we noticed four volumes recently. We have now received the second installment of four volumes: *David Copperfield*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Little Dorrit*. These books are not numbered; and, singly, or together, we should prefer them to any other popular edition.

—One of the books produced by the war is *Franco-Prussian Conflict*, by G. W. Bible. (New York: Bible Brothers.) The book is a pretty fair compilation of facts interesting to the general readers and necessary to the proper comprehension of the war news. There are four good portraits—of Napoleon, Ollivier, William, and Bismarck.

—*Thoughts in Verse*, by Henry C. Cooper, (New York: McGee, Maddern & Warren), is a thin octavo volume of poems, evincing culture and refinement. They are divided into three classes—sacred, secular, and masonic; but they are almost all of them devout and meditative in tone. Two of them appeared first in these columns.

—*A Lost Piece of Silver* (Henry Hoyt) is one of the kind of books, so abundant now, that seek their interest in harrassing pictures of life among the English poor. We could stand a few of them; but it is a feeble sort of art that must paint deformity because it cannot describe with effect that which is normal.

—One of the most interesting of all the interesting "Library of Wonders" is the latest issue, devoted to *Lighthouses and Lightships*. It is full of interesting anecdote and description, vividly written and abundantly illustrated. (C. Scribner & Co.)

—J. Norman Lockyer is one of the best astronomers in the world. His *Elements of Astronomy*, already popular in England, has been published here by D. Appleton & Co. It gives the latest discoveries in the science, and especial prominence to spectroscopy.

—*Days in North India* is a beautiful book in its mechanical appearance and in its abundant illustrations; and for its literary character it is enough to say that it is by Rev. Norman M'Leod, D.D., who knows how to see and how to tell. (Lippincott & Co.)

—*Lives and Deeds Worth Knowing About*, by Rev. William F. Stevenson, (Carters), is full of interest and information. Its stories are of the very chivalry of Christian labor—especially of some of the strange developments of such labor in Germany.

—S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, issue Professor Boise's *First Lessons in Greek*. They are adapted and, we are sure, well adapted to "Hadley's GreekGrammar," the only really good Greek grammar that we have.

—*Chris and Otho* (Carleton) is a continuation or a sequel to "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter," by Julie P. Smith. It has the same immaturity, the same power badly managed, as its predecessor, with added defect of being a sequel.

—The last of Dickens's works, the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, is issued in octavo cloth, with illustrations, and some other unpublished tracts of the great author, by Fields, Osgood & Co., and in paper by the Appletons.

—The correspondence between the Bishop of Connecticut and Dr. Ewer on *Seven Catholic Sacraments* has been published in a pamphlet by the American Church Press Co. in the interest of the "Catholic movement."

—*Saving Knowledge* is the title of a series of addresses to young men on the cardinal doctrines so much insisted on in Scotland. It is from the pens of Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Blackie. (Carters.)

—We are in receipt of Vols. XI and XII of the popular edition of *Froude's History of England*. These volumes complete this eloquent treatment of the most brilliant period of English history in this form.

—The *Index Volume* of the *Princeton Review* is now completed, and published by Peter Walker, Philadelphia. It includes a biography of all the contributors to the *Review*.

—C. L. Allen, of Brooklyn, sends us his Spring Catalogue of Flower Seeds and Bulbs; and Herendeen & Co., of Geneva, N. Y., a similar catalogue of Dutch bulbs and Japan lilies.

—*Three Times Lost*, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, (Skelly & Co.), is a very weak and foolish book, intended for Sunday schools.

—Gen. Upton has written a little manual for civic processions of all kinds, entitled *Tactics for Non-Military Bodies*. (Appleton & Co.)

—The *American Builder*, of Chicago, contains good architectural engravings and reading matter.

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Farm and Garden.

AN AUTUMN BALLAD.

BY C. H. BARNES.

The fruits of the farm are gathered in
From the orchard-bough and the fallowed field,
Till cask and crib and granary-bin
Are full to the brim with a bounteous yield;
And sunny clouds have now begun
To dapple the shield of October's sun.

'Tis a time of rest for the husbandman;
His heart is big with a ripe content
As he takes his wage for the sweat and tan,
And strength in a summer's labor spent;
For coin of a mint nor crown of a king
Could ever so sweet an enjoyment bring.

Smart Farmer Bowers has earned the right
To sit by his cheerful birch-wood blaze,
When frost is nipping the fingers of Night
And folding his brawn arms over his breast,
Thank God for labor that bringeth such rest!

And now, if ever his toilsome lot
Has found him weary and worn and faint;
If e'er a despondling, trustless thought
Has almost framed a murmuring plaint;
October's plenty and peace bestows
Abundant reward and a calm repose.

His happy companion, counselor, wife—
His queen in the realm of worth and grace—
Finds pleasure enough to sweeten her life
In watching the smile on her husband's face.
Ah, who can fathom the wells of joy
That so deep and still in her bosom lie?

When Winter's fierce volley of sleet and wind
Is raking and shaking tree-top and spire,
The wanderer, homeless and hungry, may find
Shelter and food by the farmer's fire;
For kindness will open his generous hand
To warm and feed the poor of the land.

October, 1870.

AGRICULTURAL EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

FRUIT CULTURE AND GARDENING IN CALIFORNIA.

FRUIT ORCHARDS OF SANTA CLARA.

LEAVING San Francisco one bright morning, we took the cars of the San Jose Railroad, and, after passing through a territory skirted on the east by the waters of the San Francisco Bay, and on the other by fields of grain, stretching upward in undulating slopes to the top of the coast range of hills, 500 to 1,000 feet high, we reached Santa Clara, after a ride of nearly 60 miles. On the opposite side of the Bay, as we pass along, we observe at a distance a number of low buildings, and are informed that extensive salt meadows are found there, where the water is admitted and afterward evaporated, enabling the manufacture of salt to be easily and largely carried on. This form of individual enterprise would not seem so singular were it not for the fact that salt can be produced *only on one side of the Bay*, and that on the east; while on the eastern the nature of the water renders it absolutely impossible. The lands, during the entire distance from San Francisco to Santa Clara, are a constant succession of large and beautiful farms, mostly covered with waving grain or wild oats. For twenty miles or more the prices of these lands will average from $300 to $1,000 per acre, and not easily procured even at those figures. It is held mostly for private residences, controlled by a few wealthy families, who desire only the admission of a good class of residents, able to make valuable improvements and become good neighbors. The farm of Mr. Dunn, known widely for its extensive dairy (Milnes dairy, which has 500 cows milked daily, and supplies the Occidental Hotel), and also of W. C. Ralston, both officers of the Bank of California, are especially noticeable for their size, richness, and the architectural magnificence of their mansions. One mansion, lately erected, belonging to Mr. Mills, is the finest ever built west of Chicago, and presents an imposing appearance, as it graces a little elevation at the foot of one of the coast hills. We see immense fields, known as *volunteer lands*, upon which new second crops of wheat, oats, etc., started from self-sown seed, dropped in the harvest of the previous year. These lands yield excellent crops, sometimes as high as 25 bushels of best per acre, and thence downward to 10 and 15. But they are esteemed more valuable as *hay lands*. Real genuine *timothy* or *herdgrass* and *clover* are unknown in California. It is almost impossible to form a sod by sowing any variety or amount of grass-seed. The only hay—in fact, the *staple crop* of the country—is the *wheat* and *oat straw* left after harvest. It is gathered loosely in immense piles or windrows, often reaching 20 feet high and 300 feet long, and compressed into bales of about 300 lbs. each. These are carted to the depots or landings, and again form tremendous piles of freight, often reaching 50 feet high, 50 feet wide, and 500 feet long. This hay is forwarded to San Francisco, and sold for an average price of 45 to 50 cents per 100 lbs., or from $9 to $10 a ton.

During the month of May this entire valley is full of wild flowers, of exquisite bloom and splendid hues. Upon a single hillside there will be a mass of flowers of one solid color—as deep yellow; a little further on would be another clump of light blue, and still another of exquisite crimson. In fact, a person can hardly make a step but it would be in a bed of flowers, and *such flowers* as only a botanist can really appreciate.

Santa Clara is a pleasant town, of perhaps 4,000 inhabitants, and contains a few splendidly-managed fruit farms. We visited first that of Mr. L. A. Gould, where an entire farm of 94 acres is devoted exclusively to fruit. 35 acres are planted in strawberries alone, and undoubtedly it is the largest strawberry farm on the Pacific coast. Two crops of berries are gathered every year. The first crop commences the last of April, and continues a couple of months, then partially ceases, a few berries continuing to ripen during the entire summer; and then the second crop appears again in September, and lasts a couple of months longer. The *Longworth's Prolific* is considered by far the finest for amateur or market purposes, the Wilson is only moderately successful, while the Alpenda bears continously from April to December. I did not observe as large berries as often find in our own Eastern fields; still was not the best season for examination. Mr. Gould stated that he had often gathered thousands of baskets daily, where the average size would be four inches in circumference to each berry, while larger specimens of six and seven inches were very common. Of the remaining portion of his farm, about sixty acres, he has planted the land entirely with standard and small fruits. Seventy men are employed constantly, in the different season of the year, in planting, cultivating, and gathering. At the time of my visit early pears were just beginning to arrive. The Madeleine had already been gathered, and the Dearborn Seedling was very plenty. The pear is very popular with California farmers; comes in at a time when there are few other pears in the market, has a pleasant, delicate taste, and good size. The average of the fruit we beheld would be about the size of a good medium Roxbury Russet in color, bright lemon yellow; quality, however, not spicy or aromatic. The farm is divided into blocks of regular size. Along each wagon-road, between the blocks, are planted rows of cherry trees. Back of these are planted, in distances of about fifteen feet, standard pears, apricots, plums, and a few apples. Between each row of trees there is also planted a row of grapes, which, growing in true California style, ramble all over the ground and display their glorious clusters in close proximity to the lap of mother earth. The pears are packed in square chests, of about two-thirds of a bushel, and the Dearborn variety was then bringing $1 50 per box at the market.

The best varieties most popularly preferred for planting were the Bartlett, Flemish Beauty (which escapes blight here entirely), and Doyenne Clairgeau. Common varieties bring from $1 50 per box; but Bartlett and other fine varieties, choice assorted, bring $2 50 to $3. A rough estimate of this fruit orchard, which numbers 9,000 trees and 8,000 vines, placed the production at about 20,000 bushels of crop of strawberries is about 100,000 lbs. per annum, each pound being two-thirds of a quart, and bringing an average price of ten cents. The crop of cherries is also estimated at 15,000 lbs., which range from 20 cents down to 20 cents per lb. These have been exceedingly profitable, his class of fruit having yet not been overdone. The Black Tartarian is universally successfully cultivated.

The entire place is irrigated from an elevated tank, supplied from an artesian well, sunk 150 feet, which flows night and day, and is their only resource in the long dry time. Mr. Gould has near his house some fine specimens of fig trees; also splendid English walnut trees, fully thirty feet high, and as many broad, bearing profusely. An Isabella grape-vine covers an arbor about 25 feet square, yielding 300 lbs. annually.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

Returning to San Francisco, we have an opportunity to visit the famous Woodward Gardens, located about a mile and a half from the center of the city, and styled by some *the Central Park of the Pacific*. The grounds comprise only five acres, but are so arranged by the disposition of galleries and buildings and the planting of trees and shrubs as to appear fully twice that size. In comparison with the surrounding country, its barren hill-tops and sandy fields, these pleasant gardens really appear a little "beauty spot" of more than customary ornamental character.

Mr. R. B. Woodward, formerly of Rhode Island, having removed to San Francisco, and there accumulated a fortune in active business, purchased the land in 1860, just in the suburbs of the city, as an investment. He gradually added trees, shrubs, and ornamental buildings within, in order to form pleasant home grounds for a future residence.

Their beauty attracted public attention, and requests to visit them became so frequent that a special day was set apart each week for visitors. A small charge was made for admission, and the proceeds handed over to the Sanitary Fund during the time of our recent rebellion.

The public attendance became so great and the reputation of the place having so widely extended, the grounds were at last given up for private purposes, and thrown open to the public for daily visits and pleasant enjoyment; and they have thus become, within five years, the great resort of the people of the city, combining in one entertainment the pleasures of the park, the garden, and the museum.

Directly in front of the entrance is the large conservatory, with all the smaller ones connecting. There are five in all, supplied with an abundance of plants gathered from all parts of the world. Here in one beautiful view from the art gallery we behold one house devoted exclusively to tropical fruits and palms—the Banana, Plantain, Coffee tree, Tamarind, Pineapple, Rose Apple, Alligator Pear, Cherimoyer tree, eight varieties of Palms, three of Pandanus, while here and there in the other greenhouses are scattered Dracænas (eight varieties), Caladiums, Begonias, Coleus, Marantas, Crotons, Ferns, Agaves, and Aloes, while a few Cinnamon and Camphor trees complete the representatives of the tropics.

In the same series of houses are found trees from a more temperate climate. The Magnolia grandiflora, Camellia japonicas in many varieties, India-rubber tree in many varieties, the Orange, Lime, Lemon, and Citron trees, six varieties of the Auricaria and the Azalea.

Our American greenhouse plants did not all appear as thrifty as with us on the Atlantic slope, the ornamental-leaved plants seeming to suffer greatly. The Coleus was hardly as finely colored as we have here; but the Begonias were overflowing with bloom. It was certainly intensely interesting to behold, grouped into one place, trees from all parts of the world. Here is the India-rubber tree, from Central America, fifteen feet high; there the Camphor tree, from India; again, the Orange tree from Mexico or the West Indies; and in a corner the Banana or the Sago Palm. The Coffee tree, from Arabia and from Australia, and Acacias beyond number also are gathered there.

Connected with the conservatories is a museum, devoted to curious specimens of stuffed animals and birds. In one of the rooms was a specimen of the *bark* of one of the big trees of California, *thirty-two inches thick*.

In the center of a large conservatory is a fine art gallery, containing many acceptable paintings, the vestibule to which is lined with tiles painted after the fashion of the olden days of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

In the rear of the greenhouses is a pond devoted to aquatic animals, fish, etc., and for pleasure-sailing in a circular boat. Back of these are the dens and cages, where are gathered living animals peculiar to the mountains and coast, as also some imported from the tropics.

In an adjoining yard, approached by a tunnel under the street, is a large amphitheater, where stalks the camel and its young; and on stages are chained the panther, black and cinnamon bears, with other living curiosities dispersed at convenient distances.

The gardens have a natural ascent of fifty or more feet, rising first behind the museum and conservatories, on the summit of which is a fine Turkish observatory. From this can be caught a charming glimpse of the entire extent of the gardens, and of the crowds beneath, intent on solid pleasure. The sides of the hill are planted thickly in trees, and the observatory is hidden from sight, save its very top.

In various parts of the garden, along the walks or on the lawns, and particularly in front of the conservatories, are grouped specimens of the rich and foreign trees, flourishing with the slightest care, and affording a delightful sight to the botanist or tree lover. We saw the Norfolk Island Pine, 10 ft.; *Acacia verticillata*, 20 ft., from Australia; *Acacia linearis*, 25 ft., from Australia; *Calistema lanceolata*, from New Holland; *Pittosporum Tobera*, from Japan; *Cupressus lasseniana*, 20 ft.; Japanese loquat, 12 ft.; *Leptospermum lanigerum*, 15 ft.; *Pinus insignis*, 20 to 30 ft.; *Veronica macrocarpa*, from New Zealand; European laurustinus; *Metaleuca decussata*, 25 ft., from New Holland; *Melrosia*, from New South Wales; *Fabiana imbricata*, 5 ft.; Japan Spindle tree; Dwarf pomegranate, from West Indies; Chinese Cypress; *Finca Major*, 6 ft. by 8 ft.; Deodar Cedar, 15 ft. high by 10 ft. broad—this tree is remarkable for its beautiful, graceful, drooping habit. Peruvian Mastic tree, remarkable for its large head, 20 ft. high and as broad; Norway Spruce, 30 ft. high.

The short time limited to our stay prevented fuller notes as to the trees and shrubs. It is sufficient to say that, beyond a few specimens of native cedars, spruce, and cypress, the entire collection of ornamental trees, plants, etc., has been gathered from *foreign countries*, and here thrive with perfect luxuriance in the open air. As yet no gardens in the world can present contrasts of so vivid a nature, nor grow trees from sections so widely remote, as has been done here.

In ministering pleasure to the tastes of the visitors who have constantly visited the grounds Mr. Woodward has unconsciously given a lesson of great importance. He has pointed out the absolute possibility of the introduction of trees from foreign countries and demonstrated their successful culture.

Ornamental gardening, hereafter, on the Pacific coast will receive an impetus from the influence of these facts; and already we find many streets and public and private grounds adorned with choice shade or ornamental trees from Australia or the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Was ever a country so gifted as California, where in one garden can be grown trees from the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada by the side of the tropical palm, coffee, and orange; where, too, the apple and pear, from our Atlantic States, thrive; where the cacti blooms with the geranium; where Australian, Chinese, and Japan trees twine and droop and mingle their branches together; and still the bear and panther tumble over the lawn, or the beaver works his silent way among the waters of the meandering streams, or the fountain bubbles out its lucent music at the same time with the richer melodies of the mocking bird?

The grounds have cost, exclusive of land, over $100,000, and still the proprietor is adding every available curiosity suitable to California climate and soil. Future visitors will find the collection of plants and trees deserving of an extended and interesting study.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

THE display of Fruits and Plants at the American Institute, this city, is much superior to their usual exhibition.

Mr. W. S. Carpenter exhibits 250 vareties of apples, and takes every prize. It is the finest display of apples we have ever seen.

Ellwanger & Barry exhibit 180 varieties of pears, of unusually excellent averagesize, and also take the first prize.

Mr. Isaac Buchanan has a choice display of Green-house Plants, and receives the first premium for best Orchids and Specimen Plant.

Mr. Geo. Sach makes the finest display of ornamental foliaged plants, and takes nearly all the prizes for these and for general collection. A special prize is awarded for some new and choice orchids.

C. L. Allen & Co. make a beautiful display of gladiolus and lilies; and Mr. W. A. Burgess exhibits a beautiful collection of new seedling dahlias. Mr. Burgess is well known as the best dahlia raiser in this country.

The other departments of the Institute Fair are well sustained, and in many respects are more interesting than the one held last year.

AGRICULTURAL.

DUTCH FLOWERING BULBS,

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUSES, Etc.
CATALOGUES FREE.

HERENDEEN & CO., Geneva, N.Y.,

Growers and Importers of Trees, Plants, and Seeds. Nurseries established 1830.

HALL'S PATENT

HUSKING GLOVES

ENABLE THE WEARER TO HUSK 50 PER CENT. FASTER THAN WITHOUT THEM, AND ABSOLUTELY PREVENT SORE HANDS. Made of the best leather, with metallic claws attached. In ordering, state size—large, medium, or small. Send for sample or circular. Price, $1 51 per pair. A liberal discount to Dealers and Canvassing Agents. Address THE HALL HUSKING GLOVE CO., 101 and 103 West Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

CHESTNUT TREES.

1,100,000, four inches to four feet high. Best timber and nut-tree planted. A sixteen-page circular free. Also, a splendid general assortment of nursery stock. Catalogues free. Nos. 1 and 2 for planters, No. 4 for the wholesale trade only. Address

STORRS, HARRISON & CO.,
Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio.

VINEGAR How made from Cider, Sorghum, in ten hours, without using drugs. For circular address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Ct.

INSURANCE.

"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."

The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS FULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to incur loss, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.

CONTINENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

102 Broadway, New York.

Branch Offices, {No. 149 MONTAGUE ST., BR'LN. {No. 91 BROADWAY, B'KLN, E. D.

CAPITAL - - - - $500,000 00
CASH ASSETS - $2,503,700 54

Insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, &c., &c., barns, and all other insurable property, *at reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to the customers in scrip, bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.

The scrip issues of this Company for 1867, '68, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, and '74 are now being redeemed in cash.

August 2d, 1870.

The Directors of this Company have declared a Semi-annual Dividend of TEN per cent. upon the Capital, payable on demand.

They have also directed that *SIX per cent. Interest* be paid on outstanding Scrip of the years 1865, '66, '67, '68, and '69 on the 20th of September next.

Scrip transfer books to be closed from 1st to the 20th of September.

They have also made an allotment of scrip of sixty per cent. on all participating Policies, deliverable on and after September 20th next. The have also ordered the *Scrip* issued in 1864, with *SIX* per cent. *Interest* thereon be paid off, in cash, on the 15th instant.

DIRECTORS:

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.

H. H. LAMPORT, Vice-President.

SAMUEL D. BABCOCK, Babcock, Brothers & Co.
BENJ. G. ARNOLD.....Arnold, Sturges & Co.
A. A. LOW.....A. A. Low & Brothers.
S. B. CHITTENDEN....S. B. Chittenden & Co.
WM. H. SWAN.....Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
HENRY C. BOWEN....No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.
AURELIUS B. HULL,
late Fahnestock, Hull & Co.
WILLIAM M. VAIL..61 Remsen st., Brooklyn.
JOSEH BATTELL.....Egleston Battell & Co.
GEORGE S. STEPHENSON,
George S. Stephenson & Co.
WM. M RICHARDS,
Pres. Cumberland Coal & Iron Co.
HORACE B. CLAFLIN.....H. B. Claflin & Co.
JAS. FREELAND,
Collector Internal Revenue, Brooklyn.
C. J. LOWREY.....C. J. & C. Lowrey
JOHN D. MAIER.....Downs & Co.
LORING ANDREWS.....Loring Andrews & Sons.
CARLOS COBB.....30 Whitehall st., N. Y.
WM. T. COLEMAN.....Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
WILLIAM T. BOOTH.....Booth & Edgar.
GEORGE W. LANE.....George W. Lane & Co.
JAMES FRASER.....Fraser, Major & Co.
HIRAM BARNEY.....Barney, Butler & Parsons.
LAWRENCE TURNURE...Moses Taylor & Co.
SHEPPARD GANDY.....60 Wall st., N. Y.
SAMUEL A. SAWYER...Sawyer, Wallace & Co.
CYRUS CURTIS,
President Washington Life Ins. Co.
WILLIAM D. MORGAN....E. E. Morgan & Bon.
HERMAN O. ARMOUR,
Armour, Plankinton & Co.
URIEL A. MURDOCK,
President Continental Bank.
CHARLES LAMSON.....C. H. Marshall & Co.
WELLINGTON CLAPP.....Clapp & Grinnell.
HENRY F. SPAULDING, Spaulding, Hunt & Co.
JOHN PAINE.....7 Murray st., N. Y.
ROBERT McCURDY,
late McCurdy, Aldrich & Spencer.
GEORGE MOSLE.....E. Pavenstedt & Co.
JOHN H. EARLE.....Earle, Cunningham & Co.
HENRY EYRE.....174 Pearl st., N. Y.
CHARLES H. BOOTH...Charles H. Booth & Co.
D. H. ARNOLD....late Pres. Mercantile Bank.
EDWARD MARTIN.....Cragin & Co.
BRADISH JOHNSON...Bradish Johnson's Sons.
JOHN CASWELL.....John Caswell & Co.
CYRUS PECK, Secretary.
ABRAM M. KIRBY, Sec. Local Dep't
B. C. TOWNSEND, Sec. Agency Dep't.
JOHN K. OAKLEY, General Agent.

ECONOMICAL MUTUAL

Life Insurance Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.

For every $1,000 of Liabilities it has $1,820 in Assets.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.

1. Lower rates or premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3. No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known Integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.

Number of Policies issued from June, 1867, to June 1868, **1,005.** *Insuring* **$2,588,690.45.**

Number of Policies issued from June, 1868, to June, 1869, **1,268,** *Insuring* **$3,382,156.68.**

SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Prest.
C. C. McKNIGHT Vice-Prest.
Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT, of Massachusett, Actuary.
A. H. OKIE, M.D., F. H. PECKHAM, M.D., } Medical Board.
Wm. Y. POTTER, Secretary.
W. T. OKIE, M.D., Manager for the City of New York, Office 10 Wall-st., N.Y.

BRANCH OFFICES:

PHILADELPHIA, WASHINGTON, ST. LOUIS. BOSTON, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO.

HOME Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK,
Office, No. 135 Broadway.

Cash Capital - $2,500,000 00
Assets - - - - - 4,576,235 74
Liabilities - - - - - 106,359 49

ABSTRACT OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT.
Showing the condition of the Company on the 1st day of July, 1870.

ASSETS

Cash, Balance in Bank	$200,806 00
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	1,712,015 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	332,750 00
United States Stocks (market value)	1,450,350 00
State, Municipal, and Bank Stocks and Bonds (market value)	722,190 00
Other Property, Miscellaneous Items	156,599 74
Total	$4,576,235 74

LIABILITIES.

Claims for Losses outstanding on 1st July, 1870	$105,689 49
Due Stockholders on account of 31st and 32d Dividends	670 00
	$106,359 49

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.
NEW YORK, July 15th, 1870.

Geo. B. Satterlee, President.
G. de Macarty, Vice-President.
I. C. Pierson, Sec'y and Actuary.

No. 187 Broadway.

Finance Committee:
STEPHEN BARKER,
GEO. H. POTTS,
E. L. BOLLES,
WM. MOLLER,
J. MONROE TAYLOR.

Executive Committee:
WM. MOLLER,
WM. R. GRIFFITH,
SAM'L MARSH, JR.

THE MOST LIBERAL CONDITIONS TO THE INSURED EVER COMBINED BY ONE COMPANY.
Liberty to TRAVEL and change RESIDENCE.
No extra Premium for ARMY or NAVY OFFICERS or WOMEN.
Combines the full security of the New York State legal requirements, and ALSO the liberal NON-FORFEITURE of the Massachusetts State law, for example:

AGE 35, ORDINARY LIFE.	One annual Premium continues policy in force	2	years and	3	days
	Two " " " "	4	"	12	"
	Three " " " "	6	"	27	"
	Four " " " "	8	"	46	"
	Five " " " "	10	"	66	"

Policies made INTERCHANGEABLE. DIVIDENDS annual from first year.
☞ Call or send for Detailed Terms before insuring elsewhere
☞ Active and well qualified Solicitors liberally dealt with.

MANHATTAN

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE 156 AND 158 BROADWAY.

ORGANIZED A. D. 1850.

ASSETS - - - - - - - - - - - - - $6,500,000.
ANNUAL INCOME - - - - - - - - - 2,500,000.

Dividends are made on a contribution plan, and are paid annually, commencing on the payment of the second annual premium.

HENRY STOKES, President.

J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assistant Secretary.
C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.
S. M. STEBBINS, Actuary.

Agents Wanted.

CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK,

Nos. 22, 24 & 26 NASSAU St.,

CONTINENTAL BUILDING.

Policies issued - - 25,000.
Assets - - - - $3,750,000.

JUSTUS LAWRENCE, President.
J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.

EMPIRE MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK,

Office 139 Broadway.

The Empire has achieved a success without a parallel in the history of Life Insurance.

3,100 Policies issued in Eleven Months, insuring over $7,000,000

OFFICERS:

G. HILTON SCRIBNER, President.
LEMUEL H. WATERS, Actuary. GEORGE W. SMITH, Vice-President.
THOS. K. MARCY, M. D., Medical Exam. SIDNEY W. CROFUT, Secretary.
EVERETT CLAPP, Superintendent Agencies.

COMMONWEALTH

Life Insurance Company,

178 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OFFICERS:

JAMES B. PEARSON, President.

J. PIERPONT.....Vice-President. | F. A. PUTNAM, M.D.....Medical Examiner.
F. S. MORSE.....Secretary. | A. HUNTINGTON, M.D.....Do.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

All Policies issued by the Commonwealth are incontestable from date of issue, and are free from restrictions on travel.
No permits Residence anywhere without extra charge, except between Latitude 33 North and the Tropic of Cancer.
All Policies are non-forfeitable, and participate in the profits of the Company, unless otherwise specit ed.
Dividends are declared annually upon all Policies that have been in force a full year, and are available on payment of the next annual premium.

DIRECTORS:

JOHN L. ROSEWELL, President Open Board Brokers.
WALTER B. BLAKE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
ISAAC F. DU PERRON, Lockwood & Davenport, Bankers.
FRANCIS E. MORSE, New Jersey.
J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Dabney, Morgan & Co., Bankers.
JAMES B. PEARSON, President of the Co
JULIUS R. POMEROY, Chambers & Pomeroy, Attorneys.
J. PIERPONT, Vice-President of the Co.
SETH K. THOMAS, American Clock Co.
ARCHIBALD TURNER, Turner Bros., Banke

ATLANTIC

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., } NEW YORK, January 25th, 1870.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1869.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1869, to 31st Dec., 1869	$6,090,677 81
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1869	3,338,091 23
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$9,428,769 03
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1869, to 31st December, 1869	$6,472,915 41
Losses paid during the same period	$2,302,045 42
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,257,650 46
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:	
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$7,585,270 0
Loans secured by Stocks, and otherwise	2,148,400 0
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry Notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	307,500 81
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	2,712,023 60
Cash in Bank	453,797 57
Total Amount of Assets	$14,409,508 94

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders there of, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled. Upon certificates which were issued (in red scrip) for gold premiums such payment of interest and redemption will be in gold.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1869, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of April next.

By order of the Board,

C. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

JOHN D. JONES,
CHARLES DENNIS,
W. H. H. MOORE,
WM. C. PICKERSGILL,
LEWIS CURTIS,
CHARLES H. RUSSELL,
LOWELL HOLBROOK,
R. WARREN WESTON,
ROYAL PHELPS,
CALEB BARSTOW,
A. P. PILLOT,
WILLIAM E. DODGE,
ROBT. C. FERGUSSON,
DAVID LANE,
JAMES BUYCE,
FRANCIS SKIDDY,
DANIEL S. MILLER,
WM. STURGIS.
HENRY K. BOGERT,
DENNIS PERKINS,
JOSEPH GAILLARD, Jr.
A. J. HAND,
B. J. HOWLAND,
BENJ. BABCOCK,
ROBT. B. MINTURN,
GORDON W. BURNHAM,
FREDERICK CHAUNCEY,
JAMES LONG,
GEORGE STEPHENSON,
WILLIAM H. WEBB,
ROBERT L. STUART,
SHEPPARD GANDY,
ROBERT L. TAYLOR,
WILLIAM E. DUNSCOMB,
SAMUEL L. MITCHILL,
JAMES G. DE FOREST,
CHAS. F. BURDETT.

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

MERCHANTS'

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Office 257 BROADWAY,

Issues all kinds of Life and Endowment Policies on the Mutual System, free from restriction on travel and occupation.

All Policies are non-forfeitable and participate in the profits of the Company.

WILLIAM T. PHIPPS, President.

A. D. HOLLY, Secretary.
O. S. PAINE, M.D., Medical Examiner.
HENRY HILTON, Counsel.

The Officers of this Company are prepared to make liberal terms with responsible and efficient Life Insurance men from every quarter.

The EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Assets, - - $12,000,000.
Income, - - - $6,500,000.

This Society presents all the *real* advantages to policyholders which can with safety and PERFECT SECURITY be conceded by any Life Insurance Company.

Its means are ample, and its investments are confined by LAW and its CHARTER to the most solid and reliable securities.

It is PURELY MUTUAL in principle, all its profits being annually divided among policyholders, and may be used to reduce the second and subsequent premiums or to the increase of the policy.

Special attention is directed to

THE TONTINE DIVIDEND PLAN

of applying profits introduced by this Society, which, it is believed, will result in greater returns to policyholders than have ever before been made by any Life Insurance Company in the world. Pamphlets, fully explaining the Tontine System of Dividends, may be had by mail or at the office of the Society.

The Society is prompt in the payment of all losses, and its liberality to its members in every respect is limited only by prudence and perfect safety.

Its transactions are in Cash only—neither receiving nor paying out notes as premiums or losses.

The rank of "THE EQUITABLE" among all American companies as to new business done since its organization stands as follows:

In 1860 it was the NINTH.
In 1861, the EIGHTH,
In 1862 and 1863, the SEVENTH.
In 1864 and 1865, the SIXTH.
In 1866, the FOURTH.
In 1867, the THIRD.
In 1868, the SECOND.
In 1869, the FIRST.

"This Corporation (The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the recent astounding progress in the business of *Life Insurance*."—Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, *Superintendent of the New York Ins. Department—Report, 1866.*

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.
HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M. D.; ALFRED LAMBERT, M. D. } Medical Examiners.

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.

144 and 146 BROADWAY.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

ASSETS, OVER $37,000,000 CASH.

INVESTED IN LOANS ON BOND AND MORTGAGE OR UNITED STATES STOCKS.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN M. STUART, Secretary.
F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary.
SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

The Northwestern

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

ASSETS $7,000,000.

H. M. MUNSELL, General Agent.

PETRASCH & FILEVE, General Agents, German Department,
102 Fulton street, corner Broadway.
See advertisement in last week's INDEPENDENT.

INFORMATION

FOR

BUSINESS MEN,
WORKINGMEN,
PROFESSIONAL MEN,
TRAVELING MEN,
GENTLEMEN,

OR, "ANY OTHER MAN."

Hon. James Harper, ex-Mayor of New York, and head of the great publishing house of Harper & Brothers, was thrown from his carriage on Fifth Avenue, and so severely injured that he died next day. He held a general accident policy of $10,000 in the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn., which amount was promptly paid.

Mr. John W. Crafts, a wealthy gentleman of Boston, while encaged in his pork-packing establishment, accidentally stumbled against the point of a sharp knife, which penetrated his thigh, severing the main artery and causing death within a few hours. He held an accident policy of $10,000 in the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, which was promptly paid.

Mr. J. T. Van Kirk, a prominent gentleman of Philadelphia, while bathing in the surf at Atlantic City, was caught by the undertow and drowned. He had been induced, only four days before, to purchase a $10,000 accident policy in the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, and the amount was promptly paid.

Mr. Charles M. Rogers, of New York, well known to all patrons of the St. Nicholas Hotel a few years ago, was murdered on the steps of his own house in broad daylight, on East Twelfth street, not a dozen rods from Broadway, and the murder to this day remains as great a mystery as the Nathan murder. He held an Accident Policy of $10,000 in the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, which amount was promptly paid.

Mr. Anton Schmitz, a prominent German of East Saginaw, Mich., while examining the roof of a lofty building he owned, by some accident fell off and was instantly killed. He held an Accident Policy of $10,000 in the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, procured only two or three days before, and the amount was paid.

Eight Chicago firemen, killed by falling walls while in the discharge of their duty, at different fires in that city within the past three years (not to mention a large number severely injured), insured against accidents to the amount of $15,500, in the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, and the money was promptly paid to their families.

Mr. Asa Hamilton, of Wellington, Ohio, was coming out of his office one morning, when his dog (a large Newfoundland) suddenly sprang up against him in playful greeting, which caused Mr. H to stumble and fall headlong down a flight of stone steps, striking on his head and fatally injuring him. He held an Accident Policy of $5,000 in the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, and the amount was promptly paid.

Messrs. Edward M. Grant, of Ithaca, N. Y., and R. B. Graves, of Jackson, Mich., were killed in the fearful railroad accident at Angola, their bodies being crushed and burned. Mr. Grant's body was only identified by his gold watch, being otherwise beyond recognition. He was insured for $5,000 and Mr. Graves for $2,000 in the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford. Both were promptly paid.

Messrs. S. B. Fairman, editor of *The Advertiser*, of Elmira, N. Y., and Enos Blossom, hotel keeper at Susquehanna Depot,

HARRISON SAFETY BOILERS

OVER 1,000 BOILERS IN USE.

JOHN A. COLEMAN, Agent.

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In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

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FRENCH CLOCKS AND BRONZES.
Porcelain and Glass Flower Stands in Gilt and Wood.
SOLID SILVER-WARE.

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Nos. 22 JOHN St. and 19 MAIDEN LANE.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

Have Pity on the Stomach. Forbear to nauseate it with loathsome pills. Don't drench it with sickening potions. All the purgative, corrective, and anti-bilious elements necessary for the cure of constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, and nervous debility are combined in that exhilarating and delicious draught, TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. It is anti-febrile, purifying, invigorating, alterative. In fact, it is half a dozen sanitary blessings mingled in one cooling, foaming febrifuge.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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AUTUMN 1870.

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THE EPSOM BUSINESS COAT,
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SPECIALTIES IN PRICE:
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Petersham " - - $15
Heavy Business Suits - - $13
Boys' Bismarck Suits - - $7

Extensive selection of the choicest ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and AMERICAN Fabrics in the CUSTOM DEPARTMENT. Prices always uniform.

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GAS FIXTURES,
Of Every Description,
IN MOST COMPLETE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT, IN
Gilt, Crystal, Real Bronze, Imitation Bronze,
AND ALL DESIRABLE COLORS,
OF DESIGNS UNEQUALED IN EXCELLENCE, APPROPRIATE FOR
Dwellings, Hotels, Stores, Halls, Churches, Etc.
SPECIAL DESIGNS FURNISHED WHEN REQUIRED.
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A CHOICE SECURITY.

MIDLAND BONDS.

SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD,
FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

The great railroad on which these securities are based is making good progress. Of the 400 miles embraced in its entire length from the metropolis to the City of Oswego, including the Auburn branch, 150 miles are already completed, fully equipped, and in profitable operation. Work is being vigorously pushed on other portions of the line; and it is the expectation of the Company to have at least 100 miles more in operation before the close of the present season.

The portion of this road now in operation, constituting its northern section, extends from the City of Oswego to Sidney Plains, where it intersects the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. Its local business is already large, and the Company has just concluded a contract with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company for transporting the coal of that large and wealthy corporation to the northern sections of the state. This will add so largely to the business and profits of that section of the road that the Company feel confident that its net earnings, without the aid of through business, cannot be less than 7 per cent. on its entire cost, which is 100 per cent. in excess of the interest on its bonds; for it must be borne in mind that the issue of these bonds is strictly limited to $25,000 per mile of finished road. They thus possess all the security of the bonds of our oldest and best roads. The road, when completed, will constitute one of the great trunk lines connecting the City of New York with Canada and the West by shorter routes than any now existing; and, as its entire course is through fertile and populous districts, it cannot fail to prove one of the most important and best-paying roads in the Union.

BEHIND THESE BONDS IS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF NEARLY $7,000,000, which affords ample guaranty of the financial strength of the Company.

The popularity of these bonds, as a perfectly safe security, bearing the highest rate of interest authorized by the laws of New York, payable in Gold Coin, free of Government tax, has kept the supply nearly exhausted; but the recent and early future completion of additional sections will for a time furnish a liberal supply, to which we respectfully invite the attention of investors, in the confident belief that no better security can be found on the market.

Price, current accrued interest in currency. Government and other securities taken in exchange.

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,
BANKERS,
45 NASSAU STREET.

BUY BARBER'S FIT BRACE.

INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND
WESTERN RAILWAY
7 PER CENT. GOLD LOAN.

The bonds are secured by a First Mortgage on 205 miles of road from Indianapolis, the largest city and most important railroad center in the State of Indiana, to the City of Pekin, in Illinois.

The only direct line from Cincinnati and Indianapolis to Pekin, Peoria, and Omaha, being SIXTY MILES SHORTER THAN ANY OTHER ROUTE.

Over 130 miles of the line are now in full operation, and earning more than the interest on the whole issue of bonds. The iron and all the materials for the balance are on hand and being rapidly laid, which makes the line VIRTUALLY COMPLETED. There are thirty six depots on the line, located in cities and towns that contain in the aggregate 190,000 inhabitants, and within 20 miles of the track there is a population of over 650,000. It runs through the best agricultural, manufacturing, and coal-mining districts in Indiana and Illinois, and forms part of a grand central trunk line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, HAVING MORE NUMEROUS VALUABLE EAST AND WEST CONNECTIONS THAN ANY ROAD IN THE WEST.

The bonds are convertible into stock at par, which adds greatly to their value.

We have carefully examined the country, its resources, and the whole enterprise all through its course of construction, and BELIEVE THE BONDS TO BE AS SAFE AS GOVERNMENTS. It is with pleasure we recommend them to our customers as a first-class investment. Over four-fifths of the loan has been sold. We offer the balance at 95¾ and interest.

All marketable securities received in exchange at market rates. For full particulars apply to

Turner Brothers,
No. 14 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY
SEVEN PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED MORTGAGE SINKING FUND BONDS

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, for the purpose of providing for the payment of its several mortgage debts as they become due, has executed a mortgage to the Union Trust Company of New York, as Trustee, upon the whole of its Railroad and branches, payable on the first day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

COUPON BONDS of $1,000 each will be issued, with interest at Seven per centum per annum, payable semi-annually, on the first day of JANUARY and JULY, in each year; and REGISTERED BONDS, without coupons, of $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000 each, with interest at Seven per centum per annum, PAYABLE QUARTERLY, on the first day of JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, and OCTOBER, in each year; principal and interest payable at the office of the Union Trust Company in New York.

We call the attention of investors especially to this class of REGISTERED BONDS, which, on account of the SECURITY AFFORDED AGAINST LOSS BY ROBBERY, FIRE, OR OTHERWISE, and the PAYMENT OF QUARTERLY INTEREST, offer an investment peculiarly desirable.

A limited amount of these bonds can be purchased at 97½ and accrued interest, upon application to

ROBINSON, CHASE & CO.,
18 BROAD STREET.

BUFFALO ROBES,
WOLF ROBES, BADGER ROBES.
ALASKA ROBES,
FOX ROBES, CARRIAGE ROBES,
SLEIGH ROBES,
LAP ROBES, HORSE BLANKETS,
the largest collection in the country, for sale by
SAMUEL SHETHAR & CO.,
548 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE WATCHES MADE BY THE NEW YORK WATCH CO. ARE THE BEST & CHEAPEST.
ASK TO SEE THEM. Factory, Springfield, Mass.

Financial & Commercial.

THE INCOME TAX—JUDGE STRONG'S DECISION.

JUDGE STRONG, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, has recently rendered a decision which has an important bearing upon the proper interpretation of the act of Congress passed June 30th, 1864, levying an income tax. The case before the Judge was that of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, which had declared a dividend to its stockholders in December, 1869, making it payable on or after the 17th of January, 1870. The collector of internal revenue compelled the Company to pay a tax of five per cent. on this dividend, and the Company brought the suit against the collector to test the legality of his act under the law of 1864.

In giving his opinion upon the point, Judge Strong takes the ground that the tax on dividends is a part of the tax imposed on all incomes, which according to the law was to be assessed and collected "for the year ending the 31st of December next preceding the time for levying, collecting, and paying said duty." Adopting this position, the Judge then decides that the act of Congress imposing the income tax "authorizes no tax upon any income accrued, derived, or received from any source during the present year." He hence rendered a decision in favor of the plaintiffs, declaring that "the assessor was without authority to assess a tax upon" the dividend in question, and hence the collector equally without authority to enforce its collection. The attempt of Congress, at its last session, by a joint resolution, to extend the tax beyond the period fixed by the act levying it he treats as an unconstitutional procedure, since it is not the function of Congress to interpret a law already enacted. It may repeal a law, or modify it, in the way prescribed by the Constitution; but its construction is a judicial function, with which Congress has nothing to do.

It strikes us that the views of Judge Strong correctly expound both the spirit and the letter of the law passed in 1864 levying the income tax. By the terms of the law the tax could not be extended beyond the year 1869. Any taxes on incomes to be collected in 1870 must be levied not on incomes available and payable in 1870, but only on such as were available and payable in 1869. It is not a prospective income with which the law meant to deal; but rather with one received or receivable, out of which the tax is to be paid. Plainly, an income not payable till some time in the year 1870 is not an one to be set down to the credit of 1869. It accrues to the receiver after the law levying the tax has died by its own limitation. If, therefore, dividends are a part of the income tax, as Judge Strong decides, then such dividends as became payable after 1869, no matter when earned or declared, do not come within the provisions of a tax law that dies with the lapse of 1869. The last tax under the law as it stood was the one collectable in 1870 on the income of the immediately preceding year. Such was the popular interpretation, now confirmed by high judicial authority. The amount which has been received into the Treasury by taxes on dividends and salaries of government officers accruing in 1870 exceeds six millions of dollars; and, if the decision of Judge Strong shall be sustained by the Supreme Court, then, of course, it has been illegally received, and must be refunded to those who have paid it.

THE FINANCIAL CONTRAST.

MR. WM. A. RICHARDSON, the Acting Secretary in the Treasury Department, has prepared a comparative statement of the net receipts and expenditures of the Government for the last eighteen months of President Johnson's Administration and the first eighteen months under President Grant. The total receipts from customs, lands, internal revenue, and miscellaneous sources for the last eighteen months of Johnson's virtually Democratic rule were $556,315,203 02. For the first eighteen months of President Grant's Administration they were $643,523,068 62, showing an increase of $87,213,765 60, without any increased rate of taxation. The expenditures during the former period were $338,765,689 89, and during the latter they were $345,912,629 12; showing a decrease in the expenses of the Government to the amount of $82,853,060 77. Put these two items together, and we have in increased receipts and reduced expenses the sum of $170,066,826 37 as the net gain of Grant over Johnson in a period of eighteen months, which is almost $10,000,000 per month. This certainly shows good management on the part of President Grant.

The amount of interest paid on the public debt during the last eighteen months of Johnson's Administration was $211,231,716 68; and the amount paid for the first eighteen months of Grant's Administration was $193,421,155 00; showing a net decrease in the interest account of $17,800,561 68. The reduction of the debt during the former period was $1,383,460 60, and during the latter it was $169,542,100 60; showing an increase in the debt reduction to the amount of $168,158,648 93. The annual saving of interest by this reduction under Grant amounts to about $8,745,596 08, or $728,799 67 per month, mostly payable in gold. The decrease of the debt from the 1st of March to the end of August, in 1869, was $49,500,758 51, and for the corresponding period in 1870 it was $82,407,326 76; showing an increased rate of reduction to the amount of $32,906,568 25. The decrease from the 1st of March to the end of August, 1870, lacks but $4,527,456 08 of being equal to the whole decrease for twelve months preceding March 1st, 1870.

Here are the figures as presented by Mr. Richardson from the official records of the Treasury Department. The people in choosing the members of the next Congress are about to express an opinion as to the wisdom, economy, and honesty of the policy pursued by the Administration. Vermont and Maine have already said "Well done!" in electing a Republican delegation to Congress. The other states that are to hold their elections in October and November, as we doubt not, will largely concur in this judgment. We expressed the opinion when General Grant was elected to the Presidency that the question of his success or failure would turn mainly upon the financial measures of his Administration. The actual results thus far attained have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his warmest friends. We do not in these columns commit ourselves to any political party, as such; yet, when the party in power conducts the finances of the Government with the discretion and efficiency evinced by the above figures, we shall advocate its continuance in power. The people certainly can gain nothing by making a change. We hence nominate General GRANT for the next President, expressing the hope that in the event of his election he will retain Secretary BOUTWELL in his present office.

EUROPEAN CAPITAL—ITS TENDENCY.

As we have predicted, the deplorable Franco-Prussian war has already accomplished general derangement in business and monetary matters throughout Europe. In the meantime the policy of retrenchment and reform so successfully inaugurated and carried out by our present Administration is receiving encomiums of praise both at home and abroad, and inspiring unusual confidence the world over, not only in our determination but in our ability to pay off promptly our national debt. The result directly noticeable of the carrying out of the above policy is that on a reduced scale of taxation we are enabled to pay off from 130 to 150 millions per annum of our debt and advance the price of our securities. The indirect result upon our business and monetary relations are of the greatest moment. The tendency is, in the utter turmoil of business affairs in Europe, to put in motion on this side of the Atlantic elements which will ere long give us precedence in directing the financial matters of the world. This is a position which we should occupy at once; and, if true to ourselves, with the aid of our National Treasury, we will hold the control of the channels of finance and trade. Even now the surplus funds of Europe, concentrated and concentrating in England, are seeking investment in our bonds and securities.

To further the accomplishment of these purposes should be our constant aim; and the more facilities we offer to trade, the more we aid our producers in realizing upon their products, the sooner shall we occupy that leading position which is so desirable.

The financial acts of the last session of Congress seem to contemplate a new *rôle* for the Secretary of the Treasury—that of aiding and facilitating trade, by affording an equilibrium to the money market; he having a discretion in selling gold and purchasing bonds at the same time that he is limited in the amount of paper circulation. And we are pleased to know that our able Secretary of the Treasury, anticipating the true state of the market at this time, has already commenced to increase his sales of gold, and corresponding purchase of bonds, by millions weekly. And we hope he will continue to increase the amount of these sales, until the hundred millions now locked up in the Treasury shall have been sold, thereby greatly aiding legitimate trade, by increasing the circulation and at the same time reducing the debt, and possibly the premium on gold. Turning from this not overdrawn picture of facts and probabilities to our trans-Atlantic neighbors, we behold dismay, confusion, and uncertainty. The atmosphere of all Europe is impregnated with trouble and possible disaster. The toiling millions, judging from recent demonstrations, are everywhere agitated with a feeling of enmity toward dynasties and monarchies. The war fever is underlying every surface, and a general uprising is feared by the best minds of Europe. The proclamation of the Republic in France has thrilled, in a powerful manner, the pulse and hearts of the citizens and laboring classes who have to foot the bills of these dynastic wars; and good and wise men everywhere are beginning to feel that a republic is the only guarantee for peace, order, and advancement.

This state of affairs gives rise to the question as to where capital can be safely placed. We answer that we have the only refuge for moneyed interests which is absolutely safe. We have an unlimited area of valuable domain, abounding in every variety of mineral products, and unsurpassed in its capabilities for agricultural proposes; we have railroads to build, enterprises to ask in lake and river transportation, all calling for moneyed aid, and all of which are sure to pay. We have need of these surplus millions. For instance, the North Pacific Railroad, now being built, one of the grandest enterprises of the age, will open up millions upon millions of acres of land, abounding in mineral and agricultural products, will pay largely on its cost, and add greatly to our national wealth. We need men to people this new country. We have every variety of climate, suited to all classes of Europeans; we have room for all and use for all the means they may bring; and we shall welcome heartily all who may come to our shores.

MONEY MARKET.

MONEY has continued to be abundantly offered during the week at 4 to 6 per cent. on call loans, while the banks have discounted liberally to their customers at 6 to 7; although they have generally preferred to make loans on call at 5 per cent. to discounting long-paper at 7 per cent. The apprehensions of a tight money market have been so generally entertained that the precautions taken to guard against it have had the excellent effect of preventing it. And now there is hardly any fear on the subject; but there is still a commendable prudence among bankers, and the course of the Treasury Department is so much in accord with the interests of our business men that there is not likely to be any disturbances in financial affairs this fall, at least. The associated banks of this city are in a very healthy condition, as shown by the weekly statement of Saturday, according to which there is an increase of the legal-tenders—$1,666,156—and also a gain of $274,783 in the excess over legal reserve. The following shows the condition of the banks in detail compared with last week:

	Sept 24.	*Oct 1.*	*Differences.*
Specie	$14,678,251	$13,227,261	Dec. $1,250,713
Legal-tenders	49,417,336	54,084,092	Inc. 1,666,156
Total reserve	$ 4,095,693	$64,337,673	Inc. $908,413
Circulation	32,213,046	32,218,198	Dec. 14,487
Deposits	191,666,302	191,955,374	Dec. 10,928
Total liabilities	$223,709,348	$223,773,771	Dec. $25,475
25 p. c. reserve	55,949,812	55,943,443	
Excess over legal reserve	$8,138,848	$8,413,830	Inc. $274,782

The following statement shows the condition of the New York city banks last week and the one previous:

	Sept. 24.	*Oct. 1.*	*Differences.*
Loans	$207,597,617	$208,798,501	Dec. $801,016
Specie	14,670,724	13,227,261	Dec. 1,250,713
Circulation	32,223,046	32,218,199	Dec. 14,847
Deposits	191,666,302	191,955,374	Dec. 10,928
Legal-tenders	49,417,336	51,084,092	Inc. 1,666,156

Secretary Boutwell has given notice that he will purchase $8,000,000 of 5-20 bonds this month, and sell $4,000,000 of gold; but it is probable that the purchase of bonds will be increased to $10,000,000. But if he continues his weekly purchases of bonds and sales of gold for the remainder of the year the business will have no cause for complaint. The tendency of gold is to lower rates, which it would very soon reach if it were not for the artificial stimulus given to the market by speculations. There is so large a "short" interest in gold that the "bears" themselves keep it from falling by constantly buying whenever they can realize a profit of ¼ to ½ per cent. But the price tends downward, in spite of the speculators, from natural causes; and must continue to do so, as it has done ever since the Battle of Five Forks. It has fallen twenty per cent. the last twelve months, and will fall ten more the next twelve months. During the past week the price has been very steady, the variations being between 113 and 114; it was 113¾ at the close.

There is just a slight improvement in the stock market, with a small increase in the amount of land transactions; but there is hardly any speculative movement in the stocks which are usually lively at this season of the year. The leading railroads were never in a better condition than they are now—never earning more money or paying better dividends; but the large holders of the stocks can well afford to carry them while money can be borrowed at 5 to 6 per cent., and the "bears" are afraid to sell them "short." But by and by these 8 per cent. stocks, which are now selling below par, will be in very active demand for permanent investment, and then the anxiety to get hold of them will send up prices.

The directors of Panama Railroad have just passed the quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent., and published a circular explaining the reasons for it, which are the very simple ones that the road has not earned money enough to make a dividend. The stock had fallen to 75; but after the circular appeared, by which it would seem that the road is earning about 6 per cent., the price rose to 80. But what a falling off from 350, at which the stock used to sell when it made quarterly dividends in gold of 6 per cent.!

There has been some activity shown in Pittsburg, Reading, Pacific Mail, and the St. Paul stocks; and it is generally thought that there will be a revival of speculative movements before the end of October.

DRY GOODS.

THE height of the active season was reached, no doubt, in the third week of September; and the most that can be expected hereafter, until the close, must be a steadily but slowly-declining business. There will be very heavy business done in October; but it will fall short of the amount sold in September—from first hands, at least. The jobbers will exercise a wise caution at this season in replenishing their stocks, and buy only from hand to hand. The near-by customers have now to be supplied. They will make their selections during the present and succeeding months. The purchasers from the South and West have mostly finished up and gone home.

The general conditions of the market have undergone no material change. In domestic cotton goods prices remain essentially the same as last week, except in Utica Mills, which have been reduced, as noted under the proper heads. Domestic woolen fabrics are rather less firm; and in foreign goods, the state of the war remaining the same, and gold having undergone no variations of moment, the market has been firm and steady. The removal of the blockade from the ports of Hamburg and Bremen will doubtless cause a resumption of the steamship lines between those ports and New York, and cause a larger importation of continental goods; of which, by the way, there has been no scarcity in our market, except in desirable dress goods.

In brown sheetings and shirtings the sales continue moderately active, though to a less amount in the aggregate than for the two previous weeks, and prices are unchanged, except for heavy Utica Mills sheetings, the old stock of which was closed out at a reduction of a cent. and a half from the highest rates of the season. 36-inch Utica are held at 16 cts.; 40-inch do., 17½; Indian Head and Appleton A, 14; Wachusetts, 14; Amoskeag B, 13½; Medford, 13; Mystic River, 12¼. Shirtings: 30-inch Indian Head, 12; 30-inch Wachusetts, 11½; Bedford R, 9¾; Massachusetts, 10½ for J, 9½ for C, and 8¾ for F do.; ⅞ Pocasset Tiger, 7½; ⅞ H do. 8; ⅞ Tremont and Suffolk E each 8¾.

In bleached shirtings and sheetings the demand continues good, and prices, except for Utica Mills, unchanged. The stock in first hands of popular makes is getting very much reduced. The following are the quotations, with the customary discounts: 4-4 Utica fine Nonpareils 20; 35-inch heavy do. 16; 36-inch do 17½; 5-4 do. 25; 6-4 do. 32½; heavy do. 51½ regular for 9-4 and 56½ for 10-4 do.; 4-4 Lonsdale cambric muslin 21; Arkwright waterwitwt 18; 4-4 Blackstone A A 15; White Rock 17; 4-4 Mount Hope 13; 4-4 Aquidneck 11; Pocasset F 9; do. H 8; Davol Mills 20 for 4-4 and 23 for 5-4 do.; Boott 14½ for B, 13 for C, 18 for X, 13 for S, 12½ for E, 10½ for G, 9½ for R, and 17 for W; ⅞ Social C 9½; do. L 11½; 4-4 do. watertwist 14½.

Printing cloths in the gray 64 standards are lower, and the market is not active. The price for best standard quality is from 7¼ cts. to 7⅝ cts.

Prints have not sold so freely as during the past two or three weeks; but the stock in first hands of desirable styles is limited and prices continue firm, although some of the leading jobbers have reduced their rates half a cent. below the scale of the manufacturers' agents. The following are the quotations: Sprague's new dark fancies, 12 cts., less 4 per cent. 30 days; do. robe patterns, 12½ cts.; do. pink, 12½ cts.; do. purple, 12 cts.; do. frocks, 12 cts.; do. shirtings, 11 cts. for regulars and 11½ cts. for Baltic; do. fancy mourning, 16 cts.; do. solid do., 10½ cts.; Pacific dark fancy, 12 cts.; Hamilton, 12 cts. for H fancy; do. robe patterns, 12½ cts., and 12½ cts. for purple; do. hair cords and checks, each 12 cts., and 11½ cts. for shirting; Hartel Manufacturing Company's new fancy, 11½ cts.; do. hair cords and checks, each 11½ cts.; do. purple, green Swiss, and plain ruby, each 12 cts.; Merrimacks, 12 cts. for dark D fancy, 12½ cts. for robes de chambre patterns, 13½ cts. for W pink and purple frocks, 13 cts. for checks and stripes, and 11 cts. for S shirtings; Dunnell's, 12 cts. for new dark fancy, and 13 cts. for frocks; American Print Works, 12 cts. regular for medium and dark fancy. Ginghams of the best qualities are selling freely, but the common grades are dull.

Cotton flannels are in steady demand for the home trade, but there is very little doing for export. Prices are steady. Most of the popular makes are sold as soon as they are received by the agents.

Rolled jaconets are of steady sale without change of prices.

Cambrics are selling moderately well for immediate distribution, but without any essential alteration of quotations.

Silesias are in fair demand for popular makes. Prices steady at last quotations.

Apron checks are in rather more active demand for the better qualities and prices are firmly maintained.

In other descriptions of cotton goods there is the usual demand of the season and prices are without change.

Muslin de laines are not selling quite so freely as has been the case, but there is still a good demand for desirable styles and prices are firmly maintained.

Woolen goods are less active, but there is still a lively trade in woolen shawls and prices are well kept up; but the sales would be larger in the aggregate but for a scarcity in first hands of the more popular makes, which cannot be supplied fast enough to meet the demand.

The sales of cloths have been on a diminished scale the past week; the cause of which is attributed to the absence of Israelitish customers, in consequence of the holiday season of the Hebrew Church, which shows how important an element the Jewish customers are in the woolen trade.

Overcoatings have been only moderately active, from the cause mentioned above; but prices remain unchanged.

Doeskins are selling moderately well, but in small lots at steady prices.

Cassimeres and satinets of good styles are in good demand and bring the highest prices of the season; but the old styles, of which there is not a large accumulation in first hands, are not of easy sale and prices are more favorable to the buyer.

Blankets are selling steadily to the trade, but prices are without quotable change.

Flannels of desirable grades are running down to a low mark in first hands for the season; the demand is good and prices are firm.

In American linens a better demand is reported by the manufacturers' agents, and prices are firmly sustained but are unchanged.

In foreign goods there have been no special movements during the week. The prospects of a speedy peace are not particularly bright; but, while the supply continues ample and gold keeps down below 114, there is not much chance for a rise. The auction sales continue large and well attended. The prices were a shade lower at the latest sales.

IMPORTS OF FOREIGN DRY GOODS AT NEW YORK.

For the Week.	1869.	1870.
Entered at port	$1,463,915	$1,630,538
Thrown on market	2,259,558	1,834,570
Since Jan. 1.	1869.	1870.
Entered at port	$80,172,715	$79,152,345
Thrown on market	68,398,046	76,788,811

$2,287,961 Dec. $1,592,713
1,666,156 Inc. 1,666,156
$908,413 Inc. $908,413
14,487 Dec. 14,487
10,928 Dec. 10,928
$25,475 Dec. $25,475
$274,782 Inc. $274,782
$87,981,481 Dec. $1,019,766
83,174,857 Inc. 8,389,046

8 PER CENT. GOLD.

MANY of our readers have already remitted money on securities to be invested in the St. Joseph & Denver City 8 per cent. first mortgage bonds. We will attend promptly *and free of charge* to any further orders which may be sent us for the purchase of these desirable securities. Those who hold Governments, and desire to increase their income, and at the same time realize from 12 to 15 per cent. in each *on the difference* in price, should at once embrace this desirable opportunity. These bonds are issued at the rate of only about $13,000 per mile on *completed* road, and are also *amply secured* on immense tracts of lands, rolling-stock, and other valuables, to the extent of nearly $20,000,000, owned by the company. It is not possible, so far as we can see, that any person can run the least risk in buying these bonds at the low price named—viz., 97½ and accrued interest. Pamphlets, with other and very full particulars, will be sent free to any who may wish them, in order to be fully satisfied before purchasing.

INVESTING MONEY.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 5 NASSAU STREET.

NEW YORK, October 1st, 1870.

THE very natural inquiry as to "why we consider the CENTRAL PACIFIC BONDS as good and safe an investment as Government Bonds" is often made.

What constitutes the value of GOVERNMENT BONDS? It is the believe on the part of the people that the Government is not only able but intends to keep good faith with the holders, that its revenues are not only ample for but will be used to pay the interest and to reduce the principal. They have also a ready market, can be disposed of easily, and turned at once into cash in case of need.

All these reasons hold good with CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS. The revenues of the road are large, certain, and constantly increasing, as will be seen by the following exhibit of earnings since the beginning:

	Gross.	*Op. Expenses.*	*Net.*
1865	$491,941 92	$121,693 52	$370,272 39
1866	861,017 57	270,710 61	604,306 96
1867	1,470,647 56	360,260 39	1,110,240 17
1868	2,592,757 17	845,156 14	1,457,600 03
1869	5,670,822 25	2,993,223 19	2,677,599 06

The receipts for the current year will exceed $8,000,000.

It is well and economically managed

has been sparingly supplied. The new crop of domestic comes in slowly as yet. We quote Carolina at 35¾@9¾ cts.; Rangoon at 7@7¼ cts., currency, duty paid; and Rangoon, in bond, 3¾@3¾ cts., in gold.

SEEDS.—A moderate demand for Timothy Seed at $4 50@$5 per bushel. Clover is lower and quiet at 10¼@11 cts. Rough Flax Seed more plenty at $2 15@$2 20 per bushel.

SUGARS.—Holders of Raw Sugars are still very firm in their views and have insisted upon an advance. The receipts have been comparatively small, and the recent accumulation is gradually diminishing; and many of the most desirable samples have been withdrawn to await a rise. The market has been more active; but at times the demand has proved irregular, though in no cases exceeding the current wants of the trade. But still a fair amount of stock was sold, principally to refiners. Closing firm with a good demand. We quote at 9⅝@9¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining; 10⅛@10¾ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 10¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined have been in moderate demand and slow sale. We quote at 13¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed, and 13⅛@13¾ cts. for White "A."

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCT. 4TH, 1870.
[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.—The market continues dull, but prices are unchanged.

MILCH COWS are in good demand and are scarce.

VEAL CALVES.—The market remains dull, but prices are unchanged.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Good Sheep are in fair demand and the market is firmer. Both Mutton and Lamb are selling well in the dead-meat markets.

SWINE.—The trade has been dull and prices are again lower.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra	16@16¾	16@17
First quality	15½@15¾	15½@15
Second quality	14 @14½	14 @13½
Third quality	11 @13	10 @13½
Inferior	8½@10	8 @12
Average of all sales about	@13½	@13½

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.
COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	$65@ 90	$60@ 85
Good	70@ 80	70@ 75
Fair	50@ 65	50@ 65
Inferior and Common	30@ 45	35@ 45

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice	11 @12	11 @12
Good	9 @10½	9 @10½
Common	6 @8	7½@ 8½
Inferior	5 @7	6 @ 7

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	per lb. 8½@ 8¾	8½@ 8¾
Extra	" 8¼@ 8½	8¼@ 8
Good	" 8 @8¼	8 @8¼
Fair	" 7½@ 7¾	7¾@ 8
Common	" 7 @7½	7 @7½
Extra Lambs	" 7½@ 8	8 @8¼
Good	" 7½@ 7¾	7½@ 7¾
Common to Fair	" 6½@ 7	6½@ 7¼

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	*Dressed, per lb.*
Corn-fed	8 @8¼	12 @12¾

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, October 3, 1870.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city,) is worth, to every retail merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	13	Wamsutta	8
Merrimack, D	12	Waterloo	8
Cocheco, L	12	Arnold	9¾
Sprague	11¾	Hamilton	12
Pacific	13	Richmond	11
American	12¾	Bourne	10¾
Dunnells	13	Mourning	10½
Allens	11¾	Everett	12
Manchester	11¾	Oriental	13

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Roanoke	12¾
Berkshire	12½	Glasgow	15

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	15	Pepperell, B	12½
Lawrence, C	12½	" N	12½
" D	11½	" O	11½
" E	10½	" P	10½
Pacific, Extra	12½	" R	9¾
" A	11½	" S	9¼
" H	10½	Boot, S	12½
Atlantic, H	12½	" T	11½
" L	11½	" H	10½
" W	10½	" W	9¾
" A	9¾	Appleton, A	14
Agawam, F	10½	Lacoshia, G	14
Star, A	9¾	" H	12½
Massachusetts	12½	" I	11½
" BB	11½	Lyman, E	12½
Indian Head	11½	" F	11½
Exeter, A	9¾	Tremont, A	12½
" B	8¾	Indian Orchard, A	13½
Medford	11½	" B	12½
Augusta	9¾	" C	11½
Pittsfield, A	10½	" D	9¾
Kennebec	12½	Great Falls, H	12½
Bedford, R	9¾	" I	11½
Pocasset, C	12½	" K	10½
" F	9¾	Dwight, A	13½
Newmarket, A	11½	" B	12½

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	44	Reynolds, AA	11½
Wamsutta	44	Mystic Lake	44 17
"	40	Ballou & Son	44 15
Tuscarora	40	"	40 13
Bates	44	Lonsdale	44 14
Fruit of the Rock	44	Cambric	36 11
Forestdale	44¾	Hill	44 16
Masonville	44	"	40 14½
Blackstone	44	Bartlett	44 13
Hope	44	"	36-inch 12
Langdon	44¾	"	34-inch 12¾
"	36-inch 17½	Jones, S	32-in Mills 11
"	36-inch 17½	"	32-inch 10
Waumbec	44	"	30-inch 9½
Pepperell	44	Great Falls, R	11¾
"	40	"	10½
"

THE
MUTUAL GUARANTY
LIFE ASSOCIATION,
No. 98 Broadway, N. Y.

Issues LIFE Insurance Policies under an improved and original system. The payment of TEN DOLLARS will secure a policy for TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS (larger sums in proportion), and a small PRO RATA payment is required only when a death occurs in the class and division in which a policy is registered.

In some essential points, such as medical examination, pro-rata payments, and absolute policies, this Association does not vary from any of our oldest companies but in greater simplicity, economy, and accommodation of payments it differs materially.

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ISAAC ROSENFELD, Jr., Vice President.
L. TIERNAN BRIEN, Secretary.
JAMES A. RICHMOND, General Agent.

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Fall and Winter Overcoats, $15, $20, $25.
Fall and Winter Overcoats, $30, $35, $40.

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Fall and Winter Business Suits, $10, $15, $20.
Fall and Winter Business Suits, $25, $30, $40.
Fall and Winter Dress Suits, $35, $40, $50.

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Fall and Winter Boys' Suits, $6, $8, $10.
Fall and Winter Boys' Suits, $10, $12, $15.
Fall and Winter Boys' Suits, $15, $20, $25.

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Stock for the present Season is of unparalleled extent and variety, both in goods by the piece and that made up for immediate wear. It embraces everything in the line of wearing apparel, suitable for all ages and all classes and occasions.

Any garment is made to measure at a few hours' notice.

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Orders by letter are attended to with care and punctuality. The easy and accurate system for SELF-MEASURE introduced by FREEMAN and BURR enables parties in any part of the country to order Clothing direct from them, with the certainty of receiving the most PERFECT, GRACEFUL, and COMFORTABLE FIT attainable.

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KING THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY
Prices than the Same Goods
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OPPOSITE BOND STREET.

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AT VARIETY,
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AND RETAIL,
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DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

This Remedy does not simply relieve for a short time, but it produces perfect and permanent cures in the worst cases of Chronic Nasal Catarrh, and I will pay $500 reward for a case that I cannot cure. "Cold in the head" and Catarrhal Headache are cured with a few applications. If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, stopping up of the nose at times, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watering or weak, feel dull, have pain or pressure in the head, you may rest assured that you have Catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in Consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. I will send my pamphlet on Catarrh to any address free. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is now SOLD BY MOST DRUGGISTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Price 50 cents. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 60 cents, or four packages for two dollars. Beware of counterfeits and worthless imitations. See that my private Stamp, which is a positive guarantee of genuineness, is upon the outside wrapper. Remember this private Stamp, issued by the United States Government expressly for stamping my medicine, has my portrait, name, and address, and the words U. S. Certificate of Genuineness" engrave l upon it, and need not be mistaken. Don't be swindled by travelers and others, representing themselves as Dr. Sage; I am the only man now living that has the knowledge and right to manufacture the genuine Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I never travel to sell this medicine.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N.Y.

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Portable and Brick Set Furnaces for heating all Classes of Private and Public Buildings, with Anthracite, Bituminous Coal, or Wood; Family and Hotel Low and Double Oven Ranges; Improved Baltimore Fire Place Heaters; Parlor Furnaces and Double Heaters; Cooking, Parlor, Office, School, Laundry, and Depot Stoves, have for many years been known as the most desirable goods of this class in the country, and have been more generally and extensively used. Thirty years of practical experience have given us a thorough knowledge of the business, in all its branches, such as few possess. We now have a most complete stock of the above goods.

We have REDUCED our PRICES to correspond with the times, and have increased our Facilities for Manufacturing, and are prepared to fill orders to any extent.

We also guarantee the work we do ourselves to be perfectly satisfactory.

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BEEBE'S NO. 1 WATER-BACK
KITCHEN RANGE
THE LARGEST FAMILY SIZE REDUCED TO
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ALL COOKS LIKE BEEBE'S RANGE BECAUSE
They are
The best open-fire roasters,
The surest and quickest bakers,
Give plenty of hot water, and
Are easily managed.
They are economical in fuel, are kept in order at little expense, and are altogether the cheapest range in the market.
MADE, PUT UP, AND WARRANTED BY
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NOS. 8, 10, and 12 READE ST.,
NEAR BROADWAY.

PERPETUAL BASE-BURNERS,
ILLUMINATOR AND MAGAZINE FIRE-PLACE Heaters, Portable Hot-Air Furnaces.
THATCHER HEATING CO., 622 Broadway, N. Y.

The Independent.

A HYMN OF LOVE.

BY RAY PALMER, D.D.

In Thee, O God, the hosts above
Forever live supremely blest;
And I, on earth, like them would love—
Like them, as on Thy bosom rest.

I may not know Thee as Thou art,
While here my darksome way I tread;
Yet, thanks that now I know in part,
And hourly by thy hand am led.

Unseen, Thou dost Thyself reveal,
In Thine own ways to sense unknown;
Thy hidden glories oft I feel
Come flowing o'er me from Thy throne.

All sweetest tenderness and grace,
Beauty and majesty divine,
Draw my charmed soul to Thine embrace,
And blend my mortal love with Thine.

In Thy pure light 'tis mine to bask,
Around me falls its noontide beam;
In calm content no more I ask,
While filled with Thee, my God, I seem.

The joy that through my being flows
New gladness lends to brightest days;
More fresher wakes, and evening glows
More lovely, while I breathe Thy praise.

The wide creation spreads more fair
As bright o'er all Thy smile I see;
And thousand voices, soft as air,
Seem whispering to my heart of Thee!

Thine image on each human brow
To nobler beauty seems to wake;
With warm embrace I welcome now
Each man a brother for Thy sake!

As past me fly the swift-winged years,
Thy mercies all their circuits fill;
Thy goodness, like the sun, appears
Throughout all time resplendent still.

Since once for sin the Lord hath died,
No more I fear that Thou will frown;
Come life, come death, whate'er betide,
Love floods my soul and fear shall drown!

As mounts the joyous lark on high,
To greet with songs the purple dawn,
So would I pierce yon azure sky,
And hail Heaven's brightly-breaking morn.

O God! the lustrous gates unfold;
Let Thy full glory on me fall;
Thine unveiled face I would behold,
And know Thee mine—my All in All!

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

In my daily journeyings over Indiana, I came across *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for October this morning, and its opening article on Young Men's Christian Associations, so full of interest and valuable thought, inspired this communication, written not "on the wing," but on the rail.

The wonderful growth of these organizations and the vast amount of good they have accomplished in the nineteen years since the first one of them was inaugurated on this continent, at Montreal, is widely and generally known. Seven hundred of them, with about one hundred thousand members, are actively engaged, in the United States and Canada, in their mission of good deeds.

But there is room for so much more effort which shall bring forth good fruit, there is opportunity for labor so much more abundantly, that I venture a few suggestions, hoping perhaps to widen the sphere of influence of these associations by increasing their number and membership.

In every community in this country there are many who are willing to work for some good end, if they are only directed what to do and have others to point out the road and lead in it. And hence there is a vast amount of useful talent unused and wasted for lack of that organized and concentrated effort which would utilize it.

The name of the organization which heads this article is itself a power. It means CHRISTIAN UNITY; and Christian unity means Christian power and strength, and even more—Christian concord and fraternity. Wherever established, it has broken down the division walls of sects and softened the asperities of ecclesiastical antagonisms.

In every town where there are two or three churches the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association will be found an easy labor, if a few men of genial characteristics and tolerant views attempt it. A half dozen are sufficient to take the initiative, representing the different Christian denominations of the place. In canvassing for members to join you, the pastors would probably assist; and you will be surprised to find how many will gladly say "Yes," when you ask them for your names.

I do not exactly agree with the author of the *Harper* article, who intimates *forty* as the maximum age for membership; for I do not see why one nearly fifty years old, like myself, should not be allowed to join. But I do agree that the work should be directed and controlled and the offices held by those who are really young, vigorous, and full of zeal.

Of course, no officers should be chosen till the membership-roll is fully signed. And then they should be judiciously distributed among the different organizations represented, taking care to choose those of large hearts and willing hands, not the captious, critical, or cynical.

Once organized, look around, and see what a work lies before you!

On every side vice opens its doors to allure. Temptations beset the pathway of the young. Evil enlists social influence to aid it in ensnaring the unwary. And with the evening hour these fascinations thicken about the footsteps of many who find the downward road so easy to travel. The danger indicates the needed remedy. The pathway of virtue and right should be made attractive also; and it is in this sphere that the Young Men's Christian Associations have won their most beneficent triumphs.

The first thought naturally will be a free reading-room, open at night to all. It will cost something; but all good work costs, even when it pays good interest in its results. The editors in your town will doubtless assist you with their exchanges. Your own members will contribute their favorite papers the next day after their perusal of them, and those which bring the latest news you will have to subscribe for.

Lectures will be your next thought. In this lecturing era home talent is too much overlooked. In nearly every community there can be found ministers, lawyers, judges, teachers, and public men who could and would deliver a lecture on some popular theme, for such an association, without charge. You could have a semi-monthly course of such, at your churches in turn, or at your court-house or public hall, free of cost, or at a very small charge for admission. But, if you seek to make a course more attractive by engaging popular lecturers from abroad, do not commence with too long a list, and hazard bankruptcy of your treasury by failure. Better commence with a course of six, or even four, so that in this new experiment the public will wish for more, rather than become surfeited before the course is ended.

One thing I might say here in regard to tickets for all courses of lectures, especially in our smaller towns. The surest success is obtained by having an energetic committee sell as many course tickets in advance as a personal canvass can effect. Very many are willing to buy, if asked. In the winter, many unpleasant nights are to be expected; but, with your tickets sold beforehand, you will find your hall far better filled on such nights than if you left the questions both of going and paying to be decided at the last moment.

I need not extend this article by alluding to other avenues of duty that will open before the association after it is organized. Mission preaching, charitable relief, temperance labors, etc., will all come in time; and the willingness to perform the labor will come with them. It is one of those happy provisions of Nature that whoever performs a noble act, and feels the joy that its performance brings to his soul, is thereby encouraged to other good works. And thus his influence for the bettering of humanity constantly widens. In associations like those I have spoken of, all will find full scope for such labors, as well as opportunity to work efficiently, with the strength of concentrated, rather than the comparative weakness of isolated effort. And in them can be carried out, even more easily than in individual life, that noblest of all couplets in our language:

"Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no generous action done."

And for all this labor for good morals, the elevation of character, the bettering of the community, the leading the rising generation to that One Name, which has solaced the poor in their poverty, the friendless in their friendlessness, the weak in their weakness, the sick in their sickness, and the dying in their death, there is a sure and an abundant reward. A good deed, whenever or by whomsoever performed, never dies. It is immortal. Earth and sea and sky may pass away, but it will live, your richest fortune in life, your most priceless heritage beyond.

—If this brief communication should impel any to enter upon this work of organization in their communities, I doubt not that W. E. Dodge, Jr., of New York City, so long and laboriously and successfully connected with this branch of Christian effort, would cheerfully, on application, furnish all desired information as to forms, details, etc.

THE ROMANCE OF IMPERIALISM.

BY N. S. DODGE.

THREE months ago the two monarchs of Europe who claimed most attention next to the Czar of Russia were Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, and Abdul Azez Khan, Sultan of Turkey. Not in the United States of America, perhaps, nor in the mother country, England; but elsewhere over Continental Europe, in the northern states of Africa, throughout Egypt, where the great problem of uniting east and west was being solved by the Suez Canal, and in the Provincialities, Persia, and the vast domains of Russia, extending even to Syria, with its hordes of pilgrims, the Sultan and the Emperor claimed the principal share of thought. They were absolute. Their word was law over the broad east of Asia Minor. The sacred places of the Holy Land found covert under the ægis of the one or the other. Our missionaries near Jerusalem, all travelers across the desert, and those noble pioneers of civilization who are making Christianity a living principle in the dead churches of the Nestorians, recognized the authoritative power of their names. Napoleon III and Abdul Azez Khan ruled a large portion of the Eastern World.

The two are relations. It is like an Eastern fable. Political affinities did not—do not—alone unite them. There is the same blood—certainly of race; possibly, nay, probably of family. Let us see.

Mademoiselle Aimée Dubuc de Rivery was born in Martinique, in 1766. Her family, noble and dating from the foundation of the colony, still retains its social position. Evincing talent at an early age, her parents resolved to educate her in France. She was sent to Nantes in 1775, and entered a convent. In 1784, having received a superior education, she embarked for home in charge of her governess. Beautiful, gifted, uniting with her Gallic blood the *esprit* and brilliancy of tropical descent, haughty, vain, rich, self-reliant, and counting her position equal to the old *noblesse* of France, she looked to Martinique as a scene where (as in other places and circumstances what gifted girl does not?) she should win the conquests dear to every ambitious woman. The ship did not reach its haven. Springing aleak in mid-voyage, its crew and passengers were only saved by the accidental passing of a vessel bound for Majorca. But this vessel was more unfortunate than the first. In sight of port, it was captured by an Algerine pirate, and its passengers, a few weeks afterward, were led into the slave-market of Algiers.

Mademoiselle de Rivery was purchased by the Dey. Algiers at that time was under the rule of Turkey, and the Dey at the moment was under the displeasure of the Sultan. In order to reinstate himself in the good graces of his royal master, he determined to make him a present of slaves. Mademoiselle de Rivery was of the number. She was sent to Constantinople, introduced within the walls of the imperial harem, and presented to the Sultan. Her self-control did not forsake her. She bravely faced the inevitable. Her beauty and accomplishments found their level even there. She ruled the harem. *Habitués* of the legations still narrate anecdotes of her hauteur. Control was impossible. Sacred rules were put at naught. Subjection she would not endure. Threats of the sack and Bosphorus she set at defiance. Until at length, bringing the Sultan, Abdul Hamet, at her feet, she became the reigning sultaness, and the mother of Mahmoud, the father of the present Sultan, Abdul Azez Khan.

Abdul Hamet, the sultan lover whom the beautiful West Indian brought to her feet, reigned many years. Mahmoud Khan, issue of the marriage, succeeded him as sulten. Abdul Medjid, grandson of the same haughty sultaness, succeeded his father. Reigning twenty-one years, his empire carved out by pachas, his fleet lost by treachery, the viceroy of Egypt rebelling successfully against his authority, the old Turkish party steadily opposing his western innovations, and the mighty army of the Czar enforcing unjust claims from the Russian shores of the Black Sea, Abdul Medjid stood his ground, adopted the *Tanzimat*, the new charter of civil and religious law in Turkey, united vigorously with the allied armies during the Crimean War, gave protection throughout his vast empire against the caprice of local rulers, and granted all his Christian subjects immunity from military service. He was nevertheless a weak man, his education defective, and his constitution, from indulgence in pleasure, always defective. He was succeeded in 1861 by his brother, who is also grandson to the accomplished de Rivery, and is now reigning Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Azez Khan.

Abdul was forty years old last February. He has reigned nine years. Readers will remember accounts of his visit to the Paris Exposition of 1866. There are strong resemblances in his face to his grandmother. His eyes are large, dark, and sorrowful; his complexion more West Indian than Turkish; the expression of his face the deep melancholy the Sultaness wore to her death; and his voice, like hers, singularly pleasing and musical. If the moralist desired to show how little the possession of despotic power could do to secure happiness, he need look no further than the countenance of this kind-hearted and interesting prince. Still in Turkey it is etiquette to be serious, and the paleness of his face may after all be no criterion of sickliness or health.

Turn we now to the history of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, who was born in that same island of Martinique, in the same year as the Sultana. The world knows her history by heart. As a maiden the black divineress of the tropics prophesies that she should be a queen and more; as a widow she was intent to blandish down in the Paris of '94 the grimness of republican austerities and recivilize mankind. She first married a nobleman, Viscount de Beauharnais. Her family was among the first three in the island. Danez, in his "Histoire de Martinique," says that previous to 1774 the families of Tascher and Dubuc (our Sultana's) never married except among themselves, and now and then with members of the Beauharnais family. Josephine was a Tascher by birth and a Beauharnais by marriage. She corresponded by letter with the sister of the Creole Sultana, sent the latter presents after the Italian war, and in an epistle penned at Fontainbleau, in 1787, speaks of the mother of the two as her aunt.

The Viscount de Beauharnais, shortly after his marriage, migrated to France. His wife accompanied him. He filled various offices, became father of Eugène and Hortense, and in 1794, accused by the Jacobins, was taken before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned, and beheaded at the age of thirty-four. Two years afterward Josephine married Napoleon Bonaparte. He treated her children as his own. The history of Eugène as prince of the empire, as commander of the French and Italian army, as viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, and as a gentleman in private life until his death, in 1824, does not fall in with our story. It is with his sister, Hortense, that we have to do.

Louis Bonaparte, fourth in age of the brothers of the first Napoleon, married Hortense. He had been made King of Holland. There was no love between them. She was betrothed to another. He was already living in a morganatic marriage. It was a political necessity. The will of the great conqueror was above all law. And from the wedding-day, onward through regal pomp, palatial festivities, and imperial edicts upon the birth of the heir to the empire, their married life became a seemless brawl. There was mutual hatred. There were jealousies. Neither was faithful to the other. Hortense resided in Paris, where she had a *hotel* and a princely household. She went by the title Queen of Holland, though her husband was no longer king. She was separated, though not divorced. The children remained in custody of the mother. After the battle of Waterloo, she retired to her estate in Switzerland, passing her summers in the mountains and making the Villa Borghese, in Rome, her wister residence.

Hortense had three children. The first died in infancy. The second, a son, in 1831; but not heir to the throne, because born previous to imperial rule. The third is the royal prisoner. Whatever doubts may exist in regard to his share in the blood of the Bonapartes, he is grandson of Josephine and lineal descendant from one of the three great families of Martinique.

These statements are made on the authority of "*L'Illustration*," a periodical published in Paris in 1853. There is no reason to doubt their truth. They have been accredited in Parisian *salons* all through the Second Empire. There has been no authoritative denial of them. During the visit of Abdul Azez Khan to the Great Exposition of '66 the common blood shared by the two was often whispered about in the Tuilleries. It was thought there were personal resemblances between them. In traits of character—gravity, reticence, and unscrupulousness—they are certainly alike.

If changes now occurring in Eastern as well as Western Europe should give Russia possession of the Golden Horn, and be followed by deposition of the Sultan, as is not unlikely, the lives of the two crownless sovereigns, Napoleon III and Abdul Azez Kahn, would furnish materials for a chapter in modern history romantic as the Moorish invasion of the Peninsula or the royal shiftings during the Crusades. As it is, the facts that both are of West Indian origin; that each traces back through his mother; that it is in the same *degree of descent*—grandsons—that the Sultan and ex-Emperor stand in reference to the parent source; that the grandmothers of both were born in the same year; and that the sugar-planter's daughter, Josephine, the empress, was beyond doubt allied by blood to the sugar-planter's daughter, Aimée, the sultana (for the little island in the Indian Archipelago kept its aristocracy pure)—as it is, we say, these are facts sufficient, without counting upon future chances, to come under the title of the Romance of Imperialism.

"STAMPED BY STUBBS."

BY H. H.

IT was by accident that news of the Lisbon camp-meeting reached the ears of of irreligious boarders in Bethlehem. "What, a camp-meeting so near? We must go!" And in less than five minutes our surprised landlord was replying to eager inquiries.

"Why, yes, you can *go* easy enough, if that's all. But you don't mean to say you *want* to go down 'n' hear them Methodists go on!"

"Oh, but we do. We want to go very much, and we shall be disappointed if they don't 'go on.' I suppose we had better wait till the second or third day, so that they will be thoroughly waked up."

"Well, I never thought it of *you*. You don't mean to get converted, do ye?"

"Nothing would please us better. I am sure we all need it, Mr. Barrett; who knows? But I am afraid that is not our leading motive in going."

And so, half-laughing, half-sober, we settled the hour and the day for going to Lisbon to see a New Hampshire camp-meeting.

Who shall describe, moreover, who shall dare to try to describe the glory of September days among the mountains? We may take note and number of the new colors which every hour adds to the hills and the fields and the woods; we may make free in gossiping and impertinent mention with the names of the lovely blue and white asters, the regal golden rod of stately grace, and that dainty vagabond, clematis; we may get out our paints and look for definitions of the blazing browns into which ferns are changing; the winy clarets which stamp and freckle strawberry leaves, and the yellows which light up dark places in woods, where beech-leaves float down from the hights in the sun; we may take clumsy observation of the circles in which winged seeds swim through the air, hindered and turned by currents which butterflies make passing them; we may remember to say that distances are touched by some new enchantment of atmosphere, so that remotest things come near, almost into reach—rugged seams in far mountain sides showing their tinted depths, fir trees on summits standing out upon the sky in distinct pictures even to their smallest twig, and every tiny pond for miles and miles twinkling out like a sunken star. And after we have said all this, we sigh: "September, oh, September!" and the three words—nay, the one word—has meant more than the hundreds. The one word, like the name of a beloved, tells all to a lover—recalls all, embodies all. All other words are waste; they weaken, they weary. So true is it, not that all true lovers are silent—they cannot be; but they wish they had been!

Seven-league boots would be of no special use, unless there were seven leagues to be traveled. Boots to get you where you need to be at just the minute you need to be there are all you want. With such boots or shoes Mr. Barrett's horses are shod when they are to take passengers from Bethlehem to Littleton for the cars.

"Oh, Mr. Barrett, are you sure we shall be there in time?" calls out nervous impatience from the back seat, as we crawl up one of the long hills between Bethlehem and Littleton.

"Never did get left yet," is Mr. Barrett's invariable reply, with a composed smile out of his dreamy brown eyes.

This morning of the camp-meeting day, however, he did, thus adjured, pull out his watch, and, after looking at it, drop it back again into his pocket with motion a little more rapid than his wont; and I quietly took note of several uncommonly urgent applications to the off horse in course of the next few minutes. Privately I made up my mind to miss of the camp meeting. How little I knew Mr. Barrett.

The railroad track and the highway at the Littleton Station cross each other at right angles immediately at foot of a long, steep hill. A more dangerous crossing I have never seen; it is impossible to see from the hill a rod of the track, except that which crosses the road. There is no gate, no sign, no attendant. That people are not killed there every year is matter of gratitude; but not to the foolish town of Littleton, nor to the reckless railroad company. At top of this hill we exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Barrett, are the horses afraid of cars?"

Puff! puff! puff! came the engine immediately across our road.

Mr. Barrett smiled slowly, and drove on. In the very eyes and teeth and breath of the monster we jumped out of the wagon.

"Goin' to camp-meetin' ?" called out the brakeman.

"Yes," shouted we.

"Better get camp-meetin' tickets, then," said he, in friendly regard for our purses.

"I always cal'late to come in *with* the engine, if I don't before," remarked the philosophical Mr. Barrett, as he gathered up the reins to wait till the train moved out of his way, and he could go on into the town.

It was but a short trip to the camp-meeting grounds, which were in a fine butternut and maple grove, on the banks of the Ammonoosuc River.

One is often tempted to ask irreverently why the Ammonoosuc should be called a river at all, seeing that it is nine parts granite bowlder at best, and in dry seasons one-half of the one-tenth which is water disappears. But it is the most fascinating of streams to watch; such pluck and patience does it show, and ingenuity too, in dragging its little tangled threads of water along. Just opposite the camp-grounds was a ford, and it was a picturesque sight to see the clumsy old country horses daintily picking their way among the rolling, splashing stones, and bringing safe to land wagon-loads of merry Methodists. They all looked merry; in fact, the only solemn thing to be seen was the high apple-green derrick, at the top of which swung a huge church-bell, which did not seem to belong to a pic-nic. This stood by side of a small, sloping-roofed, three-sided pine shanty, which was combined platform and umbrella for the ministers. But even the apple-green derrick and the big church-bell looked less solemn after we heard the first of the "notices" given by the "brother" who "opened" the services. It was as follows:

"The proprietor of the boarding-tent wishes to have me say that, as his bell unfortunately cannot be heard in all parts of the grounds, this bell will be rung for meals. This bell, my brethren," pointing slowly upward—"remember and be punctual—this bell will ring at seven for breakfast, at half-past twelve for dinner, and at half-past five for tea. Remember, at half-past twelve for dinner."

We called this brother the Spiritual Dragoon. He had the bearing and sharp, alert look of a policeman; the flapping round cape of his overcoat added to the resemblance. His face reminded me strongly of a portrait of General Moltke, which I saw last year at the Art Exhibition in Munich. His thin, clear, authoritative voice rang out not quite pleasantly as he stood forward, leaning on the desk, eyeing all talking stragglers on the outskirts of the circle, and persuading and compelling them to be seated, after this fashion: "Come forward; come forward, friends. There are two or three persons standing there at the left; accommodate yourselves with seats; accommodate yourselves with seats. I hope the gentlemen who are appointed as police of the occasion will see to it that those who have come only to wander and talk do so outside the circle of tents." A little later, with a still sharper and more decisive voice: "I still see persons standing and talking. The police will please enforce the regulations. Accommodate yourselves with seats, my friends, or else leave!" This last thunderingly, and with such severity of tone that every mother's son and daughter in sight slunk down on the nearest bench, fairly committed, nilly willy, to sitting the sermon through; for that any should dare to try to steal out under the watchful eye of the spiritual dragoon, I could not conceive.

Silence reigned.

The Spiritual Dragoon again: "I wish to remind all our friends who came over the railroad that their tickets will not be available for the return unless they are stamped by Brother Stubbs. Brother Stubbs will be in his tent for this purpose from right till nine in the morning; from one till half-past at noon. Understand, all return tickets must be stamped by Brother Stubbs."

We stole a sly glance at the kindly, weather-beaten face of our guide and companion. A subtle little twinkle at the corners of the old man's bright blue eyes answered part of our glance, and a quiet nod answered the rest. Our tickets had been stamped by Stubbs.

Then the sweet old hymns floated up; and the sound of prayer, so earnest that one almost forgot how ill-considered were its words. The "amens" were the best part of it. They meant all that the prayer did not say—all that hearts needed. There was a glad assent in some of the men's voices, and a vague longing in some of the women's, which were pathetic to hear. The sermon was long and noisy and bad; probably a fair sample of the worst faults of preaching. We grew very impatient with the stamping, gesticulating, screaming brother; and when he said that Heaven was "all sprangled over with promises" we looked up involuntarily into the blue sky overhead, to see if there were really any hope or promise of relief from him. One may not venture to set limits to or define God's ways of reaching men's hearts. There might have been souls there which were, in some inscrutable process, helped by the rambling, melodramatic incoherencies of that "sermon; but it is hard to believe it. Fear, fear, fear was the one motive of appeal, escape the one good, horrors of future suffering the one picture. It was in parts like Doré's worst style of conceits—as this, for instance: "See that Pilate, washing his hands—yes, washing, *washing*, WASHING. In whatever corner of eternity you come upon him, you will find him washing, *washing*, WASHING those bloody hands, trying to get 'em clean."

After the sermon ended, the invitation was extended to all who wished for the especial prayers of the brethren to come up into a small square enclosure in front of the platform. The natural reluctance of all carnally-minded persons to take this important step must have been much strengthened by the fact that there was no way of getting into this pound for strayed souls except by doubling up and creeping under the railing. By some singular oversight, not an opening had been left in it—not so much as a crack through which the very thinnest and most transparent sinner could squeeze.

Here came into play the qualities of the Spiritual Dragoon.

"Come right forward. Don't wait. Clear those aisles. Make way there; I see many persons who wish to come, but are held back by the crowd. Don't be afraid. Get right under the rail. We'll have it taken away to-morrow. Stoop down; that's right. That's right; come right along." A few went. The choir began to sing in the wild minor strain peculiar to the Methodist Church, with refrains so tender and low no heart could resist them.

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now."

"Just now."

"Just now."

The whisper seemed to come from the tree-tops. One could hear them rustle:

"Just now."

We should have been ashamed of not having tears in our eyes; not that the word "now" meant to us what it did to them. But to us it was as tender and illimitable as the great warm dome over our heads. It was God's faithful, blessed "now," which has neither beginning nor end, whose only true name is that wronged word, "eternity"—eternity midway in which we walk! We clasped each other's hands and looked sympathizingly at the two or three weeping souls who knelt. But few went up. The ministers exhorted and entreated; but it was evident that for that time the crisis had passed. Then suddenly one brother called out: "Let all those who want to love Jesus hold up their hand." What a white seal of allegiance flashed up in the air—hundreds of hands in the twinkling of an eye. I do not believe a right hand there refused the token. "Right hand of fellowship," thought I. Doubtless the hand of Jesus stretched down and met it. This was the one good, perfect thing of the day, in whole harmony with the sunlight, with the air, with the Infinite Love.

After this, the congregation scattered; and soon the big bell at the top of the apple-green derrick rang for dinner. We paused at the door of the boarding-tent, and were most cordially invited to walk in by the proprietor, who stood on the threshold, reiterating nearly the words of the Spiritual Dragoon: "Come right in; come right in; plenty of room." "Plenty of room," said we; "we should think there would be! Look at the hard corned beef, yellow saleratus bread, and mealy crackers." Oh, who will rise up and go on a new crusade through the American States, driving saleratus and soda from their strongholds in country kitchens? Whoever should do this thing would be a greater benefactor than the country has known since the days when George Washington set it immortal example of veracity. There is not to be found to-day, I verily believe, in all New Hampshire, a man or woman over forty years of age whose complexion and teeth—if they have any teeth left—do not show the ravages of habitual alkali.

We took our lunch on so low and close a bank of the river that, for after-dinner amusement, we could spin pebbles into and across the shallow water. The noon was shimmering warm, and full of yellow butterflies; horses were whinnying for their corn, to right and left of us; young Methodist men and maidens passed and repassed, whose low tones and red cheeks suggested that spiritual interests of more kinds than one were being looked after in that butternut wood. The tents were all agog with dinner bustle, and the unpacking and arranging of beds and comforters for the night. Each town was to go to bed in its own tent—old, young, friend and foe, all in a temporary family together; elders and deacons down the middle, we were told, as a mountain-wall of partition between the men on one side and the women on the other. We fancied the scene; but no doubt it was far better than our fancy.

Some of the tents were really cosy-looking places, in which one might live for a whole month of summer with delight. Book-shelves and center-tables and flowers in vases gave them an atmosphere of home. Others looked like huts of wild Gypsies, at once bare and littered. After the dinner, another sermon; this time, a gentle, quiet, rather drowsy discourse, under which one slept comfortably. After the sermon, more going up into the anxious seats. But in the midst of this we and all the rest whose tickets were stamped by Stubbs came away. An hour and a half's tiresome waiting for the train—delayed by what is called in the cheerful conciseness of railway reports "a slight accident"; then an hour's ride in the cars; and then, ah, then we were once more in the big wagon, climbing up the mile-long hills which are the price of beautiful Bethlehem. As many times as we go away and come back to this great plateau of amphitheater, locked in on all sides by whole ranges of mountains, we exclaim: "There is but one Bethlehem! Why do we ever leave it?"

As we entered the house, we were inspected a little curiously, to see if we bore about us any special traces of camp-meeting. There was evident incredulity in the reception of our declarations that we had enjoyed the day and all the exercises, and the last thing we heard echoing through the kitchen and shed was:

"They *say* they've had a first-rate time. But who'd ever ha' thought they'd ha' wanted to go there—of all folks in this world?"

PLEA TO OCTOBER.

BY ALICE CARY.

LITTLE 'tis I ask of thee,
Season fine and fair,
Lying betwixt the roses lost
And the falling of the frost—
Little for my share.

Fortune has been hard with me;
Thou hast wealth to spare.
Thus my plea, the whole day long;
Shall I call it just a song,
Or shall I call it prayer?

What thou wilt, thou may'st withhold,
Till we shall agree.
Lo! thou mak'st the winds that blow
'Twixt the sunflower and the snow
To be sweet with me.

Keep the daffodilly's gold,
Keep the corn and wine;
But some green and grassy nook,
Where to lie and read my book,
Leave, I pray, for mine.

O be kind, be kind to me;
Nor let rough winds blow,
Putting out, with rainy nights,
All the twinkling meadow-lights,
Burning down so low.

Hearts have failed me all the way
Toward the night's dread fall;
Grant *that* hour, for mercy's sake,
Love enough to keep awake,
Sweetest eyes of all.

I contented am to be
Neither fine nor fair;
Lo! thou rightest me this wrong—
Slight it not for just a song,
But grant it for a prayer.

Friendship may but last a day.
Passion is a spell
Transient as the whirlwind's breath;
Grant me love as strong as death—
Ay, indestructible!

RECALLING a pleasant day spent with some of the choicest spirits of the literary world, Carlyle said: "We agreed about everything except opinions."

CÆSARISM—FRENCH AND ROMAN.

BY REV. WM. HAGUE, D.D.

IN a lecture on the first French Revolution, delivered in Boston, thirty-five years ago, by Hon. Alex. H. Everett, the lecturer was led naturally by the connections of his thought to furnish an analysis of the character of the first Napoleon. Having traced the course of the Emperor's personal ambition to its ultimate issues; having shown his utter lack of conjugal affection, as disclosed by the sad story of the Empress Josephine, his destitution of true patriotism as well as of an enlarged sympathy with the fortunes of humanity, Mr. Everett exclaimed, with a thrilling emphasis of expression: "Any one virtue would have saved him!"

For weeks past this summary estimate of the man, who once won the trust of the millions and then betrayed their cause, has been ringing in our ears as a fit expression of the world's estimate to-day of the last of the imperial Napoleons. Like his uncle, Napoleon III began his career as "the man of the people," the exponent of republicanism, and for successive years controlled the democratic element of Europe by the most profound dissimulation. What fresh hopes of a brighter era were awakened by his election to the presidency! Surely, men said in their hearts, he may have been schooled by misfortune, have become a true man, too wise to repeat the great mistakes of the past. They hoped, almost believed

The Independent.

THE NEW EPOCH.

BY REV. H. N. POWERS.

The air is pained with War's confusing thunder;
The banners of great kingdoms are unfurled;
And fearful signs and sights of awe and wonder
Startle the vision of a gazing world.

On, conquering hosts and armies torn and flying,
Through Rhenish hamlets and Gaul's gallant lines,
Beyond the Alps, where Papal Rome is dying,
To Hungary's hills and rough Iberia's vines.

Beneath the smoke of Albion's giant labors,
In cot and mart and stifling factory-pen,
A spirit swifter than the flash of sabers
Now smites with light the expectant hearts of men.

Teuton and Gaul, wrong not the cause ye favor;
Loving the right, in amity embrace;
The sacrifice of peace, with sweetest savor,
Shall rise approved to Heaven's applauding face.

Strong in the knowledge which the truth discloses,
Soldiers of Prussia, be no longer dumb;
Your hire is earned; enwreathe your guns with roses,
Make Fatherland the freeman's lasting home.

O, beauteous France, from crumbled thrones upspringing,
The hope of ages glittering on thy brow,
The bells of gladness through the earth are ringing
Loud gratulations o'er the latest vow.

O, Britain, quivering with strong aspirations,
Monarchs are weak when toiling millions rise,
Salute the young Republic, calm the nations,
In thy own people's wisdom thou art wise.

Amid the sheaves of Freedom's ample sowing,
Columbia bids the empires to her feast;
Toward man as *man* her mighty heart is flowing,
Like ocean-tides that bathe the West and East.

She knows the pain, the weariness, the weeping,
The darkness in the Child of Peace is born.
"Europe," she cries, "thine may be glorious reaping
In fields now tangled by the briar and thorn.

"Unbind the chains that fester on the lowly,
O'erturn the thrones that grind God's helpless poor;
No rule is right, no power is just and holy,
That on a prostrate spirit shuts the door.

"Dead forms are chaff, fit only for the burning;
The craft of kings and priests has ruled too long;
O, valiant millions, spurred with noble yearning,
The time is ripe to crush the ancient wrong!

"Grander than martial triumphs is the rending
Of tyrant scepters from polluted hands;
More glorious than imperial shows the blending
Of peaceful standards o'er enfranchised lands."

O, living hearts, that surge against each other,
Until the turf with bloody flowers is red;
The man that fronts you is a friend and brother—
Smite hideous shapes that curse the earth instead:

Old errors nursed in Bigotry's dominions,
Dark fears that haunt the medieval cell,
Wrongs hatched beneath foul Superstition's pinions,
And all the sneaking, brutish brood of hell.

But brother man to brother man be dearer;
The cross and wormwood are not known in vain;
By every heart-throe thou art lifted nearer
The royal day of Love's triumphant reign.

The dawn already on the hills is tender,
The portents gleam of the prophetic time
When all earth's flags, one stream of woven splendor,
O'er a united race shall wave sublime!

"OUT WEST."

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

The sun, a great golden ball, rolled down below the green edge of the prairie; and then Agnes Merithew, standing by the new rail-fence in front of the house and watching up the road for the coming of her father, also watched the beautiful tints that blossomed out in the cloudless sky, and wondered if the atmosphere of Italy were dyed with more exquisite hues. Bright pink and purple bands, melting into each other and then into the perfect depths above, encircled the horizon, and glowed and deepened, till it seemed as if her soul became filled with the sweetness of those tender colors. She thought, too, with a feeling of commiseration, of the dwellers among Eastern hills—beautiful hills truly, yet walls which shut them relentlessly in from beholding the varying glories of sunset skies.

Even while her thoughts wandered, the sky was changed. When she looked up again the bands had disappeared, and instead broad fingers of alternate pink and purple light stretched up from the invisible sun and reached over to the eastern verge.

Agnes Merithew turned as her mother came out from the little farm-house. "Why, mother," she said, "I feel as though I were living not quite half on the earth and more than half in the sky! I suppose one may experience the same sensation at sea, only that the rolling waves and all the wonders of the deep must hold one's attention down; and here the unbroken monotony beneath lets one fathom the mysterious depths above."

"But it is so strange your father doesn't come! I can't imagine what keeps him."

"I believe I have a glimpse of him now. Don't you see that black speck just where the road runs off into the sky? Well, I am sure that is father's team."

"I hope so; and I will see if his supper is keeping warm. But don't stay out here longer. There are more 'prairie schooners' coming up the road, and I am growing so nervous. If anything should happen to detain your father very late, and anybody should insist on staying here over night, as is often the case, what *could* we do?" And the anxiety visible on Mrs. Merithew's face deepened as she entered the lonely house.

It was hardly strange that Mrs. Merithew confessed to a growing "nervousness" at last. All day long and many days the little woman had been alone in those two rooms on the prairie, so far away from every other house that it might nearly as well have been the only one; while her husband and the hired man labored in the fields far off, hidden completely by intervening acres of tall corn—still standing, though yellowed now by autumn sunshine—or absent on necessary business at the nearest town; while Agnes taught the district school in the log schoolhouse in the middle of the woods, or "timber," not quite a mile from home. For there was a school, and there were children—troops of merry, laughing children, who made the wild prairie and woods ring with the sound of their voices, though where they came from or where they went to was a mystery to any but the old settlers.

Mrs. Merithew sometimes wondered whether her loneliness was aggravated or lessened by the fact that the house stood on the main road of travel across this most beautiful of Iowa prairies, and that a constant stream of emigrants, in their white covered wagons, designated as "prairie schooners," plodded slowly past her door. There were "movers" from "Indianny" and other states, who began to find civilization coming too near them, and must flee at the dreaded approach; there were intelligent people, who sought homes where land was free and plenty; and this summer came also long trains of Mormons, who, compelled to leave Nauvoo, turned their faces Salt Lake-ward, where, in imagination, they already beheld a grander temple than the one so lately destroyed by ruthless Gentile hands.

When women and children peered from under the canvas or walked wearily beside the long coarse wagons, Mrs. Merithew glanced at them with a sigh of relief, and went cheerfully on with her household work; but when loads of fierce-looking men stopped to ask for water for themselves or animals, her heart throbbed painfully until they had disappeared from view. Yet she had never received from one of the many a single discourteous word; and the remembrance inspired her with courage.

"O, mother," cried Agnes, with disappointment in her voice, "it isn't father, after all! It is the Toothachers, I think; they have been to the camp-meeting, doubtless, and Mrs. Toothacher is coming in," she added, in a tone of suppressed merriment.

Mrs. Toothacher—a tall, sallow-faced woman, in a blue-and-orange calico gown and an immense sunbonnet of similar material—came in.

"We're goin' home from big meetin'; and I told my old man I reckoned I'd run in here a minit, bein' as how it's right on the way," explained the visitor.

"Are many attending the meeting?" inquired Mrs. Merithew.

"There's a right smart of folks there, and they are gettin' powerful lively," asserted Mrs. Toothacher. "We didn't reckon to go home till to-morrow; but Sairy Ann is mighty weak since she's had the shakes, and she couldn't stand the shoutin'."

"How is your little boy, who was sick in the summer?"

"O, he's right peart! I expect your daughter is poorly, she looks like she was."

"O, no! I am quite well," interposed Agnes.

"Are you? Perhaps you'll get healthy complected, like my Maria Jane, if you ain't too proud to go corn-dropping next spring," consolingly remarked Mrs. Toothacher.

Agnes thought of Maria Jane's complexion and shuddered at the suggested similarity.

"But it ain't as healthy here as 'twas a few years ago. I tell my old man it's about time we pulled up stakes and moved further on. Folks is gettin' too thick in these parts. But I reckon we must be gettin' along; 't'll be plumb dark agin' we get to the cabin."

Mrs. Toothacher turned suddenly round as she reached the doorstep. "Miss Merithew," she said, "could you lend me a greaser?"

"A *what?*" was the astonished inquiry.

"A greaser," reiterated Mrs. Toothacher.

"I really don't understand what you mean," replied Mrs. Merithew.

"Why, a greaser to grease my griddle! I haven't a bit of bacon-rind in the house, and I can't bake corn cakes without a greaser."

A ray of light dawned athwart the Yankee woman's understanding, and Mrs. Toothacher departed with the requisite piece of bacon, enveloped in a portion of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*.

Agnes Merithew dropped into a chair in a spasm of laughter. She looked up, and saw her mother wiping away the tears which came of convulsive laughter.

"This has done us good, mother. Now we shall not find it so dismal waiting for father to come." And Agnes talked cheerfully on till the gray light faded out of the sky, when she drew close the white curtains over the small windows and lighted a star-candle, bustling around the tea-table in a conscious endeavor to dispel returning loneliness and forget all that might be unpleasant in their situation.

The hours went slowly by, and still the two sat waiting, and watching out into the darkness as an occasional rattle betrayed an approaching wagon. Eleven o'clock came, and all had been silent for an hour. Only the stars trooped grandly across the sky in their shining, mysterious beauty—wonderful constellations, whose classic names sounded strangely to Agnes as she pronounced them there on that broad prairie, and which seemed to unite the past of an old, old world to the present of this new one, even as they also seemed to bring together heaven and earth. A sound of wheels, a trampling and creaking, and then a sharp "Whoa!" rang out on the air.

"That is not father's voice," said Agnes.

"Oh, if we had not let John go home last evening!" regretted the mother. Both trembled and turned paler than before. A heavy knock shook the door. Mrs. Merithew opened it, Agnes close at her side. The feeble light fell upon a stout, rough-looking man, in a coarse blouse, with a sinister, repellant face.

"Can we get to stay over night?" he demanded, rather than inquired. "There's two of us, and another team a little back with two others. We can pack down anywhere."

"We do not like to keep travelers," replied Mrs. Merithew, "and you will find a public house only a mile further on."

"But our horses can't go another inch to-night. We tried to get in three miles below, but they were jam-full. You'll have to keep us if you've got a spare board in your floor. We can cook our own supper, if we can have the use of your stove."

"Well, I suppose you will have to come. My husband is not at home; but I expect him every moment," was added, with emphasis.

"Let us try not to worry," said Agnes, hurriedly, as the man turned to attend to his team. "It is best to seem brave, at all events; and I think we shall be taken care of."

Hasty preparations were made for relinquishing one room to the undesirable guests; and then Agnes glanced timidly into the faces of the men who came clattering in—a rough set, truly. They two first might be just escaped from state-prison, for all she knew. The third was certainly an improvement on them—he might be an honest teamster. The fourth—the young girl's heart gave a sudden bound and then stood still.

The young man who was the last to enter the door looked into her face and said, joyfully: "Agnes!"

Instead of meeting his outstretched hand, Agnes sank into a seat and covered her face, while tears struggled through her trembling fingers.

"Why, Ralph Owen, where in the world did you come from?" exclaimed Mrs. Merithew. "How pleasant to see you here, and just at this time, too!" she added, with an expression of intense relief, as she gave him a hearty greeting.

"I came from a very hard wagon just now," replied the young man. "But I would have remained away if I had known my presence would prove so distasteful to Agnes."

The young girl rose, blushing and trembling, and held out her hand. "Is it really you, Ralph?" she asked, earnestly.

"It is really I," he replied, looking very tenderly into her clear, brown eyes.

"I thought it might be only a dream, as it has so often proved before." And then, repenting the implied acknowledgment, Agnes hastened to assist in preparing refreshments for the hungry travelers. Yet, before retiring to much-needed rest, Ralph Owen managed to secure a moment in which to say: "Did it not occur to you that it was cruel to leave Woodland without sending me a single word? When I came home last spring, and learned that you had removed to the Far West, no one could give me your address beyond the name of the state. Recently I ascertained it through your relatives, and, in place of writing, concluded to come in person. Are you sorry?"

"We did not suppose any of our acquaintances would care to learn anything about us," was the evasive reply. "You know father had lost all his property—even our country-house at Woodland had to be sold; and we liked the idea of losing ourselves in the Far West."

"And you did me the honor to class me among your summer acquaintances? Well, good-night. I will help you gather autumn flowers to-morrow."

That was a sleepless night for Agnes. Anxiety concerning her father's prolonged absence, a keen sense of the strangeness of the situation, the thought of Ralph Owen resting under that humble roof—Ralph who was so dainty and particular at home, and who had never seen her before in anything but the most fashionable attire—all conspired to render her wakeful; and over all arose the consciousness that Ralph loved her!

At early dawn the rough men with the sinister faces, who might have been escaped convicts, rumbled slowly away in their covered wagon, and were never heard of more. The honest teamster went quietly on with his sleek horses, well satisfied with the job of the previous day. Ralph Owen looked smilingly on while Agnes flew around, with shining eyes and rosy cheeks, preparing a cosy repast.

Early in the day a passing team left a note from Mr. Merithew, explaining that he had been placed on a jury and could not reach home till evening.

But that all happened years ago. The Merithew farm is one of the finest in the state, and the prairie is dotted with the homes of intelligent farmers. Ralph and Agnes, from their beautiful residence in a neighboring city, frequently go there, with their children—they are "children" yet, though the oldest girl was married last summer and the oldest boy is as tall as his father.

The "Far West" is no longer there; and you shall go still further, and fail to find it.

PARIS, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Paris is so associated with variety and pleasure, with gayety and elegance, with brilliancy and beauty, that it is hard to imagine all its glory in eclipse. That the capital of the French nation, which has carried its arts and its arms over the whole civilized globe, should have the enemy it has hitherto despised thundering at its gates, is difficult to realize, though the press chronicles the fact every few hours of the day. While Louis Napoleon reigned, Paris was a peaceful city in state of siege. And yet he whose empire depended on the suffrage of bayonets created the capital anew and made it the fairest city in the world. With all his faults, he has so linked his name with beautiful streets and splendid squares that it is not likely to be forgotten. If he crushed the people, he expanded France, and wrought into its capital all the luxuries and lusters which art and time have been enabled to produce.

Paris was the great center to which priests and worldlings, savans and sciolists, poets and practicalists, students and idlers were drawn by an irresistible magnetism. When we slipped from other cities, we went there as by the law of gravitation. It was a metropolitan maelstrom, into whose vortex every desire and expectation were carried. Paris was not France alone; it was the world—the world not only of fashion and of folly, but of earnest work and heroic purpose. The blood of all nations beat in its veins; the throbs of its heart were answered in every clime. It seemed to live by sympathy with all outer existences and to draw its sustenance from every soil. Beleaguered now, isolated, cut off, the Paris of the past is no more; and the Paris of the future cannot be conceived. It is as if the gorgeous city had fallen into sleep—not a sweet and natural sleep, but one of feverish tossings and nightmare troubles, which we can neither calm nor remove.

To Americans the Gallic capital was particularly charming. The citizens of this republic seemed to find there what they could find nowhere else. The Seine had to them something of the fascination which attaches to the Ganges in Hindoo eyes. Those of us who had not crossed the Pont Neuf in this life hoped to do so in the next. Having once been in Paris, we cherished the hope of visiting it again. It became a bright memory, about which pleasant thoughts and associations clustered and clung. We had such vivid and radiant remembrances of what it was that a shadow falls upon the reflection of what it is. It was in some sort a second home to us, and the foot of its foemen appears to profane its soil.

Can it be that the brilliant Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastile, are no longer throbbing with many-hued and many-sided life? Are its dainty cafés, under whose awnings sat the perfectly polite crowds, chattering to each other as if happiness were their birthright, closed and silent now as Père la Chaise, dreaming of the stars? Are the numerous theaters—ranging from the Grand Opera and Comédie Française to the Beaumarchais and Funambules, where every phase of mimic life was admirably presented—barred and bolted, and the soul of the drama gone out from them in sudden agony?

Is the Bois de Boulogne, in which one saw the celebrities of every country roll by, and caught the color of the checkered and peculiar city, so shorn of its beauty that it cannot be itself again for another generation? Are the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, the finest square and avenue under the sun, soiled with camps and the litter of military routine? Are the trim Gardens of the Tuileries neglected and trampled down; and have the pretty sparrows, so tame they would almost feed out of your hand, been frightened away by the note of war and the rumbling of cannon? Are Apician feasts no longer obtainable at Véfour's and the Trois Frères, where dining became an art and appetite a blessing? Has the curious old Quartier Latin, with its high houses and narrow streets, its devil-may-care students and picturesque grizettes, fallen upon evil times and a rueful change? Are the gay shops of the Palais Royal fastened and deserted, and clerks and proprietors drilling in the Champs de Mars? Do sight-seeing strangers no longer throng the Luxembourg, the Hôtel de Cluny, the Bibliothèque Imperiale, the galleries of the Louvre, the Gobelins, the École Militaire, and the Hôtel des Invalides?

Has the magnificent Tomb of Napoleon lost its attraction in these days of peril and nights of distrust? Has the mighty captain no power to reanimate the despondent but undismayed hearts which, could he but live again, he would lead to battle and to victory, and restore the lost prestige of beaten France? Has the despotic empire so sapped the strength of the people that they cannot strike for a republic with their unshackled hands?

What a wondrous change a few weeks have brought upon the one beautiful city! The great nation, as France delighted to call herself, has been humiliated as she never was before, and Paris has received all the wounds to her self-love in its own morbidly sensitive heart. Never since France was a nation has she been defeated by the armies of a single country until the ill-fated now. The capital of capitals deemed itself forever secure. It had collected within its barriers the treasures and temptations of every quarter of the globe. The obelisks of Egypt, the statues of Greece, the friezes of Rome, the pictures and carvings of Italy, and whatever could make study valuable, life delightful, or manners elegant, had been gathered to Paris as to an universal shrine of wisdom and of beauty. Fortune had been lavish, destiny had been kind to the noble city; and we cannot but feel that the harm done to it is a harm to the cause of culture and to an opulent centralization which has never been approached.

However much any of us may have hated the Emperor, we can hardly fail to extend our hands to the new Republic, and wish the best for its future in the clouded present. And the dear old place, where history is romance and romance is history, has so woven itself about our hearts by all the graces of form and manner, speech and action, that we cannot tear the sentimental tendrils away, even if we would. Paris, with all its follies and its sins, is the blossom of civilization and the crown of desire. We feel that we cannot afford to lose any part of the comfort and beauty which have there made their chosen home; and we read with a sympathy we can hardly account for the daily progress of its implacable foe.

Perhaps Paris is the sorceress of cities; but her gentle touch, her delicious voice, and her dazzling eyes are never to be forgotten. All her holiday attire and gilded trappings have been laid aside in this crisis of her fate. She is Sparta now—Assyria no more. If she has done wrong, she has bitterly atoned; and in this hour of struggle for freedom, with the smoke of battle all about her, and her heaps of slain on every field, our heart cries out to our sister Republic and her invested capital across the sea in tones of sympathy, encouragement, and love.

NAPOLEON III.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

I.

At length slow Doom hath chid her laggard car,
And, speeding terrible with spur and whip,
Biddeth her lusty couriers outstrip
The flying wheel, and herald her afar.
Men sighed: "The gods forget! Be Death and War
This man's allies? Wherefore so loath to clip
Her thread delaying Fate? or when shall dip
Below the margo of hope that ruining star,
So evil-fortunate?" But Nemesis,
With eye attent and brain that never slept,
On through the creeping years still nearer crept,
His late undoing wrought with traitor-kiss,
And made the battle-mace she bade him trust
To this sham Cæsar prove a staff of dust!

II.

Forth walks to find her own sure destiny;
They reach no sooner who set out to meet,
Nor they escape who fly her hasting feet.
Wisely he chose which of her servants three
On this career should wait. "Let it not be
The dagger of assassination fleet
That summons him; that mercy were too sweet
A martyrdom—no tears for such as he!
Nor let him feel the bullet of the foe
In ordered battle. Nay, but he shall hear,
Above an outraged nation's righteous jeer—
While sickness wastes and will not let him go,
While sullen memories wrangle at his ear—
My voice, approaching through the darkness, slow."

Florence, Italy, Sept. 10, 1870.

FRENCH WOMEN AND AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY MARY JANE OWEN.

Many travelers in France are surprised to find that French women exercise a greater social and political power than the women of this or any other country.

Assuming that American women have more rights and greater privileges than are accorded to the sex under any other government, one is naturally puzzled to account for a superiority which all acknowledge.

"The intimate and constant connection of the two sexes," says a recent writer on this subject, "creates a strength of common interest such as exists nowhere else. Being ever together, what concerns the one is sure to interest the other. Every French woman, more or less, busies herself with the practical affairs of life; and, thus exercising her faculties, reaches a soundness of judgment and maturity of intellect which give weight to her opinion, which is accordingly sought and not seldom followed."

The same writer goes on to say that American women, notwithstanding their superior opportunities, have much less knowledge than their sisters of France; also that they have much greater devotion to the frivolities and small duties of life. He says, further, that they do not possess one tithe of the power of French women. Every one who has seen much of French society knows that this is true.

But the reason often assigned for it (namely, that the chivalrous deference of Frenchmen gives to their women a sense of power and the confidence necessary to use it) seems quite inadequate to account for so great a result—indeed, suggests the idea that this deference and courtesy are themselves effects rather than causes.

A much more satisfactory solution of the mystery may be found in the fact that French women, under the civil law which prevails in France, are partners with their husbands in the control of all property accumulated after marriage, and that scarcely any marriage, even in humble life, takes place in that country without a settlement on the wife.

Notwithstanding the narrow education given to French girls, notwithstanding the seclusion in which they live previous to marriage, notwithstanding the arbitrary manner in which they are forced to accept husbands chosen for them by their friends, they still maintain a superior social position to that of the women of any other country.

Such a fact bears testimony to the beneficent working of the civil law with regard to the property of married women. May it not be that the superior cooking, dressing, and domestic economy generally observable in France are also owing greatly to the workings of this law—seeing that independence in money matters gives greater power of action?

American women enjoy advantages of education, in common with American men, far above any that the French receive. They have also a much greater freedom as single women, and generally full liberty of choice as to their husbands. But all this does not seem to compensate for their pecuniary dependence after marriage.

This pecuniary dependence of our married women acts not only directly on the woman herself, but indirectly, in a manner almost fatal to her comfort and to everybody's comfort, by depreciating the labor which she requires to have done, and with it the laborer she is obliged to employ; thus forcing her and her children into constant contact with ignorant, inferior, and irresponsible persons.

If, with her other privileges, the American woman could combine that enjoyed by the French woman, she would, no doubt, achieve a hight unknown to the latter. The statement, now so frequently and complacently reiterated, that the daughters of the Great Republic have so many advantages over their neighbors would then have some foundation in fact, and that can hardly be said of it now.

ECONOMY VERSUS SAVING.

BY MARGARET BOURNE.

It would not appear at a first glance that the times call for a protest against saving. Extravagance is the outcry of the age. True, the architect wonders with an intermingling of scorn at the vanity of silks and laces, while he presses upon the public plans for more elaborate buildings. The carriage-builder scoffs at landscape-gardening, while the dealer in jewels rests in the assurance that diamonds hold the equivalent for one's money. The disinterested observer sees the prosperity of a country evidenced by a wise combination of all these things.

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth, and it tendeth to poverty." The wise man of centuries ago can speak to us to-day.

The problem of living, as well as that of life, calls for careful consideration. Money or time or labor or suffering spent for that which profiteth not is waste; yet there are times when to give all these things with a lavishness which counts nothing is good. But such giving is exceptional—a special recognition of a great emergency, not the rule of a well-balanced mind.

We see how God crowds blossoms on the trees with a generous profusion, that suggests loss to the prudent soul which sees value only in fruit to be eaten. Seeing nothing, such a one thinks nothing of the great alchemy of air and earth which receives rich benefit from what we call waste blossoms. Nature is richer, speaks to us more tenderly and forcefully because of its surplus. "Freely ye have received, freely give," comes with deeper meaning when we see the outer world crowned with leaf and flower. It is sweet to learn through lilies of the field and sparrows of the air how tenderly our Heavenly Father thinks of us. Perhaps we have all shuddered a little at the suggestion

> "God might have made the earth bring forth
> Enough for great and small—
> The oak tree and the cedar tree—
> Without a flower at all.
>
> "He might have made enough, enough
> For every want of ours—
> For luxury, medicine, and wealth—
> And yet have had no flowers."

Instinctively we raise our hearts in thanksgiving that Our Father did not rule his creation with such severity. He "scattereth" abroad his gifts, and it "increaseth" our love for beauty, deepens our reverence for his being, brings us into a closer sympathy with him. God has made us in his image, and in our finite way ought we not to form our lives upon his pattern?

It is easy to recognize the folly, the insanity of a miser, who, hoarding his gold, shivers and starves, yet goes through life under the impression that he is accumulating treasure. He does not see that by withholding his coin from circulation he not only denies a right to the country (for which he does not care), but also defrauds himself of lawful interest (for which he would care very much). For his crust and rags he really pays a price that would feed and clothe him in comfort; yet he cowers over his costly misery and hugs his treasure in imbecile delight.

Are there not among us some who, disregarding the hygienic laws, which will not be trifled with, lay up for themselves suffering in coming years? I recall to mind now a family, by no means poor, who lived four days out of seven upon toasted bread, potatoes, salt fish, and an occasional egg. The money saved from the butcher's bill was put into stock, which gave a six per cent. interest. There was much congratulation over the addition thus made to income. But there were other results: faces were pale, strength of muscle and of nerve was wanting for the duties of daily life. The system, insufficiently nourished, became subject to an irritability which sometimes reached a state that might justify a harsher name. There were scenes of absolute unkindness, which might have been prevented by a good beefsteak.

If we look at the average face of middle-aged people in our rural districts, we see it haggard and toothless. The impure air and high pressure of city life cannot be made responsible here. Neither is it hard work that is always to blame. Work is good and healthful for us, if proper recreation is secured too; but it is an essential to well-being that there should be not only relaxation from labor, but also pleasing diversion from it. We all feel this need, unless by stern determination the life is brought into an abnormal condition. But in that case the results are just as fatal, though the pain may be less. Pain is not disease; it is only a symptom of disordered condition. Sometimes torpor is worse, because more hopeless, than suffering. The patient lies in apparent calm, while the wise physician knows that death is creeping on stealthily but surely.

The statistics of our insane asylums show that a large proportion of sufferers from derangement are the hard-working farmers' wives. Through years, which are varied only by a change of drudgery (and not much variety even in that can be found), they toil on, unconscious of the harm they are doing themselves. It seems necessary to give all of waking-time and strength to work, for even all is insufficient for the satisfactory performance of such manifold duties. Strength flags; but that only leads to a greater effort of nerve to stimulate the failing muscles. The new motive power works very well for a little while, and then yields, impotent to do other than its own appointed work, excepting as a reserve force. Our poor woman becomes tremulous, wakeful, discouraged. A neighbor, in whom she confides, suggests a doctor. "Oh, no," she says, feeling very wise and superior, "I do not believe much in doctors." So she turns to the many advertised remedies, and selects one which assures the credulous public that it holds renewed vigor, peaceful sleep, and cheerful spirits for those who will take it faithfully. One dollar a bottle is the moderate charge for this panacea, and Mr. ——, Mrs. ——, and Miss ——, without limit, testify to its efficacy. For some reason, it does not do much good to our poor woman, who grows worse steadily. At last the doctor is sent for. He is a man well taught and of experience; but it is not given him to perform miracles, and some sicknesses are unto death. He is also liable to mistakes, being human, and may sometimes fail where a wiser physician would work a cure. But, surely, if he, with education and practice in his favor, is in danger of making a wrong diagnosis, an untaught woman assumes a great responsibility in trying to prescribe for herself from an undivulged pharmacopœia. In the case we are considering, desease has gone so far that the patient must be sent to one of our asylums, where such diseases are treated by the wisest physicians, who have made them their specialty. Perhaps there is a cure; perhaps the years of life which remain must be passed in the misery of a shattered intellect. And in most cases all this suffering and loss might have been saved by a consideration of the laws of our nature. Some one has said: "There is no atonement offered for the violation of God's physical laws."

Life is a precious gift from the Lord. In body, as in soul, we are his, and owe loyal service in our combined nature. But how can this be rendered without a careful reading of his instructions and an intelligent obedience to them. Do not, dear friend, let the "wise penny" have too often its correlative "foolish pound."

EARLY AUTUMN BESIDE THE WEBATUCK.

BY MYRON B. BENTON.

A single water-lily midway blows;
And forth from its adytum, deep enrolled,
Through clasp of golden doorways manifold,
Even to the shore a hint of fragrance flows.
And here, along the ledge, a lone path toils
O'er lichened rocks and under grape-vine coils
Toward breezy hills; and there outstretches wide
An aged ash its lean arms o'er the tide;
But climbs and winds the woodbine's scarlet thread,
Till all its haggard form is garlanded.

A petted isle the fondling waters twine—
A tiny isle with hemlock's green and vine
Embowered, that bide within a mimic wood
A little grass-plot where no feet intrude,
Save when the fairies midnight revels keep,
And muskrats slip from watery solitude,
Or, shyest of the shy, the brown minks peep,
When fairies, even, have danced themselves asleep.

Upon a tall dead trunk unceasingly
A bright woodpecker beats his swift *tattoo*,
And timid flowerets nestle in the shrubbery;
But the prized gem mine isle doth hoard away,
I know, to kindle in my dazzled view,
Like altar-flame, some hallowed morn next May,
Is one gay pinkster-blumen's honeyed spray.
Sweeter the sweetness of mid-autumn's bloom
With dream of Mays long past and Mays to come.

The locomotive's clarion through these trees
Darts like the arrow from an Indian's bow;
But hills and leafy woods transmute its woe
To sweetest chords, and here it murmurs peace.
And thus, in this embowered security,
So far the bustling world's rude turmoils seem,
Of them remembrance softly touches me
As the faint-echoing music of a dream.

FROM AN AMERICAN IN PRUSSIA.

To the Editor of The Independent:

The King of Prussia, who, with his attendants, on the way to Gravelotte, had passed through a heavy hostile fire, sat down near a garden-wall, not far from Rezonville. At his side was burning a woolen factory, lighting up the whole region with its lurid flames. The seat arranged for him was the shaft of a peasant's wagon, one end of which was made to rest on a set of weight scales and the other on a slain horse.

By his side were Prince Carl, the Archduke of Weimar, the hereditary Archduke of Mecklenburg, Count Bismarck, Von Roon (minister of war), and Count Donhoff. The last named was in the saddle close by. Von Roon had laid aside the helmet, and contrary to his custom wore the field-cap, while King William had on his helmet. Bismarck, wishing to turn the current of his thoughts, looked after French letters to read. Every one was silent, feeling with the King that the contest had now reached its hight and must come to a speedy decision.

It was, indeed, the critical moment. Before the fearful pressure of the French masses the exhausted, almost decimated infantry had begun to yield in the most important point. With painful impatience, General Moltke had counted the long hours of the day; and as darkness came on his excited gaze, ever directed toward the southeast, whence the Pomeranians of the 3d army corps were expected to make their appearance, became more and more disturbed.

At length, with the quickest "Forward," but not a moment too soon, the long-looked-for troops came in sight. In one instant Moltke is at their front. As the foremost soldiers, recognizing his world-known face, cry aloud his name, he quickly draws his dagger, throws a few short words into the ranks, and then springs high on his horse far ahead over the hights. An indescribable enthusiasm fills the brave troops, and throughout the deep columns rolls a thousand-voiced "Hurrah."

"The chief of the army staff is in the hand-to-hand fight!"

So shout the officers as they press rapidly after him. The quick becomes a double-quick, and the double-quick a race; and thus, in an incredibly short time, they sweep from one hight to the next, and the day is decided.

When the adjutants had succeeded in bringing their chief out of the hot fire the storm had already done its work, and then Moltke sought his sovereign.

The anxious group were still sitting in the light of the flames as the victorious general, his face covered with the sweat of battle, steps up to the King.

"Your majesty, we have conquered. The enemy are driven from all their positions."

An exultant hurrah is the quick and cheering response.

But now every one begins to think of refreshments. A sutler, encamped near by, is brought up, and these heads of the nation have their field-flasks filled with wretched red wine, seldom so highly honored. The King drinks out of a broken beer-glass, and Bismarck chews away contentedly at a piece of army-bread, while the other chiefs follow their illustrious example.

Prussia, Sept. 7th, 1870.

I will make no attempt to describe the enthusiasm with which the tidings of the last few days has been received. By night every house has been illuminated; by day the air has been thick with flags. The houses have stood empty, for everybody has been in the streets. The great market-places in Leipzig, Dresden, Bremen, and other cities have been packed with glowing multitudes, that could express their joy in no other way than by breaking forth into the grand German chorals. As "*Ein feste Burg*" rang out to the heavens from thousands of grateful hearts, it seemed truly "*vox populi, vox*" Deo.

But, although the war absorbs every one's thoughts, there are other important movements taking place. An assembly of German Catholic bishops, which has just met at Fulda, attended, however, only by eight, has passed resolutions to submit to the Council at Rome. There has also been an assembly of German Catholic *theologians* at Nuremberg, which has resolved to issue a declaration of which the following is the purport.

They reject the articles (chapters 3d and 4th) which treat of infallibility, as not coming from an Œcumenical Council, and as having never been recognized by the Church, and for the following reasons:

1st. The secrecy maintained before the publication of the dogma prevented the giving of proof, and the early close of the discussion hindered the utterance of testimonies and opinions.

2d. There was a lack of freedom, resulting from moral compulsion and a too rigid order of business.

3d. The doctrine fulfills none of the three conditions which have previously been required. It has *not* been believed "always," nor "everywhere," nor "by all" in the Church.

4th. The regular government of the Church will be greatly disturbed by this transfer of power from the bishops to the Pope.

5th. These declarations of former popes are thereby made a rule of faith by which in particular the endurance of those of a different faith in the society of to-day is broken up.

This declaration will close with a call for a new really œcumenical council, outside of Italy.

Sudendorf, Hanz Mex., Prussia.

Temperance.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

There is to me a rare charm in the society of clergymen. They are, as a class, soundly educated, not over-pampered, and, unless dyspeptic, have a keen, fresh sense of enjoyment, which is too little seen in men of other professions and pursuits.

Having been thrown in the way of Episcopal clergymen, I write particularly of them, who for our Saviour's sake "have labored and have not fainted"; "nevertheless I have somewhat against thee," "bishops and other clergy."

It strikes me as most inconsistent that they whose professed life-work is to point out to men the right way should be continually encouraging a vice which, of all others, can claim the most victims. That vice is drunkenness.

I knew a young man of talent and education, the only son of a fond mother, and she a widow. He had a beautiful young wife and a little son, who would need a father's example and teachings. This man, in traveling and associating with young men who had "strength of mind" enough to drink a little wine and strong drinks, grew to like these things more and more, until the desire for them became with him a raging, craving thirst, a disease of the worst form. For a year or two he grows worse and worse, until everything gives way to this one passion. Men who have experience in these cases shake the head and declare nothing can save him now—he is a confirmed drunkard. But through it all his wife and mother and kind friends are secretly praying; and there comes a time when he takes a solemn pledge never to touch the cup again, and little by little his old hopes and aims come back to him. He begins to take an interest in things around him; and by and by, feeling the need of a help more than human, he is confirmed in the Episcopal Church and becomes a member thereof. It seems a miracle, and hearts that were nearly broken for him are made whole again. But stay. Although he has made these resolutions, and resolved to fight manfully against temptation, he has not lost the disease. He had gone too far for that. Being but human, the fearful appetite is there, and the sight of his old enemy is enough to undo everything.

There is a gathering of clergy, to which this man is invited. All are in good spirits; keen, refined wit, enjoyable, good-natured discussion and anecdote make the time pass pleasantly and quickly. There are wines in profusion—bright, sparkling champagne, rich Port, and ruby claret. Nearly all partake; and he who has been brought to give up that which is dearer to him than life sees it before him. Good resolutions fade away, wife, child, all are forgotten. And who is to blame?

Some will say: If a man has not strength of purpose enough to resist that which he knows will ruin him, he must suffer for it. But when this disease has reached a certain stage nothing will do but to treat it as you would a person with weak lungs—take them from the air that is poisonous to them and encourages the disease. The people of the place where this man lived, feeling this, had exerted themselves until the only two vile places for the sale of spirits were banished, and he is supposed in that quiet country place to be almost free from temptation. But he meets it at the house of a professed follower of Christ and in a company consisting of bishops, clergy, and members of the church, who had been lured thither by the quiet beauty of this place.

I know not how far ministers of other denominations share in this sin; but I do know of these, and therefore ask you, Mr. Editor, to help me in giving a "word to the wise," that they may remember these words: "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

L. A. S.

Music.

Though the excitement over Mlle. Nilsson's arrival has died away, there is yet no diminution in the size of the audiences, and her popularity seems to be fairly and firmly established. Repeated hearings have only confirmed the opinion which we expressed at first—that she has a voice of almost unparalleled purity and of singularly delicious *timbre*, sweet, strong, and exceptionally even, and exquisite moreover for that youthful freshness of which our American operahouses and concert-rooms have so little experience. We are confirmed also in the opinion that she is dramatic rather than sympathetic in her style, that she has more taste than feeling, and an overruling sensibility of effect rather than inspiration or passion. She is, therefore, out of place on the concert platform, and we shall never know her true powers until we see her with all the accessories of scenery, costume, and acting. It is one of her charms now that her beautiful voice and delicate style accord so perfectly with her beautiful and delicate appearance; what the effect must be when to appearance and voice we add the extraordinary power of personation which she evidently possesses it is not difficult to imagine. We may console ourselves, however, with the reflection that a good opera company at present is not to be had, and a bad one, even with Nilsson at the head of it, would be more or less exasperating; and so we may take the concerts with thankfulness. In these, at least, there is nothing bad; we may say there is little or nothing mediocre. Mr. Wehli has left the troupe; but his place as a solo pianist has so far been filled by Miss Mehlig, while Mr. Bosoni officiates admirably as accompanist. There has not been a very great variety in the programmes: but Mdlle. Nilsson has recently made a great hit (as all soprano singers do) by singing "Home, Sweet Home."

....Miss Kellogg has just organized, at her own risk, a concert company for a tour of the West. She has engaged Mr. Wehli, Mr. Randolfi, and Mr. Colby (accompanist and manager), and will take with her also a tenor of some

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Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Dunning, Albert E., Cong., ord., Sept. 28th, in Highland church, Boston.
Hooker, E. P., Cong., inst., Sept. 4th, at Middlebury, Vt.
Horton, Isaac, Bapt., ord., Sept. 13th, at Tuscola, Mich.
Southland, J. T., Bapt., ord., Sept. 19th, at the Tabernacle church, Omaha, Neb.
Vicle, James E., Reformed (Dutch), inst., Oct. 4th, in Schaghticoke, N. Y.

CALLS.

Render, J. T., Bapt., to Leopard, Pa.
Renton, A. L., Presb., of Lima, N. Y., to Central church, in Buffalo, N. Y. College with Dr. Lord.
Birch, G. W. F., Presb., of Springfield, Ill., to Second church, Lexington, Ky.
Bray, W. L., Cong., of Newton, Ia., to Marshalltown, Ia.
Coffin, L., Christian, to Medway, N. Y.
Condit, W. C., Cong., of Jersey, O., to Howard Springs, Tenn.
Deegen, Henry V., Epis., of Brooklyn, to Smithtown, L. I.
Delahunty, J., Luth., of Salem, Mass., to Concord, Mass.
Dyer, Francis, Cong., of East Woodstock, Conn., to North Madison, Conn.
Earle, W. R., Epis., to Westfield, N. J.
Ellis, George E., D.D., Unit., to Arlington-street church, Boston.
Evans, John, Bapt., to Lancaster, Pa.
Fifield, L. B., Cong., of Cedar Falls, Ia., to Lincoln, Neb.
Hall, J. E., Cong., of Lansingburgh, N. Y., to Elk Rapids, Mich.
Hare, C., Epis., of Pittston, Pa., to Mankato.
Hodgson, Telfair, Epis., to Kerport, N. J.
Holley, William Wells, Epis., of Newton, N. J., to Plainfield, N. J.
Hyatt, James H., Bapt., of Dividing Creek, N. J., to Great Valley, Pa.
James, Richard S., Bapt., of West Newton, Mass., to Zanesville, O.
Johnson, Elwin, Cong., of Baltimore, to Second church, Waterbury, Conn.
Johnson, A., Bapt., of California, to Second (col'ed) church, at Omaha, Neb.
Jones, J. H., Cong., of Andover Seminary, to Marysville, O.
Kerr, J. D., Presb., of Farmington, Ill., to Nebraska City, Neb.
Kennedy, Duncan, D.D., Presb., to Westminster church, Bloomfield N. J.
Lauderau, S., D.D., Bapt., of Savannah, to First church, Atlanta, Ga.
Lees, John Walter, of Andover special course, to Lee, N. H.
Morse, E. F., Bapt., of Waterloo, N. Y., to Semuel, N. Y.
Marvin, C. S., Cong., of Jamestown, Ia., to Presb. church, Floyd Center, Ia.
McLean, D. M. B., Presb., to Seventh-avenue church, New York.
Merrill, Samuel R., Cong., agent of the Am. Bible Society, to Old Town, Me.
Mills, Henry, Cong., of Independence, Ia., to St. Cloud, Minn.
Mullens, A. K., Freewill Bapt., of Concord, N. H., to Cleveland, O.
Newcomb, George B., Cong., of New Haven, to Winthrop church, Charlestown, Mass.
Parsons, J. U., Cong., to Raymond, Wis.
Parsons, H. M., Cong., of Springfield, Mass., to Union Camr'e, Boston.
Richey, Dr., Epis., of Faribault, Minn., to Euclid, Ohio.
Rosenberg, John, Epis., of Texas, to Portland, Or.
Rowe, S., Cong., to Cherokee, Ia.
Sloan, S. P., Cong., of McGregor, Ia., to Des Moines, Ia.
Stockman, E. A., Freewill Bapt., of Pittsfield, to Penobill, Mass.
Smart, George, Presb., of Burlington, Ia., to Omaha, Neb.
Tenney, R. P., Cong., of Topsfield, Mass., to Braintree, Mass.
Thomas, E. S., Epis., of Faribault, Minn., to Minneapolis.
Tower, W. N., Bapt., of Olean, N. Y., to Cortland, N. Y.
Vail, Thomas S., Presb., of West Jersey, N. J., to Knoxville, Ill.
Wallace, S. W., Freewill Bapt., to Appomang, R. I.
Weed, Thomas A., Presb., of Mexico, N. Y., to Scottsville, N. Y.
Wicks, E. G., Cong., of Union Seminary, to West Warren, Mass.
Williams, E. S., Cong., of Northfield, Minn., to Free church, Andover, Mass.
Williamson, C. H., M. D., Epis., of Wilmington, Del., to Emanuel church, Baltimore.
Winegard, H., Luth., to Newberry, S. C.
Wood, Will. E., Cong., of Lanesville Mass., to Wenham, Mass.

REMOVALS.

Airich, L. A., Presb., of Olivet church, Indianapolis, Ind.
Barrows, William F., Cong., of Amesbury, Mass.
Belt, S. D., Cong., of Lincoln, Ill.
Bradley, E. A., Epis., of Minneapolis, Minn.
Buttzly, J. B., Luth., of Lewistown, Pa.
Carter, Joseph F., Bapt., of Huntsville, Ala.
Cunningham, T. H., D. D., Presb., of First church, San Francisco.
Dyer, Spencer O., Cong., of Upton, Mass., Going to Cleveland.
Foster, W. C., Cong., of Nebraska City, Neb.
Kermot, W. J., Bapt., of First church, Omaha, Neb.
Kimball, T. C., Cong., of First church, Beverly, Mass.
Knight, W. S., Presb., of Carthage, Ill.
Lee, W. J., Presb., of Danville, Ind.
Maltby, Erastus, Cong., of Broadway church, Taunton, Mass.
Marvin, Uriah, Reformed (Dutch), of Nyack, N. Y.
Moore, D. W., Christian, of Marshall, Mich.
Perkins, F.B., Cong., of Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Stewart, E. J., Presb., of Au Sable Grove, Ia.
Switzer, C. J., Cong., of Maquoketa, Ia.
Taylor, B. C., D.D., Reformed (Dutch), of Bergen, N. J., To be pastor *emeritus*.
Tenney, H. M., Cong., of Village church, Dorchester, Mass. Going to Minnesota.
Todd, John, D.D., Cong., of Pittsfield, Mass. Declining years.
Van Hoesen, Mr., Bapt., of Murfreesborough, Tenn.

DEATHS.

Ahearn, P. P., Cath., 28, of Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 24th.
Blanchard, John, 71, of West Brookfield, Mass., Sept. 27th.
Colver, Nathaniel, D.D., Bapt., 76, of Chicago, Sept. 25th.
Harrison, W. P., Presb., of Valley church, Pa., Sept. 15th.
Morrison, George F., Epis., of Baltimore, Sept. 18th.
Page, M. B., Cong., 38, of Nashua, Ia., Sept. 6th.
Richardson, Pittacus L., Bapt., 46, Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 3d.
Swicegood, John, Luth., of Shady Grove, N. C., Sept. 9th.
Tarpwell, Joseph, Epis., 95, of Petersville, Md., Sept. 6th.
Vary, W., Freewill Bapt., of Harrisville, N. Y., August 1st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bennett, Milo L., D.D., Bapt., of the Baptist Education Society, has removed to Athens, N. Y.
Cook, Dr., Epis., of Fermoy College, Ireland, passed through this city on his way to New Zealand, where he has been appointed a bishop.
Earle, A. B., Bapt., the evangelist, expects to visit Raleigh, N. C., about the middle of November.
Forster, Dr., Cath., prime archbishop of Breslau, Germany, has sent to the Pope a resignation of his office, in consequence of the decree of infallibility.
Josslyn, Cong., of Wareham, Mass., has gone to Oregon in the employ of the A. H. M. S.
Kellogg, Day-O., Jr., Epis., of Providence, is appointed to a professorship in Griswold College.
Macduff, Dr., Presb., of Scotland, author of "Morning Watch" and many other books, has resigned his parish for literature.
Marcy, Ichabod, Meth., of West Brookfield, Mass., has accepted a professorship in Claflin College, S. C.
Marsh, Frederick, Cong., Winchester, Ct., celebrated his 90th birthday Sept. 4th.
O'Reilly, P. T., D.D., Cath., was consecrated Bishop of Springfield, at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 25th.
Pritchard, R. E., Bapt., of North Carolina, has been appointed by the Southern Board a missionary to China. Others are expected.
Rosa, M. C. D., Presb., a Portuguese by birth and naturalized as an American, has commenced evangelistic labors in Oporto.
Scharf, Joseph, Luth., of Lyons, N. Y., has renounced Lutheranism for the Church of Rome, and been deposed.
Strong, James W., Cong., of Faribault, Minn., has been offered the presidency of Northfield College.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT THE SQUIRREL SAID.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I wish these folks would go away—
Away from Butternut Hill;
Before they came I was always gay,
And frisked and chatted the livelong day,
And nibbled and munched my fill.

And now, if I chipper away in the sun,
A voice cries out: "How nice!
I hear a squirrel!—I see him run!—
There's his tail! If I had a gun,
I'd pop him down in a trice."

Or else: "Dear, little, unconscious thing,
How little he thinks that we
Are here below, as he gives that fling
To his tail. O, hark! he's trying to sing.
Mrs. Brown, I'm afraid you can't see."

Stupid creatures! they bring their books,
Full of words and stuff,
And talk and gabble away like rooks
Of "elegant mountains" and "splendid brooks";
And, as if that were not enough,

They sit right down on the little heap
Of nuts I have piled away,
And one old gentleman takes his cane
And pokes and scatters them all again,
Just as if work were play.

And one small boy (a horrid boy,
Whom I hate as I do sin)
Is always getting stones to crack—
To crack *my* nuts—and he gives a whack,
And gobbles up all within.

So it's no use working until they go
Away from Butternut Hill;
And all we squirrels will watch them off,
And chipper and chirp for joy, and scoff,
And make as much noise as we will.

JENNIE'S PINK SILK.

BY ADDY SAGE.

"MAMMA," said Jennie Palfrey, coming in from school, one spring afternoon, "Kitty White is going to have a party."

"Is she?" asked Mrs. Palfrey, absently.

"Yes, a real evening party, to celebrate her birthday. All the girls are invited. And, Mamma, I do wish I could have a new dress to wear."

"You have two or three pretty white muslins, dear."

"I know it. But white muslins are so babyish. I am almost a young lady—fifteen last month. And all the girls have such pretty party dresses, with ruffles and flounces. I do so wish I could have a pink silk, mamma."

"I don't see how I can afford it, Jennie. There are a great many expenses for the coming summer. I must make both ends meet somehow, you know."

Jennie sighed deeply. Then she turned round to the looking-glass, took a piece of wide pink ribbon from a drawer and threw it over her shoulder, to see how the color set off her clear complexion and shining black hair. Then she put it away, and, sighing again, left her mother's room.

Mrs. Palfrey was a widow, with a small income, upon which she managed to meet the wants of a growing family. They had a pleasant home, tastefully furnished, and the children were all in good schools. Mrs. Palfrey did not often feel her narrow circumstances, except on an occasion like this, when one of them wanted some article of dress which she could not well afford.

"I am sorry for the child," she said to herself, as she marked Jennie's disappointed face. "I remember *I* was fond of pretty dresses; and it is a pity she can't have one. I'll try and manage it. At all events, I could cut and make it myself."

Next day Jennie was made happy by the sight of some rosy silken folds which her mother had arranged over the back of a chair in the sitting-room, that she might be surprised at the sight of the new frock when she came in from school.

"Oh, oh, how lovely!" cried Jennie. 'Just my color, for all the world. Like the heart of a pink apple-blossom. Oh, Mamma, how good you are! I'm almost afraid you couldn't afford it. Could you, really?"

"We shall have to be very economical for a month or two, I fear, Jennie. But never mind. I was glad to get it for you. It was a bargain, too, and I shall make it myself."

Jennie was delighted beyond measure. She flitted about like a humming-bird. She held the silk in folds over her shoulder, and, spreading a bit of valenciennes edging over it where it touched her throat, pronounced it "perfectly becoming." Mrs. Palfrey's joy at her child's happiness more than compensated her for any little sacrifices she might have to make. But Jennie felt a little troubled once or twice when she saw her delicate-looking mother bending over the rosy folds of the pink silk, and when she learned that she must sit up late the night before the party, that the dainty little ruffles for the bottom of the skirt might be done in season.

"I declare, I wouldn't have had a new dress, if I had known how hard you would have to work to make it," she exclaimed.

"O, it is a labor of love," answered her mother, smilingly; "and those are light labors, you know. Go to bed, so that your eyes may be bright for to-morrow evening. I want you to have a good time."

To-morrow evening came, and Jennie was dressed for the party. "This is my first appearance as a young lady," she said, coming in to show herself to the rest of the family, after her mother had put the last touches to her toilette.

The pretty pink silk had a gored skirt, with three little ruffles around the bottom for trimming. It was not made with a train—her mother said she was not yet enough of a young lady for that; but it was so long that it almost hid the heels of her little white slippers. The lace on her neck was fastened with a pearl cross, which had been her mother's, and she had a rosebud or two in her hair.

"You'll be the prettiest girl at the party," said her brother John, admiringly.

"I wish I could go with you," said Amy, who was two years younger. "Kitty might have asked me, I think."

"Never mind, dear," said her mother, kissing her. "It will be your turn shortly. Jennie is the oldest sister, you know. Jennie, be careful about taking cold, and tell them to send you home in good season. Here is Julia King, calling for you with their carriage. Are you well wrapped?"

"Oh, yes, Mamma. Good night. I shall have a beautiful time." And Jennie was off to the party.

It was a delightful evening, and Jennie was the prettiest girl there. She knew it herself, and she heard Mr. White tell his wife so when they were all in the supper-room. She was very careful of her new dress, and did not get the least spot on it. She refused a plate of ice-cream, lest she should soil it; and she was very fond of ice-cream, too. It was late when she got home—very bright and happy, and ready to tell her mother everything which had been said and done the whole evening.

The pink silk was folded and put away; but it was not many days before Jennie, who was a generous-hearted girl, began to be pained by little economies, which she felt were caused by the new dress. Her mother refused to buy a new pair of gloves, and Jennie was troubled to see her mending her old, soiled kids to wear to church. John wanted a jacket, too; and Mrs. Palfrey was obliged to repair very carefully his school suit, that it might last its next quarter. But Jennie felt the worst pang of all when she came in one afternoon, and found her mother weeping all by herself.

"Dear Mamma, what is the matter?" she asked, in alarm.

"I am a good deal troubled about Amy," answered her mother. "She has seemed to be pining and growing thin of late, and Dr. Jules says she ought to have a change of air. Mrs. Hoppin, who is at the seaside, has written to ask me to let Amy come and spend the summer with her. She is lonely, and was always fond of the child. But I don't know where to get the money to let her go."

"How much would it cost, Mamma?"

"Not more than five or six dollars for the journey; but, to get her summer wardrobe in order and give her a little pocket-money, I want at least twenty-five dollars."

"Just what my dress cost," burst out Jennie. "I'm *so sorry* I asked you for it. I've never taken any real comfort since I saw you working yourself blind over it. I never shall forgive myself for being so selfish."

Mrs. Palfrey soothed her; but Jennie was not comforted till she had had a good cry. Then she went up to her room, and thought deeply for some time. She said nothing of the result of her meditation; but she came down with a brighter face and all dressed for a walk.

"I am going to Miss Eaton's," she explained to her mother. "I shall be back before tea." And she started rapidly up the street.

Miss Eaton kept the boarding-school where Jennie was a day scholar. She was very fond of Jennie, as almost every one was who knew her; and they were on more familiar terms than most of the girls ventured to be with their teacher.

The teacher was sitting alone, when a knock came at her door; and she looked up from a book, as her favorite pupil came in and took a stool at her feet.

"Well, what is it, Jennie?" she asked, looking down on her.

"Miss Eaton, if you will tell me any way in the world by which I can earn twenty-five dollars, I'll bless you all the days of my life."

Miss Eaton looked surprised, and Jennie poured forth the story of the pink silk, accusing herself of selfishness and thoughtlessness in ever asking for it. "And I should be so happy if in any way I could earn the money and send Amy to the sea," she ended.

"Well, Jennie," said Miss Eaton, after reflecting a minute or two, "I think I can help you. Mrs. Eames has three little girls who want to begin music. None of them except the eldest has ever played a single note. Now, you play so well that, if your mother is willing, you might give them lessons on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons; and I've no doubt Mrs. Eames would pay you in advance. She wished me to take them; but I had no room for music scholars. But this will be hard work, and will take your only leisure afternoons all summer. Do you think you have the courage?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Eaton. I am quite sure of myself. Amy's little pale face would haunt me all the time if I didn't do it. Ask Mrs. Eames, please; and I'll coax Mamma into letting me do it."

Jennie carried her point, and before another week she put five crisp new five-dollar notes into her mother's hands—the payment, in advance, of her music-teaching.

She did find it dull work sometimes; but she remembered little Amy's joy at her journey, and pictured the roses which Mrs. Hoppin wrote had already begun to bloom in her pale cheeks. Some of the schoolgirls rather turned up their noses at the idea of her "giving lessons"; but that did not hurt her a bit, Jennie told her mother.

And at the end of a quarter's teaching she declared her silk dress was not a whit too dearly bought; for she had bought with it a good conscience and self-control, which would last a life-time.

The Sunday School.

THE Sunday schools in and about New-York City are dying of speech-making. It is perhaps true of many other cities. In Chicago, with all its reputation for "talk," the practice has been so much discountenanced by the leading schools that it is somewhat on the wane. But in New York we make a business of having speeches made to the children almost every Sunday, to say nothing of the vicious custom of holding a missionary concert once a month, which is wholly devoted to speech-making. We have been assured by a superintendent that his school was dying because he could not get speakers! It was dying because he depended on speakers. A school should be organized with reference to the force that it has within itself. Teaching is the great work of the school. If a superintendent will bring his teachers together in a free, social, teachers' meeting, discussing the lesson and the state of the classes, he will soon find that faithful, earnest, sympathetic teaching is the best possible promoter of Sunday school prosperity.

....You must be careful to use little words and simple expressions," says one. "You must speak as you would to adults; don't use baby-talk," says another. Neither is right, and yet both are partly right. A true teacher or talker to children cannot "be careful" to use little words. We have heard men speak to children who were evidently going through a process of mental translation. It is always a dull, stuttering mode of utterance, and generally results in broken baby-talk. But, on the other hand, children do speak and think in a different language from that of adults. A true talker or a true teacher accustoms himself to the society of children. When the habit is formed, he speaks to them naturally in their dialect. He could not use big book-words, if he were to try, when talking to a company of children. The whole secret is in sympathy. Every teacher ought to be able to live and think and speak without constrained effort in the child's world.

....Sunday school speaking has its uses. Addresses to children on occasion may do good. But such addresses must be short, well-studied, and pointed. There must be no doubt in regard to the aim of the address. No man can be a successful speaker to children unless he has taken pains to learn the trade. No man can interest children who can possibly go on when they are not interested. Your true children's speaker feels an electric sympathy with children, and is dumb the moment their interest flags.

....The season of fall conventions has come and there is a rush. Every Sunday school man of any prominence finds himself in demand. We hear of county and state conventions without number. May we utter a note of warning? Beware of too many long speeches and of too much of the "cut and dried" in your programme. Give the country people a chance to say their say. Remember the bell. There's music in the bell, and never more music than when it reminds a for getful speaker of the expiration of his time.

.... How can a man or woman learn to interest children? By living with them. By learning to enjoy their society. By meeting them as equals. By ceasing to talk down an inclined-plane in a patronizing manner. By learning to treat them with just as much respect as he expects from them. No man who exacts respect from a child and gives no reverence in return can expect to be successful with them. A child has just the same claim on our courtesy that an adult has.

Scientific.

THE curious fact that dredging operations some years ago in the deeper parts of Lakes Wenner and Wetter, in Sweden, showed that silt-yielding animals still lived in the mud in the bottom seemed to prove satisfactorily that theis animal life has continued there from the time that the land was lifted above the ocean. The salt water would sink to the bottom, and it would be many years, and perhaps centuries, before it would become quite fresh. Indeed, there is reason to believe that in some cases even now the bottom of very deep lakes is somewhat brackish. These facts have led the Royal Academy of Sciences to dredge the bottom of Lake Michigan. They found it only 50 fathoms deep, and quite fresh; but numerous crustacea were found of a decidedly salt-water type and quite unknown there before.

....It is very curious that "Moore's Almanac," an English astrological annual, has happened to make some very happy guesses for this year. The hieroglyphic with which it is adorned, says *Nature*, represents two eagles fighting in the air, and on the ground beneath them hosts of soldiers (in foreign uniform) engaged in deadly struggle. The prophet distinctly asserts that there will be war between France and Prussia, and that the month of July will be especially disastrous to Napoleon. Thus far events have coincided with the prognostications of the stars. It remains to be decided whether "in October the King of Prussia will (if living) meet with defeat, and the ex-King of Hanover recover some of his prestige, if not his throne also."

....Balfour Stewart founds upon the observed periodicity of the solar spots a theory accounting for the variable stars. It is now admitted that the 11-year period in the solar spots depends on the position and attraction of the planets. He suggests that the same cause which makes our sun variable may affect the stars. If the variable has a large planet revolving around it at a small distance, that part of the star which is nearest the planet will be more luminous than that which is more remote, and as the planet revolves a periodicity of brilliancy will result equal to the planet's time of revolution. If the planet has a very elliptical orbit, the star will for a long time be obscure, and blaze out suddenly at the time when the planet approaches its perihelion.

....Mr. Darwin is an illustration of the truth of one of his own doctrine—sthat of the hereditary transmission of qualities—which Mr. Galton has treated of so far as the human race is concerned in his book, "Hereditary Genius." Mr. Darwin's father, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of "Zoonomca," and the "Botanic Garden," was a leading naturalist of 50 years ago; and his maternal grandfather was the celebrated Josiah Wedgewood, a man of great inventive genius, who originated the manufacture of the famous "Wedgewood Ware."

....But one of the American caves—that of Carlisle, Pa.—has been explored for animal and human remains, in the manner that so many European caves have been explored. Professor Baird found there some human bones of no special interest, and the remains of such animals as were common at the time of the discovery of America. The only remarkable thing was that the bones seemed to show that the animals grew to a size from 10 to 25 per cent. larger than they are now found.

....In those localities of Europe which have been thoroughly search, there have been found about 26 species of moths to one of butterflies. It is computed that there are about 8,740 species of butterflies in the world; and, if the above proportion holds true everywhere, we should have the enormous total of 227,240 species of *Lepidoptera*.

....The Turkey buzzard lives on decaying flesh; but two curious cases are recorded in *The American Naturalist* in which these buzzards had been deceived apparently by the sense of smell, and attacked it a very few hours after its death. In several cases where the skunk had not given out its odor the body remained as long as other carcasses before being attacked.

....There are not only dark spots on the sun, but bright spots, called *faculæ*. In Lockyer's "Elements of Astronomy" these are explained as elevated clouds of mineral vapor. They appear more brilliant than the mass of the sun because they are so elevated, and their light is not extinguished by passing through a thick stratum of solar atmosphere.

....Herschell says that the sun is 146 times as brilliant as a calcium light. Itsheat entitled is so great that if it were all applied to a mass of ice of the size of the earth it would melt it in 2 minutes, set it to boiling in 2 more, and evaporate it in 11 more.

....Two physicians connected with the British army in India, appointed on a commission to investigate Hallier's fungus theory of cholera, have reported that they have not been able to discover any such fungi peculiar to cholera and differing from the common forms.

....It is said to be possible often to see a mirage when not otherwise visible, by looking across a wide belt of sand heated by the sun, and holding the head not more than 3 feet from the ground.

Pebbles.

THIS is a good story against the labor reformers: "A certain judge and ardent Democratic politician, of Portland, had dumped at his door a load of wood, when immediately a Chinese wood-sawyer asked for the job of sawing it up. 'How muchee?' asked the Judge. 'Hap dollar,' replied John. The bargain was about to be struck, when an Irish-American citizen, of the blue blood, demanded the job. 'How much?' again asked the Judge. 'A dollar and a half,' replied the American citizen. The Judge demurred, replying that the Chinaman had just offered to do the same work for a half-dollar. 'However,' he said, 'as I prefer to encourage white American labor, I will pay you a dollar and a half.' Whereupon the white constituent prepared for the work, and John turned away disappointed. But the Judge returned, some hour afterward, and to his surprise found the Chinaman, and not the white man, at work upon his woodpile. 'How's this?' how's this?' said the Judge. 'Who told you to cut the prodigal himself.' It all bo gude work. O Lord. An' I'll never let taste o' whusky intil my mou', nor smell o' whusky into my nose, if so be 'at I can help it. I sweir't, O Lord. An' if I binna raised up again—"

Here his voice trembled and ceased, and silence ensued for a short minute. Then he called his wife.

"Come here, Bell. Gie me a kiss, my bonny lass. I hae been an ill man to you."

"Na, na, Sandy. Ye hae aye been gude to me—better nor I deserved. Ye hae been naebody's enemy but yer ain."

"Haud yer tongue. Ye're speyklin' waur blethers nor the minister, honest man! I tell ye I hae been a second'rel to ye. I hanna ever handen my han's aff o' ye. And eh! ye war a bonny lass when I merried ye. I hae spoiled ye a'thegither. But if ever up, ece if I wadna gie ye a new goon, an' that wad be something to make ye like yersel' again. I'm affrontet wi' myscl' 'at I hae been sic a brute o' a man to ye. But ye maun forgie me noo, for I do believe I' my hert 'at t'e Lord's forgi'en me. Gie me anither kiss, lass. God be praised, and mony thanks to you! Ye mieht hae nm awa' frae me lang or noo, an' a'body wad hae said ye did richt. Robert, play a spring."

Absorbed in his own thoughts, Robert began to play "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn."

"Hoots! hoots!" cried Sandy, angrily. "What are ye about? Nae mair o' that. I hae done wi' that. What's I' the hold o' ye, man?"

"What'll I play than, Sandy?" asked Robert, meekly.

"Play 'The Lan' o' the Leal,' or 'My Nannie's awa,' or somethin' o' that kin'. I'll be leal to ye noo, Bell. An' we winna prce o' the whusky nae mair, lass."

"I canna bide the smell o' 't," cried Bell, sobbing.

Robert struck in with "The Lan' o' the Leal." When he had played it over two or three times, he laid the fiddle in its place, and departed, able just to see, by the light of the neglected candle, that Bell sat on the bedside stroking thoroughly h nd of her husband, the rhinoceros-hide of which was yet delicate enough to let the love through to his heart.

After this the shoemaker never called his fiddle his *auld wife*.

Robert walked home with his head sunk on his breast.

Dooble Sanny, the drinking, ranting, swearing shoemaker, was inside the wicket-gate; and he was left outside, for all his prayers, with the arrows from the Castle of Beelzebub sticking in his back. He would have another try some day; but not yet—he dared not yet.

Henceforth Robert had more to do in reading the New Testament than in playing the fiddle to the shoemaker; though they never parted without an air or two. Sandy continued hopeful and generally cheerful, with alternations which the reading generally fixed on the right side of the scales. Robert never attempted any comments, but left him to take from the Word what nourishment he could. There was no return of strength to the captive was "Is there no Balm in Gilead?" But by the inadvertence of the proof-reader the solemn article was headed "Is there no Barn in Guilford?"—*Woman's Journal*.

....It was said that "Erasmus laid the egg the Reformation, and Luther hatched it." Erasmus, afterward, having quarrelled with the new party, said: "I laid a hen's egg, but Luther has hatched a crow's egg." Hallam remarks that, whatever the bird may have been, it pecked bravely at the Church.

....The following is an epitaph in the Plymouth old burying-ground:

"Hark! the sad sound, that spirit bright has fled,
That once loved form lies numbered with the dead:
He was a tender husband, father dear:
Come all who knew him, drop a social (!) tear!"

The word "dead" is squeezed in in very small letters—space small.

Current Religious Views.

DOOBLE SANNY'S CONVERSION.

[We copy another passage from "Robert Falconer." To understand it perfectly the reader needs only to be informed that "Dooble Sanny" is a poor, drunken, profane, and partylitic shoemaker, whose one redeeming quality is a reddning and elevating taste for music, and a power to evoke it from the violin. Robert Falconer has the same taste; and, having received instruction from the poor shoemaker, befriends him in his trouble.]

Robert's sole relaxation almost lay in the visit he paid every evening to the shoemaker and his wife. Their home was a wretched place; but, notwithstanding the poverty in which they were now sunk, Robert soon began to see a change, like the dawning of light, an *a'ba*, as the Indians call the dawn, in the appearance of something white here and there about the room. Robert's visits had set the poor woman trying to make the place look decent. It soon became, at least, clean; and there is a very real sense in which cleanliness is next to godliness. If the people who want to do good among the poor would give up patronizing them, would cease from trying to convert them before they have gained the smallest personal influence with them, would visit them as those who have just as good a right to be here as they have, it would be all the better for both, perhaps chiefly for themselves.

For the first week or so Alexander, unable either to work or play, was deprived of his usual consolation of drink, was very testy and unmanageable. If Robert, who strove to do his best, in the hope of alleviating the poor fellow's sufferings—chiefly those of the mind—happened to mistake the time or to draw a false note from the violin, Sandy would sweer as if he had been the Grand Turk and Robert one of his slaves. But Robert was too vexed with himself, when he gave occasion to such an outburst, to mind the outburst itself. And invariably, when such had taken place, the shoemaker would ask forgiveness before he went. Holding out his left hand, from which nothing could efface the stains of rosin and lamp-black and heel-ball, save the sweet cleansing of mother earth, he would say:

"Robert, ye'll just pit the sweerin' doon wi' the rest, an' score 't oot a'thegither. I'm an ill-tongued wretch, an' I'm beginnin' to see 't. But, man, ye're jist behavin' to me like God himsel'; an' if it warna for you, I wad jist be here roarin' an' greetin' an' damnin' frae mornin' to nicht. Ye *will* be in the morn's night; willna ye?" he would always end by asking, with some anxiety.

"Of course, I will," Robert would answer.

"Gude-nicht, than, gude-nicht. I'll try and get a sicht o' my bonny wife ance mair," he added to himself. "If I dinna do't, I'll be a wee bit sorry for them, I reckon He wad forgie me. Dinna ye think he wad, Robert?"

"Doubt, nae doubt," answered Robert, hurriedly. "They a' say 'at if a man repents the richt gait, He'll forgie him."

He could not say more than "They say," for his own heart was all dark; and even in saying this much he felt like a hypocrite. A terrible waste, heaped thick with the 'pottsherds of hope, lay between that moment and the moment when he had, as he thought, nailed up forever.

"An' what *is* the richt gait?" asked the shoemaker.

"Deed, that's mair nor I know, Sandy," answered Robert, mournfully.

"Well, if ye dinna know, what's to come o' *me?*" said Alexander, anxiously.

"Ye maun speir at Himsel'," returned Robert, "an' jist tell Him 'at ye dinna know; an' He'll gie ye a second'rel to ye."

In the course of a fortnight or so, when his system had covered over its craving after whisky, the irritability of the wounded spirit must vanish. It might have been feared that his conscience would then likewise relax its activity; but it was not so. It grew yet more tender. He began to give Robert some praise, and make allowances for his faults; and Robert dared more in consequence, and played with more spirit. I do not say that his style would have gone far under such a master; but, at least, he learned the difference between slovenliness and accuracy, and the former was repressed and repressed, which last is all of original that the best mere performer can claim.

One evening he was scraping away at "Tullygorum," when Mr. Maccleary walked in. Robert ceased. The minister gave him one searching glance, and sat down by the bedside. Robert would have left the room.

"Dinna gang, Robert," said Sandy, and Robert remained.

The clergyman talked very faithfully as far as the shoemaker was concerned, though whether he was equally faithful toward God might be questioned. He was one o. those prudent men who are afraid of dealing out the truth freely, lest it should fall in lumps and stony places. Hence, of course, the good ground came in for a scanty share too. Believing that the conscience and understanding was necessary for its proper reception, he would endeavor to bring about that condition first. He did not know that instruth makes its own ease in the ready heart, and that the heart may be ready for it before the priest can perceive the fact; seeing that the impatient hands of man, nowadays at least, neither love nor common sense. He therefore dwelt upon the sins of the shoemaker, magnifying them and making them hideous, in the idea that this was required by the law and made it honorable; while of the special tenderness of God to the sinner he said not a word. Robert was confounded, scarcely knew why, with the minister's mode of treating his friend; and, after Mr. Macclearly had taken a far kinder leave of them than God could approve, if he resembled his representation, Robert sat still, oppressed with darkness.

"It's a' true," said the shoemaker; "but, man Robert, dinna ye think the minister was some sair upo' me?"

"I du think it," answered Robert, "that something better than 'up' or 'at He wadna be sae sair upo' me himsel'. There's something i' the New Testament, some thought 'at's pitten 't into my heid, I thought, Sandy, that we hae to mak for't. Can ye help me oot wi' 't, man?"

Robert could think of nothing but the parable of the prodigal son. Mrs. Alexander left him the New Testament, and he read it. She sat at the foot of the bed, listening.

"There!" cried the shoemaker triumphantly, "I fand it! I fand it! Ye'll be sure to mind about the pur lad's sins! It was a' a hurry an' a scurry to get the new shune upo' 'im, an' win at the cellie an' the fiddlin' an' the dancin', O Lord." he broke out, "I'm comin' hame as fest 's I can; but my sins are jist like shoes doon at heel upo' my feet, and winna let me. I expec' nae mair nor a shune, but I wad fain hae a fiddle i' my grup when the elect prodigal comes hame; an' if I danna fiddle weel, it 's no be my wyte. Eh, man! but that is what I'm after, an' the minister said—honest man—'s jist bleiter tlh' ti. O Lord, I sweir, if ever I win up again, I'll put in insatiable holy warfare for God and you to the prodigal himsel'. It sall be gude wark, O Lord. An' I'll never let taste o' whusky intil my mou', nor smell o' whusky into my nose, if so be 't I can help it. I sweir't, O Lord. An' if I binna raised up again—"

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, October 6th, 1870.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

THE god Mars is a genius of progress. Unless we misinterpret the signs of the times, and unless the good hopes of to-day are to be turned into disappointment to-morrow, Europe is stepping with slow but sure pace toward popular liberty. Neither our fear of the Prussian monarchy nor our hope of the French Republic is as great as some Americans entertain. Certainly King William, in declaring that he will make no attempt to reinstate imperialism but will leave the French people free to choose their own form of government, is far more imbued with the spirit of the nineteenth century than Marshal Bazaine, who, while his country is flying the flag of a republic, declares that he will obey the commands only of an emperor.

Our Paris letter, published in another column, does not give a flattering view of the Provisional Government. The *Evening Post*'s correspondent speaks in a still bolder tone of disparagement, and frankly pronounces it a failure. But neither of these correspondents seems to us to judge wisely. What can be expected of such a government, in such a crisis, with such inadequate means, begirt by a victorious enemy, and threatened daily by a mob of Parisians? It seems to us that the Provisional Government deserves the encomiums of all who do not expect impossibilities.

On the other hand, the military successes of Prussia are almost without precedent in warfare. Not to speak of several bloody battles, and of the great surrenders at Sedan and Strasbourg, the investment of Paris seems to us, even without these shining antecedents to give it a reflected luster, to be one of the most masterful pieces of military manœuver on record. Von Moltke, who devises all these great achievements, sits in his tent, studies his maps, plans the stately architecture of his king's fortunes, and everything apparently goes forward according to the pattern of his wishes and hopes. This great chief-of-staff plays at war as at chess—making move after move with absolute precaution, with profound knowledge, and with inevitable success. The King of Prussia is the most fortunate of monarchs in having two men like Moltke and Bismarck—the one to win victories, the other to use them. The King's first problem of the war—how to win his victory—has already been practically solved. Moltke has done it. The second great problem now impends—the civil uses to which Prussia is to turn her fortune of war. This Bismarck is yet to settle.

Napoleon's letter offering to surrender the fortresses which Jules Favre declined to surrender is the Copperhead trick of a powerless pretender, who, seeing that the war party in France is on the eve of subjugation, hoped to come back again to his throne at the head of a Paris populace shouting for peace.

Meanwhile, a kind Providence has painted a sudden smile on the sad face of Italy. As when in the fable the lion and the tiger quarreled, the fox ran off with the prey, so, while Prussia and France have been waging their bloody war, Italy has taken advantage of the opportunity to snatch her freedom. The dethronement of the Emperor of the French has been followed with marvelous quickness by the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope. Heaven be praised!

The instability of governments is one of the marvels of modern even more than of ancient history. We are glad of all these changes. They work the welfare of the world. The war that is ploughing Europe to-day is preparing the soil of the continental nations for the seeds of more liberal constitutions. Every cannon-shot fired by either army shocks and shatters some stubborn remainder of mediæval despotism, and leaves both the conqueror and the conquered nearer the goal of popular liberty than ever before.

Of course, if Prussia goes on adding week by week to the prestige of her arms, and if at the close of the war she finds herself the absolute master of prostrate France (which may God forbid!), her king, like other tyrants grown insolent by power, may undertake to set back the sun on the dial of progress. But we have a better hope of this staunch, honest, and kindly man. His spirit seems to be humane and humble. He is old and fatherly. In his heart, he is as good a man—perhaps the best—who sits on any throne on the face of the earth to-day. He knows, too, that he is to leave his kingdom shortly to his son; and the young man's reign is likely to be amid European revolutions such as have never yet been witnessed in that volcanic region of uprising peoples. Every wise consideration of the probabilities of Prussia's behavior in the hour of ultimate triumph leads us to expect that her terms of peace will be terms of generosity and magnanimity. Her own interest lies this way. How otherwise can there be any fulfillment of the German dream of a united Fatherland?

IS THERE TO BE A GENERAL WAR?

THE lesson which the elder Bonaparte seemed raised up to give the world was the folly of expecting to settle the dynasties or the boundaries of Europe by war. He overset and set up by force of arms, and changed the map of Europe at his pleasure. But by force of arms he was overthrown, and the map of Europe arranged afresh to suit the convenience of his conquerors. The Bourbons were brought back to France, and established in Spain and in Naples; Prussia and Austria took back what had been taken from them; the little German states were some of them taken by their stronger neighbors and some left; and peace and paternal government, presided over by the Holy Alliance, were to reign forever over the happy continent. Bonaparte had, at least, done this equivocal service to his contemporaries: he had given them their fill of fighting, and for a long series of years the exhausted nations were content to recover themselves through the arts of peace. And many philanthropists believed that another great European war was an impossibility; that the great powers were like the parties in the tragedy in the Critic—at "a dead-lock," each with his dagger at the other's breast, and each afraid to strike, however willing to wound—that all Europe's discord would make all Europe's peace.

And for many years no great continental war did occur. The Bourbons fell twice over in France, but Europe made no sign in the direction of putting them on their feet again. There were the Polish and Hungarian rebellions, and the wars of Portuguese and Spanish succession; but nothing that affected the daily life and ordinary occupations of the great republic of civilized European kingdoms for more than a generation after the battle of Waterloo and the Congress of Vienna. And the advent of another Bonaparte to the headship of France, though hard to bear, was submitted to as a lesser evil than a republic—the rather that the principle on which he professed to rest his power was that the Empire was Peace. But the nature of man was not changed, and especially the nature of men with crowns on their heads. The miseries of wars were forgotten, the old passions which used to provoke them revived. Bonaparte wished to avenge the slights of Nicholas of Russia and to gain the prestige of military glory, and he drew the English into the Crimean War. The death of Nicholas and a humiliating peace to Russia, with small glory to either France or England, followed. But Sebastopol was a long way off, and the two kingdoms were touched only in their pockets and the broken hearts of the survivors of the fallen. The Italian War, in 1859, brought battle into the scenes of peace and old civilization, and did change the face of the peninsula in a way which Bonaparte never contemplated. Then followed the attack on Denmark by Prussia and Austria, followed by the quarrel between themselves, in which Austria went to the ground.

So there had been wars and rumors of wars enough to herald the great conflict now going on in France, and the greater one which seems likely to shake the whole continent afresh. The extremity of the two belligerent powers may make the opportunity of their neighbors, thirsting for revenge or hungry for territory. For it is not only France that is weakened by her defeats, the victories of Prussia are hardly less weakening to her. If the war be protracted through the winter, the distress caused to the Prussians will be hardly less than if their territory had been overrun by the French. The very strength which her system gives to her military arm depends on the swiftness with which its blows are given. It consists of the entire thews and sinews of her body politic, by which its life is maintained and without which it must shrivel and perhaps perish. The army of Prussia is, in fact, her entire able-bodied population; the withdrawal of which from industry, as well as its actual losses by battle and disease, must be ruin and death, if continued for a great length of time. And it may well be that Russia and Austria will be ready enough to unite to reduce her from her present pre-eminence, if she be but weakened enough. For the laws which govern nations are still the same that they were when Gulliver told his master, the Honyhuhm, what they were, a century and a half ago. "Sometimes one prince quarreleth with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him." Precisely the present case. "Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominion, where neither of them pretend any right." Precisely exemplified in the instances of the wars of Prussia and Austria with Denmark, and afterward with each other. "It is a very justifiable cause of war to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, and embroiled by factions among themselves." This may soon be illustrated by Russia and Austria, as it is not likely that Prussia will listen to their remonstrances against her keeping what she has got. For what says the same authority on that point? "It is justifiable to enter into war with our nearest ally when one of his towns lies convenient to us, or a territory of land that would render our dominions round and compact." Exactly the real quarrel between France and Prussia now.

And the English are egging on their reluctant government to join in the fray, and hinder Prussia from growing too great. It is very true, as Cowper said near ninety years ago,

> "War is a game which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at."

But, unluckily, the subjects are often no wiser than the kings, and compel the wars which they have to fight and to pay for. The French and the Prussians were as eager for this war as Bonaparte or William. And this takes the point out of the republican demand of the king that he withdraw his troops, virtually on their terms, now Bonaparte is fallen. Every man of them was fierce for the fight as long as they believed it was to be a campaign in Prussian territory, to be rounded by a peace dictated in Berlin and crowned with the boundary of the Rhine. And now their last hope is that the rest of Europe shall plunge itself into the same miseries that she suffers for her relief; and this may be purchased at the price of taking Bonaparte back again. Surely, of all the gambling games, war for ambition is the most absurd as well as the most cruel, since both sides must needs lose. A general war can hardly be avoided, excepting by a speedy peace between the two present belligerents, and that seems remote enough in the present state of their minds. And even the chances of a long peace resulting from the general weakening of all the powers would be a poor compensation for the miseries it would cause and the blow it would give to civilization.

THE AMERICAN BOARD.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is the oldest foreign missionary society in America. It was organized in 1810. Its first annual meeting was held at Farmington, Conn., in the parlor of Rev. Noah Porter, and was attended by five persons. The receipts then reported were $99 63. The present week it holds its sixtieth anniversary, in Brooklyn. Some five thousand visitors are expected from abroad, requiring that the services shall be held simultaneously in two and during portions of the session in three of the largest rooms in the city. Its receipts have for some years been over half a million dollars.

We go to press as the meetings begin, and must delay till next week all report of them. We can only welcome the Board to the overflowing hospitality of our neighboring City of Churches.

The American Board has achieved the honor of being the most popular of our benevolent societies. Its object is one to excite the sanctified romance and enthusiasm of the churches. Its success in this work has in the Sandwich Islands been such as to attract the attention of all our people and to influence the commerce of the world. In some other fields its labors have attained most satisfactory results. Then its financial management has been beyond suspicion. So far as known, not a cent of the twelve millions received by its treasury during the past sixty years has ever been embezzled. It has been economically conducted. While the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions, if we may trust Rev. D. C. Marquis, in the last *Interior*, spends a third of its income in the support of its secretaries and collecting agents, the American Board spends not over six per cent. of its income on its running expenses, being managed with an economy equal to that of the best of our insurance or other stock companies.

Again, the American Board owes, we believe, a part of its success to the fact that it is a close corporation. The Board now consists of nearly 200 corporate members, and fills its own vacancies by election. Only these corporate members, of whom over half are generally present at its meetings, have the right to vote; although all honorary members have the right of discussion. A small body of men is thus held responsible for the wise management of its interests. Nothing is more thoroughly irresponsible than the management of most of our benevolent societies. The officers manage them, and are not themselves responsible, for they are the agents of the annual meeting of the society. But that annual meeting cannot be held responsible, for it is composed of a dozen, perhaps, out of the ten thousand members who by payment of twenty dollars have a right to vote, but who have kept away, leaving their meeting to be manipulated by the *attaches* of the office, who have managed to whistle together a few members and shirk their responsibility on a less responsible body. The apparently less democratic policy of the American Board has been a wiser and more successful one, and we trust will not be changed.

At this meeting the American Board will be divided. Presbyterian union means separation in missions. Presbyterians are famous separatists—much more given to splitting than to uniting—and, however sad the division, it must take place. It has been very amicably arranged. The Syrian and Gaboon missions have already been transferred to the Presbyterian Board, as have been those to the Seneca and Ojibwa Indians. It was understood that the Dacotah Mission was also to be transferred; but the missionaries were not quite ready. There is little doubt that next year both the Dacotah and the Nestorian missions will also be given over. No other change will be made, unless two or three young missionaries in Northern China shall attach themselves to the Presbyterian mission in the same district.

By this change the Presbyterian Board will gain about one hundred thousand dollars a year, while perhaps thirty thousand dollars from Presbyterian sources will for a year or two still be given to the American Board; for it will long be dear to missionaries and churches, who unwillingly give it up. We do not believe its receipts will fall below those of the society to which it now gives of its strength; for the Congregational body, whose exclusive organ it now becomes, will rally enthusiastically to its support.

UNITARIAN A GITATIONS.

THERE has been an unusual agitation among Unitarians for several months, growing out of an attempt to inaugurate a new denominational policy, with a creed and other measures of a decidedly sectarian character. The movement began last winter, with a change in the editorship of the *Liberal Christian*, which for a time represented the new programme, but gradually slid back into the old ruts, and has since gone in its former way with slower gait. The subject was afterward brought up at the May meetings in Boston, by Mr. Hepworth, in a proposal for a committee to report a statement of belief; but the proposal was voted down almost unanimously, after an eloquent speech by Dr. Bellows, who has the credit of initiating the movement of which he is now the most determined opponent, to the great disappointment of its advocates. The subject has since been discussed with much spirit in Unitarian conferences and publications, and Messrs. Hepworth and Putnam have prepared a statement of faith on their own hook, which they have sent with an explanatory and appealing circular to the ministers and prominent laymen of Unitarian societies. It is understood that the subject will come up for final action at the meeting of the National Conference in this city, week after next. In case the Conference refuses to adopt a statement of belief, it is proposed to form an Evangelical Unitarian Association.

These agitations in one of the smaller denominations, however interesting they may be to the parties directly concerned in them, would be of no sort of consequence to the Christian public, but that they involve elements and ideas which are of vital significance to all denominations and of special interest at the present time. The Unitarian body is peculiar in its origin and composition, and what is characteristic in it gives it an interest and importance which attach to neither its numbers, theology, social position, nor scholarship. The movement, of which it is the historic outcome, originated in the middle of the last century, as a reaction from the extreme Puritanism of that time. It took the form of a protest against dogma in behalf of practical Christianity, against creeds in behalf of free inquiry, and against sectarian organizations in behalf of individual liberty in matters of faith and worship.

It was this undercurrent of principles which gave momentum and force to the surface movements of speculation and opinion that finally shaped themselves into that somewhat indefinite mass of ideas and sentiments which is called Unitarian doctrine. The underlying principles, like the ground-lot, hold whatever is built thereon, and are of more account than any doctrinal structures reared upon them. Notwithstanding the fact that the Unitarians have a set of doctrines, their creed has always been creedlessness and their leading doctrine is the comparative worthlessness of doctrines. Its cardinal belief is that belief will not save. It has occupied the anomalous position of an anti-sectarian sect, and its hereditary and cultivated repugnance to denominational organization and discipline have made associated action next to impossible. The natural consequence is that it has made no denominational headway. The Unitarian Association was formed, in 1825, to propagate Unitarian doctrines and build up Unitarian churches; but, after forty-five years of strenuous effort, and with some of the richest congregations in the country to back it, there are only about 350 Unitarian societies.

These appalling statistics demonstrate the impossibility of achieving denominational success on such a basis as that the Unitarians have worked upon hitherto. The difference in denominational effectiveness between the Unitarian and Methodist churches is as great as that between a caravan and an army corps. Many Unitarians see the impossibility of making converts to a creed while decrying all creeds, and of building a sect while condemning all sects as the products and strongholds of superstition; and they are impatient to adopt a statement of belief and other agencies which have proved effectual in the more successful Evangelical bodies. This is one meaning of the present agitation among them. And the question is whether they will confess their mistake, eat the eloquent words of seventy years, throw away principles which have become instincts if not passions with them, reverse the whole order of their historic movement, and set themselves to do and be what they have always condemned. However desirable such action may seem from an Evangelical point of view, he must be strangely ignorant of the temper and training of Unitarians who imagines that any considerable number of them are prepared for such radical measures.

Another element of the present agitation grows out of the principle of free inquiry which Unitarians have emphasized from the beginning. This, in the absence of a doctrinal standard, has lead to the greatest diversity of views among them, and they have gloried in the diversity. But the introduction of rationalistic views has developed the diversity into an antagonism which threatens the existence as it has destroyed the harmony of the denomination itself. The point at which the contrast is sharpest is in respect to the origin and character of Christianity. One party holds the generally-received idea that Christianity is a special supernatural revelation, made by a supernatural and divine person, and attested by miracles. The other holds that Christianity originated, like all other great religions, through the natural evolution of social, intellectual, and moral forces in history; and that it is one religion of many, though better and therefore diviner than the rest. This view is held in its entirety by many Unitarians, and with modifications by still more; all of whom claim to be Christians, and profess the greatest reverence for the character and work of Jesus. But quite a number of supernaturalists regard these rationalistic views as decidedly unchristian, and consider that their own Christian faith is implicated by denominational fellowship with those who hold such views. They insist that belief in the special supernatural character and official authority of Christ is essential to the Christian name, and protest against having the name and funds of the denomination used to cover and support men who reject that character and authority altogether. This is the chief significance of the present agitation. This new creed movement is an honest endeavor to get rid of a class of pronounced rationalists, by bringing the denomination back to the old ground of faith in a supernatural Redeemer and a special, miraculously-attested revelation.

But is the denomination ready to take this step? Is it ready to pronounce all rationalistic interpretations of Christianity untrue, and to refuse to recognize those who hold them as Christians? Is it ready to practically abandon the principle of free inquiry by rejecting as unchristian all whose inquiries lead to rationalistic conclusions? However we may regret the fact, still we are unable to discover any decided evidence that many Unitarians are prepared to take such an attitude. As a body, they have always refused to define Christianity, leaving each individual to do that for himself, and recognizing as Christians all who claim to be such and act in accordance with the claim; and they show no willingness to depart from their historic ground. The leaven of rationalism, which has been working among them for over thirty years, has so far permeated the entire body that they are blind to its terrors, even if they are sensible of its presence; and they would sooner have some respected associates withdrawn from their fellowship than loosen their hold on principles they are historically committed to. The result it is not difficult to forecast, and will be prolific of warnings and lessons to Evangelical Christians, if not fruitful of other good.

STATISTICS OF EDUCATION.

THE Bureau of Education at Washington has issued a circular containing some statistics and statements that will be of interest to others besides professional educators.

The tables show by states the population of school age attending and not attending school, the adult population able and not able to read and write, the percentage of illiteracy to the total adult population; and in parallel columns, for comparison, the majorities by which elections were carried in 1868, the number of patents issued, the postal and internal revenue receipts per capita, and some other points equally interesting.

The value of some of these statistics is less than it would otherwise be, from the fact that they are drawn from the census returns of 1860; but they are suggestive, nevertheless. The total number of children, between the ages of 5 and 20, attending school was 5,680,356; the number of the same age not attending was 5,529,772. In the Free States 70 out of 100 children of school age were attending school; in the Slave States 33 of every 100.

The number of adults able to read and write was 12,231,341; the number unable to read and write 15,188,580. The four states having the smallest percentage of illiteracy were New Hampshire, 2.46 per cent.; Maine, 2.92 per cent.; Connecticut, 3.29 per cent.; Wisconsin, 4.53 per cent. The four states having the largest percentage were Mississippi, 60.85 per cent.; South Carolina, 60.67 per cent.; Alabama, 54.61 per cent.; Louisiana, 53.35 per cent.

The four states in which the largest number of patents was issued were, in 1860, New York, 1,362; Massachusetts, 454; Connecticut, 230; Illinois, 219. In 1869, New York, 3,086; Pennsylvania, 1,426; Massachusetts, 1,376; Illinois, 993.

The smallest number were issued, in 1860, to Oregon, 1; Kansas, 3; Delaware, 4; Arkansas, 6. In 1869, to Florida, 5; Arkansas, 11; South Carolina, 24; Delaware, 29.

For internal revenue returns the states are placed in groups of six. The amount collected from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio is $75,905,356 35, or seven dollars sixteen cents and two mills *per capita*. The amount collected from South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisana is $3,965,703 50, or ninety cents and eight mills *per capita*. These two groups give the largest and the smallest amounts respectively.

The same groups also furnish the largest and smallest amounts of postal receipts *per capita*; the first paying eighty-four cents and seven mills for each person, the second only nineteen cents.

General Eaton calls attention to the fact that the more intelligent portions of the country are taxed to furnish postal facilities for the less intelligent—are doubly taxed, in fact, since they first pay more than the average *per capita* cost of the Post-office Department, and then pay the largest part of the taxes required to make up the deficit. "No state reimburses the General Government for its postal services whose adult population contains more than *eight per cent.* of illiterate persons, while there is but one state with less than eight per cent. of illiterate adults that does not pay revenue to the Post-office Department, and that one being deficient but a small amount." The average cost of this service for each person in the whole country is estimated at fifty-eight cents and six mills. The people of the New England States pay, as we have seen, eighty-four cents and seven mills each, or an excess of twenty-six cents and one mill. "In the Middle States there is a *per capita* excess of 19 cents, and in the Northwestern States a *per capita* excess of 9.4 cents, while the Coast Planting States fall 39.6 below the average *per capita* cost; and the Central (former) Slave States fall 35.9 cents below the average *per capita* cost, and Texas falls 30.9 cents below."

The inference is, of course, a very plain one: that, if the entire population used the post-offices as largely as the more intelligent portions now do, there would be a surplus income, instead of a deficit, each year, and the rates of postage might be considerably reduced. This is certainly an unanswerable pecuniary argument in favor of an increase of intelligence; but it can be stated the other way just as well: reduce the rates of postage, and the increased use of the mails (being, as experience shows, in greater proportion than the reduction of rates) will make the department self-supporting, and will at the same time stimulate and assist the increase of intelligence. The circulars from which we have selected the material for this paragraph will be sent, we believe, on application to Gen. Eaton, Commissioner of Education; and we commend them to all interested. We are glad to see the Commissioner turning his attention to the bearing of education upon the practical questions of the day; and we hope Congress at its next session will place more means at his disposal.

FORCING THE BIBLE INTO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ON the first of November, 1869, the Board of Education of Cincinnati passed a resolution declaring "that religious instruction and the reading of religious books, including the Holy Bible, are prohibited in the common schools of Cincinnati"; and adding, by way of explanation, that it is "the true object and intent of this rule to allow the children of the parents of all sects and opinions, in matters of faith and worship, to enjoy alike the benefit of the common school fund." At the same time the Board repealed a previously established rule, which required that "the opening exercises in every department shall commence by reading a portion of the Bible by or under the direction of the teacher, and appropriate singing by the pupils." The effect of the rule thus repealed was to *force* the reading of the Bible upon the public schools of Cincinnati by the authority of law; and, inasmuch as this was offensive to a portion of the people, who were taxed for the creation of the school fund, the Board designed by their action to repeal the rule, and discontinue the practice under it, for the reason set forth in the resolution itself.

The next day the Superior Court of Cincinnati issued an injunction, forbidding the Board of Education to carry into effect the resolution of the previous day. After hearing the learned arguments of counsel on both sides, and taking ample time for consideration, the court made the injunction permanent. Thus, by a judicial decision, it so construed the laws of the State of Ohio as to make them require "religious instruction and the reading of religious books, including the Holy Bible," in the public schools of Cincinnati.

This ruling, on the very face of the case, is forcing the Bible into the public schools under the authority of law. The ground taken by the court, as well as the decision itself, is simply a judicial establishment of the religion of the Bible as a part of the law of the State of Ohio. It makes this religion a state religion, and enforces the teaching of it at the public expense. The enforcement is that of judicial authority armed with penal power against the Board of Education in the event of their disobedience to the order of the court. Wherever the reading of the Bible in the public school as a means of religious instruction is made a matter of legal provision and requirement (which is just what many Protestants insist upon having done), there the Bible with its religion is forced upon the public school. It is legal force, and parents have no option but to accept it or withdraw their children. This is precisely what the Superior Court of Cincinnati has decided to have done, and what many claim *shall* be done throughout the whole country.

Both the decision and the principle which underlies it we pronounce to be anti-American and anti-democratic to the very core. We believe in the Bible as the Book of books, but not in *forcing* it upon any man, woman, or child, through the medium of a tax levy, a legal statute, a constitutional provision, a judicial decision, or any other method which implies the least exercise of civil authority. We have, moreover, the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio, rendered some years since, expressly declaring that "neither Christianity nor any other system of religion is any part of the law of the state."

This is a very different doctrine from that stated by Judge Hagans in delivering the opinion held by the majority of the Cincinnati court. We deny the right of the state to wield the least particle of governmental authority either *for or against* any system of religion. We cannot do so without becoming a trespasser upon the rights of conscience, and inviting a principle which has in all ages proved itself the enemy of religious liberty. We hold, with Dr. Ralph Wardlaw—an eminent Scotch divine—that in respect to religion "the province of the state consists in having *no province at all*." The let-alone policy is the only one that is safe for the state or safe for the best interests of religion.

We make this statement that the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* signing himself as "W. C," and all others whom it may concern, may understand the ground of THE INDEPENDENT in respect to the school question. The conclusion reached in various ways by the elaborate argument of Dr. Spear is the one we mean to adopt. No other is at all consistent with the great principles which lie at the foundation of this government.

Editorial Notes.

A CERTAIN class of religious papers, subservient to the pro-slavery sentiment of the time, used to fight the anti-slavery movement in all sorts of unscrupulous ways. They did not hesitate to employ all the arts of exaggeration and perversion to undermine the reputation of abolitionists and produce a popular impression that the success of their cause would involve the triumph of fanaticism, disorder, and infidelity. The same class of journals, probably from the force of old habit and for lack of better arguments, are seeking to obstruct by the same means the progress of the movement for the rights of women. For example, take the following from the *Watchman and Reflector:*

"Is it not about time for people and papers to stop giving loose praise to the female agitators and disorganizers, and indignantly rebuke their miserable doctrines? As we remarked months ago, the natural tendency of the woman suffrage movement is disorganizing and socially evil. Mrs. Stanton is now engaged in a crusade against marriage, and her disciples follow her. A while ago she argued that marriage should be dissolved at will; and now, in the *Revolution*, she defends George Sand for openly neglecting marital ceremonies and living with an affinity."

It strikes us that it is "about time" for certain religious papers to "stop" the practice of such scandalous misrepresentation as this. If the *Watchman and Reflector* had been honest or honorable enough to quote Mrs. Stanton's language, its readers would have needed no further evidence that it uttered a downright falsehood in charging her with defending George Sand for "openly neglecting marital ceremonies and living with an affinity." Her words—the only words that could by any possibility have suggested to an unscrupulous pen a misrepresentation so atrocious—are these: "The author of 'Consuelo,' whose great soul felt the depths of woman's degradation in a joyless, unclean marriage relation, and who bravely sundered the unholy tie with her own hand, thus sanctifying her own sorrows to the multitude, making herself a beacon-light to warn the young and the unwary from the dangerous coasts where she was wrecked." Here is not a word of "living with an affinity," nor anything to suggest it; nothing but commendation of George Sand for—what? Why, for refusing to live with an "unclean" husband. If she afterward had an "affinity," it was not for that that Mrs. Stanton commended her, as the *Watchman and Reflector* knew right well. Equally false is the assertion that "Mrs. Stanton is engaged in a crusade against marriage," and that "her disciples follow her" in such a crusade. Mrs. Stanton is a faithful wife and the mother of a large family; and her crusade is not against marriage as ordained of God, but against those laws of man by which it is perverted and made an instrument of woman's degradation. She is not always as careful as she should be not to lay herself open to misunderstanding and perversion; but there is no excuse whatever for such imputations as those of the *Watchman and Reflector*. Still less is there any excuse for the scandalous affirmation that "the *natural tendency* of the woman suffrage movement is disorganizing and socially evil." We affirm that among no other class of people is the standard of social morality higher than it is among the advocates of woman suffrage. There may be among them, here and there, a person whose views of marriage are unsound; but the attempt to characterize the movement by what is purely exceptional, and to excite odium against a multitude of the noblest and purest men and women in the land on account of sentiments for which they are in no way responsible, but which they utterly abhor, is fitted to excite the indignation of all honorable minds. After this exhibition of its powers of detraction, how refreshing the *Watchman and Reflector*'s advice to the friends of woman suffrage:

"We counsel those who are taking the first steps in the woman suffrage movement to calculate where they are likely to bring up at the end. The screws of our social machinery are full loose enough now; and, if they are to be turned at all, let them be tightened."

"Screws loose," indeed! We should think so, when even religious journals are not ashamed of such misrepresentation as that exposed above.

....The National Congress on Penitentiary and Reformatory Discipline, which meets in Cincinnati on the 11th of this month, is one of the most significant conventions that this generation has known. It is not a meeting of theorists; but of practical and experienced men, to canvass the proposed improvements in discipline in prisons and reformatories. It shows a settled conviction that prison discipline can be so improved as to add to the security of society and to greatly ameliorate the condition of prisoners at the same time. Mr. Speaker Blaine will preside. Papers are to be read from some of the most eminent philanthropists, prison reformers, and prison superintendents in this country and Europe. Among the names set down for papers we notice Rev. Dr. Wines and Rev. Dr. Pierce, of New York; Baron Franz Von Holtzendorff, of the Royal University of Berlin; Capt. Z. R. Brockway, of Detroit; Sir Walter Crofton, C. B., of England; Miss Mary Carpenter, of Red Lodge Reformatory, Bristol, England; with many others equally well known. Florence Nightingale sends a paper from her sick-chamber. Dr. Wines deserves much credit for his energy in bringing together such a convention.

....The venerable Lydia Maria Child, a woman combining the hard, practical good sense of Benjamin Franklin with the insight of a poet and the humanity of a Christian, writes in the *National Standard* on the labor question as follows:

"I honor labor; I believe in labor. My father was a workingman, and I am a workingwoman, both theoretically and practically. I have earned by the sweat of my brow and have done so much of the manual labor of the world as I have done and still do. But I am opposed to the 'eight-hour law.' I dislike all monopolies; and a monopoly of labor seems to me as wrong, in spirit and principle, as a monopoly of grain or fruit. For men to combine together to fix by a forcing process the price of the article to which they deal is monopoly, and nothing else. If men buy up all the oranges, and let them enough to their neighbors, how sell them under the exorbitant price they have established for their own emolument, they are monopolists, and members of a band; and if workmen combine together to prevent people from obtaining shoes, or cloth, or houses, or railroads at any price except the one they agree to establish, they act in the very same spirit of monopoly of which they so justly complain in capitalists. In the one case, oranges which are needed are left to rot; and in the other case, laborers who are needed are left to starve, unless supported in idleness by those who hinder them from working. The spirit of the thing is bad and the principle of it is wrong, whatever form it may take. . . . The attempt to compel men who want to work from working in any part of the world where labor is needed seems to me contemptible in every sense of the word. The policy, even so far as that justice, kindness, and enlightened self-interest all require us to welcome John Chinaman to our shores. He is a patient, steady, industrious member of the human family. There is not room enough for him at home, and we have more room than we need. We can do good to him, and he can do good to us. As for his degrading the position of workingmen because he can live on a rat a day, and charge for his labor accordingly, any kind of that sort, if it exists at all, would be of very transient duration. They would soon get bravely over all that. The Irish considered themselves lucky if they could obtain a good meal of potatoes every day in their native land; but they had not been in this country long before roasted turkey and plum-pudding took the place of turnips, and at the present time whoever would secure their services must keep a luxurious table. Tea four times a day was the last requisition made upon me when I employed an Irish woman to do a job at a price which would enable her to board at hotels."

....*The Examiner and Chronicle* indulges itself in a criticism of one of our city clergymen, based upon the assumed correctness of a report of one of his sermons in a daily paper. The preacher took for his text the words of Paul, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious"; and began his discourse by saying that it is known (by every scholar) that the sense of the Greek words rendered "too superstitious" in King James's version would have been more accurately expressed by the words "very religious." The reporter, not appreciating or even seeing the point, represented him as having said that Paul charged the Athenians with being "*too* religious"; and, having made this blunder at the outset, he went on blundering to the end, making a complete travesty of the preacher's doctrine. As the preacher is a Rationalist, it is not likely that the sermon, if it had been correctly reported, would have met the approbation of the *Examiner and Chronicle*; but its criticism in that case would at least have had an intelligent basis. We allude to the matter only as an illustration of the folly of relying upon the accuracy of reports of sermons appearing in the daily newspapers—reports usually made in a hurry, by persons lacking the most essential qualifications for their business, and whose ignorance is too often only matched by their unscrupulousness.

....Prof. Heman Lincoln, D.D., finds time to write constantly to the press on all sorts of subjects—scientific, linguistic, and religious. If he could only find time to study, as well as write, Newton Theological Seminary would not be disgraced by such ignorance as is displayed in the following announcement of his, which we take from the *Journal and Messenger:*

"One of the finest contributions to ethnological study has been made by Max Müller, by his inquiries into the languages of the Aryan races. He has proved that the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Zend, Gothic, Celtic, and Sclavonic tongues are closely connected and indicate a common origin."

This is news. We had supposed all this to have been proved by earlier investigators, long before Max Müller's Lectures were published. Cannot some one of the students in Newton point out to the Professor the shelf in the Seminary library on which are found Bopp's "Comparative Grammar," Wilhelm von Schlegel's "Reflections on the Study of Asiatic Languages"; or, indeed, the works of Sir William Jones? We fear that scholarship has left Newton with Professors Hackett and Pepper, to go to Rochester and Crozier Seminaries.

....When Chicken Little said "The sky is falling," we were incredulous; but now we have it telegraphed to us on the authority of a larger fowl, a veritable "Goose-loose"—Archbishop Manning—that Rome is in the hands of a mob, that the revolutionary feeling is "spreading over all Europe, and will in all countries take the life of public order by those same means which England has approved in their triumph at Rome." "The direful day of reckoning," the prelate of Westminster tells us, "will surely and terribly come." What shall we do about it? The Pope's temporal power is gone. England has cheered the infidel king Emanuel, and oceans of blood must flow in retribution, shed by Red Republican Revolutionaries. Well, it is not our sky that is falling; and, if it falls, we are inclined to wait and see if there be not a bluer, clearer sky behind it. Or shall we all—Chicken Little, Hen-pen, and Duck-luck—follow Goose-loose to the Vatican, and meekly enter the den of Fox-lox?

....The Hartford *Churchman* tells us that "in England the name Nonconformist is almost identical with Socinian." This is news to us. So the *Nonconformist* newspaper, one of the largest and most influential in Great Britain, is Socinian, though Hon. Mr. Miall is an Independent; and the great Independent Wesleyan and Baptist bodies of England, which everybody knows are Nonconformist, are also Socinian!

Personal.

WE have received an appeal for help from Rev. Dr. Edward Turney, late principal of the National Theological Institute at Washington. He is now at Norwalk, Conn., sick from an attack of bleeding at the lungs, and without the means of support. His zealous and effective labors for the promotion of education among the colored people give him a good claim upon the kindness of Christian friends, without going into the question in controversy between him and the Baptist corporation which he has served. We hope his wants may be relieved, and that he may be again restored to health and usefulness.

....Rev. Nathaniel Colver, D.D., an eminent Baptist clergyman, died at Chicago, on the 25th ult. He achieved distinction first as an Anti-Mason, and next as an Abolitionist, incurring thereby the hostility not only of the leaders of the Baptist denomination but of those of other sects as well. As a speaker he had great power with the masses, and was therefore feared and dreaded by all who sought to make the church a covert for Free-Masonry and slavery. He was an able preacher, and, in spite of all opposition, held his place in the pulpit. He was born in Orwell, Vt., in 1794; began his ministry in Washington County, N. Y.; and was settled successively in Boston, Detroit, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

....Rev. Alexander Clark, known to our readers by his genial contributions to these columns, has assumed the editorial control of the *Methodist Recorder*, at Springfield, Ohio, the organ of the Methodist (not Episcopal) Church. His salutatory is characteristic, promising "a paper unburdened by doctrinal controversies, unblased by sectarian prejudices, and untrammeled by ecclesiastical powers." We are glad to see that he plants the *Recorder* on the ground we have found so good in regard to controversy.

....Thomas Hughes, M. P., the never-to-be-forgotten author of "School Days at Rugby," is in this country. He is spending his time in a quiet way, and we are sincerely afraid that he will slip away without even giving the Press Club a chance to say a pleasant word to one who was so kind a friend to America during the war, and who is so kind a friend to so many delighted readers of "Tom Brown" in this country.

....Charles C. Burleigh, one of the most eloquent of the early anti-slavery champions, has been for some years the minister of an Independent Society in Florence, Mass. We understand he has resigned his pastorate, and that he will soon take up his residence in Philadelphia. Parker Pillsbury, lately connected with *The Revolution*, has engaged to preach for six months to a Radical congregation in Salem, Ohio.

....Rev. W. H. Millburn, the "Blind Preacher," having returned from California, will spend the autumn and winter in lecturing. His topics are "What a Blind Man Saw in California," and "Sheridan, the Orator and Wit." Address, 15 Cooper Institute.

New York and Vicinity.

LAST Sabbath Mercer-street church, now the Church of the Strangers, was re-dedicated, in the presence of a crowded assembly. An original hymn by Phebe Cary and a sermon by Dr. John Cotton Smith (who did not ask Episcopal permission) were among the features of the day. Dr. Deems is engaged in an excellent and promising field of labor. He is a Southern Methodist; but practically an Independent now, being so far from Conference. The gift of its building by Mr. Vanderbilt puts the Church of the Strangers on an assured financial basis.

....Rev. Merrell Richardson, of Worcester, Mass., began last Sabbath his pastorate of the New England Congregational church, in this

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News of the Week.

WITH the exception of the capitulation of Strasbourg, nothing of vital importance has transpired in the conduct of the Franco-Prussian war during the past week. Strasbourg surrendered on the 27th ult. The French garrison, to the number of 17,000 men and 451 officers, laid down their arms unconditionally. The havoc wrought by the bombardment is positively frightful and the sufferings and destitution of the inhabitants past description. There was great rejoicing on the part of the citizens when the surrender took place, in view of their release from a prolongation of the horrors of the siege. Beyond several sharp engagements between detachments of French who vainly dispute the ground with the advanced sections of the Prussian army of circumvallation, nothing has transpired around Paris in any proportion to what may reasonably be expected from such prodigious preparations as are making for the reduction of the city. It is probably the calm preceding the storm. The Prussians have thus far been content in gradually approaching the fortifications, securing the most favorable positions for the use of heavy artillery, and there strongly intrenching themselves. Heavy siege guns are now arriving them, having been dispatched from Strasburg and Toul. Some days will elapse, probably, before these can be placed in position to begin a siege which may well prove the most memorable of modern times. On the 30th ult. a heavy body of French troops made a sortie against the fifth, sixth, and eleventh Prussian army corps, aiming to drive them from the earthworks they were throwing up on the heights of Meudon, in the vicinity of Forts D'Issy and de Montrouge, on the south of Paris. After a severe engagement of two hours, the French were driven back in disorder under the guns of the forts. They lost severely in killed and wounded and about 500 prisoners. The Heights of Meudon are of vast importance to the Prussians, inasmuch as with heavy guns they command the French forts on that side of the city; hence the effort to regain possession of them. Bazaine has made still another unsuccessful sortie at Metz. It is stated that Bazaine does not recognize the Republic; but says his Emperor placed him at Metz, and he shall hold the place till his Emperor shall release him from the duty of doing so longer. He is undoubtedly at ff Imperialist, and has no sympathy with the Republic. It is even reported that he has offered to capitulate on condition that the Prussians will second his efforts to replace Napoleon on the throne. At Bitche, Verdun, Salsons, and Médières the siege is each place still continues, with the accompanying sorties and repulses. Gen. Von Fallenstein's army, which has been for some time forming on the Upper Rhine, is now marching against Lyons. The Provisional Government has decreed a levy *en masse*, or all men between the ages of 21 and 40. The Government has also decided upon the 16th inst. as the day on which the election of the Constituent Assembly shall take place. The number of members to compose the Assembly is fixed at 750, apportioned on a basis of population. Hopes for an armistice are to some extent grounded upon the advent of the forthcoming Assembly.

....Matters are progressing quietly in Rome since its occupation by the Italians. The result of the *plebiscite*, taken on the 2d inst., was almost unanimously in favor of Italian unity. The City of Rome cast over 50,000 affirmative and less than 50 negative votes. The Leonine City gave 1,500 votes, all but one being in the affirmative. The Provinces show 6,537 ayes, against 22 noes. It is said the form of the *plebiscite* gives no guaranties for the independence or the protection of the Pope. It simply asked the people to vote "yes" or "nay" on the question of annexation to Italy. Cardinal Pecci has had an interview with the King, at Florence, and it is believed that satisfactory arrangements will be made with the Pope—rendered more probable by the fact that the Pope has appointed Cardinal Capazzi as his secretary of state, in place of Cardinal Antonelli, who has resigned. Reconciliation between the King and the Pope becomes daily more probable. The Pope has dismissed his guard of honor. The priests and monks, who had secluded themselves since the Italian occupation, are reappearing on the streets and profess to be good Italians. The new Roman Government announces the appropriation of 50,000,000 lire to defray the expenses attending the inauguration of Rome as the capital of Italy, and it is stated that the King will make his entry into the Eternal City on the 18th inst., attended by the Italian National Guard.

....A heavy rain storm swept over the mountain districts of Virginia on Thursday last, causing terrible floods in the rivers having their headwaters in those sections. In consequence, cities and towns along their banks have been partially or wholly submerged, resulting in an immense loss both of life and property. In Richmond the devastation was fearful. All the low-lying portions of the city were flooded. The Manchester Bridge was swept away. Immense destruction of goods in the stores, estimated at $4,000,000, was caused. At Lynchburg hundreds of families were barely rescued from their dwellings in boats, and the scenes of suffering and desolation were heartrending. The city and vicinity also suffered heavily. Both the foot and iron railway bridges across the James River were washed away, many dwellings were carried off, and from twenty to thirty lives lost. The town of Columbia, in Fluvanna County, was completely deluged. Every house was submerged and many carried away. Harper's Ferry, Georgetown, Washington, and Alexandria, on the Potomac, suffer severely from the freshet. The destruction of property at Harper's Ferry is immense, and it is reported that over forty lives have been lost. At Georgetown the Chain Bridge was destroyed; as was also a portion of Long Bridge, at Washington. Both the James and Potomac rivers were completely covered with the debris of bridges, buildings, and other property swept away by the torrents.

....The prodigious military preparations now going forward in Russia have excited much concern in both Prussia and England—in the former through apprehension of a Franco-Russian alliance, and in the latter through fears that Russia has designs against the integrity of the "Sick Man's" domains. The government organ at St. Petersburg, however, formally denies any intention of Russia to interfere with Turkey. It says the policy of Russia is one of peace and justice. Yet the great activity in military operations, the concentration and core of religious thought to portend something else than peace. It may be that Russia's "policy of peace and justice" means the same as Napoleon's "the Empire is peace."

....Regent Serrano has ordered the execution of the Spanish Emancipation Law in Cuba and Porto Rico, whereby all children of slave mothers born henceforth are made free; all those born since 1868 are free under certain conditions; all slaves over 60 years of age at this date are free, and all others as soon as they arrive at 60 years of age; all slaves belonging to the state and all who have rendered services against the insurrection are free. As soon as Cuban deputies are admitted to the Spanish Cortes, the government will present a project of law for the complete emancipation of all slaves on the islands.

....Tientsin advices report that the Chinese have refused the ultimatum of the French and are preparing for war. The French naval officers in Chinese waters are awaiting orders from the home government before they proceed to extremities. It is quite probable that the British forces in those waters will join France in forcing the Chinese to a better observance of treaty stipulations in the future.

....The funeral of Admiral Farragut, which took place in this city on the 30th inst., was unsurpassed by anything of its kind in this city since the obsequies of President Lincoln.

....Notwithstanding the fearful storm which raged here all day, the pageant, in its military, naval, and civic branches, was of a most imposing character. In every respect it was a spontaneous and fitting tribute of respect and love paid to the memory of a grand old hero and patriot.

....The vomito is raging fearfully among the Spanish people inhabiting the provinces bordering the Mediterranean coast. Great consternation prevails, and the inhabitants are flying from the plague-stricken city of Barcelona by the thousands. One hundred and twenty thousand have already taken refuge outside the walls of that town.

The Independent

THE TRUE DOCTRINE OF DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

SERMON

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Every one that is called by my name; for I have created him for my glory. I have formed him: yea I have made him. I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—ISAIAH XLIII. 7, 25.

ALL theology undergoes an unsconcious change through the lapse of ages, arising from the changes of men's opinions and beliefs in other matters. For, as our common secular beliefs are much affected by our religious belief, so our religious belief is itself more or less affected by our secular beliefs. It were easy to show that our knowledge, and that the doctrine of the human mind, its natural laws, its education, its methods, its disorders, and its remedies, underlie almost the whole range of human belief except in pure physical science.

Our beliefs respecting man will determine our methods of education and government. Mental philosophy, applied to our religious nature, is a theology. For theology is nothing but a particular department of mental philosophy—the science of the divine mind and the science of governing human minds. Mental philosophy developed in regard to social relations constitutes ethics, or the science of social duties. Mental philosophy applied to questions of communities and their management is the doctrine of government; for civil government among men is, after all, but a mental problem, multiplex.

The following things have happened:

1. In attempting to explain and enforce divine government, men have always brought to their reasonings on this great and transcendently important subject the ideas of their own time respecting mental philosophy and the science of human government. The forms of government under which men had lived, which they had been taught to believe was of divine authority, and in which were epitomized the radical notions of authority and obedience—these have determined very much the opinions of men respecting the divine government, and so the divine administrative character.

2. As men's views of human governments have undergone gradual changes through the lapse of ages, and their notions of the human mind have become clearer and more thorough, the theological expositions founded upon a ruder notion of government and mind have lost their hold and power upon thinking men, and have lost their faith in certain doctrines of religion long before they give them up. How thinking men pass through that state in which things held to be true cease with them to have the force of truth, and gradually crumble under their handling! And it is a long time before men can say to themselves, "I do not believe what my fathers believed." If a man be conscientious and timid, it frequently constitutes one of the most poignant experiences of his life when he, at a later period, takes a more advanced view, and forsakes the less disclosed view of his fathers. But the fact remains that, long before men really are changed avowedly, they are changed in fact—because those sources from which knowledge and faith come in the present time have changed their philosophy and their views have changed, and they cannot any longer hold those views that depend upon a very contrary theory, as they have held before.

3. It will also now be easily understood how the same great fact or religious truth may remain in authority from age to age, and yet the theological statement of that truth, the grounds of its defense or illustration, may utterly change. In other words, there may be a transformation of theology, while the subject-matter out of which all theologies are made will have a certain sameness and variety from beginning to end. And this fact illustrates another fact of great importance—namely, that the same truth may be held in its integrity under a great many forms and with a great many different expressions.

Suppose a man had been brought up to believe that there was but one single way of generating ten, and that that was multiplication, by saying "Twice five are ten." By and by a man comes along and teaches a heresy, and says that ten can form ten by addition as well as by multiplication." That is a new-fangled notion. It does not believe it at first. It is an innovation. But at last he believes that he added to five *will* make ten. And there he stands, till some smart man comes from the schools and says: "Yes, and nine and one make ten; or, eight and two make ten; or, seven and three make ten; or, six and four make ten." "And here turn out," says the man, "five ways of making ten." Yes, and why not? Why not fifty? What is there incompatible in that? We smile when a man misses such a question in arithmetic; but because the factors are different in generating a moral result, men seem to think that the true, the formative process has been abandoned. The philosophical elements, the modes of rendering thought, these change with changing education and habits and thoughts and feelings; whereas the central substance of truth around about which they have gradually clustered, and from which they have all derived their vital inspiration, not only remains, but they hold it and believe in it. And there be many men in many sects of common Christianity who suppose themselves to be in radical antagonism. And lies are about the clothes of truth; but they hold the truth itself in common.

Perhaps no other doctrine can so well illustrate this view as in all its parts as this very doctrine of divine sovereignty, one secret of which has been set forth in our text. God created men for his own glory. He fashions men for his own sake. He deals with them first according to natural law, and does it for his own sake; and then according to moral law, and does it for his own sake. God creates men, and governs his moral power, his absolute sovereignty, and his right to govern in the way that is best, he himself being judge of what is best and taking counsel of none other.

That there is one God; that he is supreme; that he governs by laws of his own and by fresh and continuous willimpulses of his own; that he is independent; that he consults none, and, unlike a limited monarch, executes his own purposes, and not the will of his subjects; the great truth of the one God—that has remained. From the earliest thoughts of men in patriarchal days down to this period of philosophizing there has been no center and core of religious thought but seems to have undergone almost no change. Men have from that time to the present believed in one eternal, sovereign, wise, just, governing God. And yet the doctrine of sovereignty has not been the same doctrine everywhere. Men have held to this central substance of truth; but the exposition and doctrine of it have always varied.

For example, in a patriarchal age, when God was declared to be supreme, men understood, as their highest conception of supremacy, that God was the chief, or the monarch; and all his relations were patriarchal or fatherly. And they must of necessity have conceived of the supremacy and sovereignty of God as of the relations of a father in some way to a multiplex family. When chiefs became kings, and kings became absolute, human ideas, following changed notions of supremacy, had a new doctrine of the rights of kings. And gradually, when these things had been reflected in society, and generations had been brought up to feel that kings were a certain something that God made for a purpose, and put into them all that was needful *jure divino* kings—when men had believed these things for a long time, and incorporated them into their faith, it was impossible but that they should form from their idea of sovereignty in an earthly monarch; and that would be different from the conception of the supremacy of a universal chief.

Then the so-called divine right of kings had almost removed from men the notion that subjects had rights; when it was alleged and thought that the only thing men were made for was to be material for kings to manipulate; when kings seemed, as they did in some periods, to represent the essence and sum total of mankind; when it was supposed that vast generations of men were mere tributaries running into one king, and that the king—in such an age as how could there be a notion of God's supremacy and sovereignty that should not envious, tyrannic, exclusive, distasteful, and, enormously wicked?

And so we have yet registered certain notions of God's absolute sovereignty—of what he did, of what he determined to do, and of why he did it—that shock every sensibility of persons educated by the New Testament. And these extreme views of God's sovereignty were derived from notions of authority as represented in absolute monarchies.

But, as time rolled on, and democratic tendencies worked their way up into power, kings were at a discount, and the common people began to be regarded, and to be lifted up, with their many heads crowned with new-found power. When it began to be taught that the source of power and authority was there, it could not but be that a modifying influence would be felt in regard to the doctrine of divine sovereignty; that there would not be so much emphasis put on God's doing what he pleased; that there would begin to be more thought as to not only man's duties, but as to the duties of a just and benevolent Father, as to what he has bound himself, by the laws of his nature, to do for helpless, defenseless subjects. It could not but be that there would be a question of the rights of subjects in theology, as in civil policy. And, if such a tendency is met with rebuff and stamped as heretic; if men think by stealth, if their convictions are dammed up, then at last, when they do break down the barrier, and flow on, they will be like a devastating freshet. Truth is almost always innocuous in its development if you give it freedom; but, if you make men think by stealth, as if it were a crime, afterward there come in reformations of old bad thinkings with terrible violence and force. It was the repression that made it so bad.

Why, God made a teaketle to sing when the water that is in it boils; and if you put down the lid, so that it shall not sing, it will not for a few moments. But it will give you thunder when it explodes. It would be perfectly harmless if you would let it alone, and give it the liberty that belongs to it.

So of thinking. If it be not penal to think, if a man is held to the judgment-seat of logic, if he is searched by argument, then no harm comes of it. Give me argument. It is that which makes investigation easy, temperate, and almost without reaction. And, while many of the evils of the church have been evils of heresy, the reason why they have been such evils is that men would not let them come in. If they had let them come in, they would have gone out without harm, being clothed with a fictitious power.

If, then, it be true that our ideas of divine government, of religion, and of God himself are powerfully affected by our ideas of human government, it is not less true that our experience and philosophy of government and society will powerfully, in turn, influence our conceptions of theology.

Now, there is a very offensive way of representing God as acting for his own sake. Where it is designed to leave the impression that God has a right to be indifferent to the interests, feelings, and desires of his subjects, as if his law, or his invisible and future kingdom, were something so much greater, better, brighter than sinful men that, if he pleased, he would have a right to withdraw all thought from sinful men and fix his mind on his law; where it is stated that God has a right to disregard his subjects, as if they were not worth his consideration, I cannot conceive now at the same time a God can be presented to our view that we can receive with love and confidence or worship. I know it has been said and believed that men sinned, and that by sin they voided all their rights. It may be true of individuals in Patagonia, where the dregs of the race; but that does not touch the question at all that this race of men have been put upon the earth, and that God with infinite knowledge and foresight has continued to reproduce and augment the ratio of creation year after year, and that nations, generations, numbers uncountable in one vast, endless stream, have been rolling on and down toward eternity. And to say that God has a right to continue in being and to continue the support of that race, but has no rights before him, because they sin and will sin, and he knows they will sin, is to present a view of God that perplexes the common mind, and that, it seems to me, must shake the strongest mind.

I am free to say that what are called the "hyper-Calvinistic" views of God—views that represent that God, by decrees of reprobation, without any foresight of their good or evil, but simply for the purposes of his own glory, created men expressly to damn them, and that that damnation consists in moral perversion, by which forever and forever and forever they are to hate good, and love wickedness, and revile, and blaspheme, and quarrel with, and contend against lawful government—I am free to say that these are views with which I have no sympathy. Why, to teach that God sets up engines of being that never are to run down, and that are forever to work with augmenting productiveness in the direction of that which God hates, and to teach that he does it all for the purpose of demonstrating his own sovereignty and his own glory—this is to make men detest such a sovereignty, and to abhor such a sovereign. There can be no such doctrine as this that any doctrine springing from the Gospel of Christ, or the love of Christ, or the example of Christ will not sit in judgment upon and condemn.

Therefore, if there be any present who entertain such a view of God as this, let me ask them to go back as far as they can toward the beginning of time, toward the earliest records of history, where we have lifted up before us an idea of God so perfect, so sublime, so exquisite in every line and lineament and detail, that, strange as it may seem, no touch of beauty can be added to it. Our latest and profoundest moral musings will not carry us one step in advance of that notion of God which was propounded to Moses almost in the beginning of the world, at the outset of his legislative career.

"The Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and to the fourth generation."

I never meet this description without trembling. It rises up before me more stately and magnificent than any pile of architecture, than the most voluminous and artfully-contrived cathedral. I behold, what seems to me almost, that the glory of God rests in his gentleness and long-suffering and abundant goodness; and that as you still look he shows it more and more, and keeps it till he can show it upon generation and generation, and that all this is not a mere sentiment of good nature, but is based and founded upon immutable love and justice and truth—for he will in the end by no means clear the guilty. Truth is truth, and God will vindicate it; right is right, and God will take care of it; justice is justice, and he stands upon it as upon an immutable foundation. He will maintain truth and purity and eternal justice; for on them, and by them, and through them, and for them he lifts up this resplendent glory of love, and sparing mercy, and wonderful forgiveness. And where else is there so much put in so small a space, and put in such order and balance, as here? And those who think that our views of God's imperfect must be puzzled, I think, to find one as perfect. In the very beginnings of human knowledge as perfect a conception of God is to be found as is to be found in these later days.

2. Where it is designed to leave the impression that God is so great that he has a right to do what it would be wicked for any other one to do the doctrine of God's sovereignty is presented in a way to make it offensive, and in a way that surely cannot stand. It is the most dangerous doctrine I can conceive of—the doctrine that quantity of being relieves from moral obligation. Right goes with quality, not with quantity. God has a right to do what he pleases; but it is on account of his moral quality. It is right that that which is perfectly equitable should have a chance to make justice. That which is perfectly good has infinite rights. That which is perfectly true has infinite rights. Perfect wisdom, perfect love, perfect justice, perfect sympathy, perfect suffering, and self-denial for others—these have a right to reign supreme. Heaven acclaims it, earth acclaims it, and even hell must needs groan consent. And God is sovereign, universal, absolute, and unquestionable, simply because he is so much better than men, than saints, than angels, than thrones and dominions and powers, that he would stoop from goodness and lessen it if he should take counsel of any. But to say that we must not do certain things because we are little men, and that God may do them because he is a great God, is to confound moral distinctions in their sources. That is, selfishness is wicked in me because it was first wicked in God. If it is right in him, my minification does not make it wrong in me. All the laws which he has imposed upon us he took out of his own self to give to us. He commands us to be what he is, and made us so much in his image as that we might understand and come into sympathy with the movement of his reason, of his conscience, and of his love. God has commanded us to follow him, and his footsteps are his laws. What he is and what he does teaches us what we may be and what we may do.

Now, to say that it is criminal for a man, as a private citizen, to do things that God has a right to do, because he is God and is greater than we are—what is this but teaching, under cloudy words and with some sort of rainbow colors, the bold doctrine that might makes right. Is there any doctrine more detestable and more mischievous than that God is sovereign, and may do as he pleases, and is justified in all that he does, simply because he is so great, because he is so infinite?

I say that being is responsible in the ratio of its magnitude. That is to say, the vaster the sphere, the richer the endowment, the more potential the attributes, the greater, according to this doctrine of love, which is declared to be the key-note not of Scripture alone, but of government and of the universe, is the obligation that one is under; and not to you and me, but to that which is in himself, to the very nature of being; to truth and law.

3. When the doctrine of divine sovereignty is so stated as that it produces the impression that God is not a God of will—which we believe—but of willfulness; that he

Selections.

A REVERIE AND A SONG.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I.

WHEN I do sit apart,
And commune with my heart,
She brings me forth the treasures once my own:
Shows me a happy place
Where leaf-buds swelled apace,
And wasting rims of snow in sunlight shone.

Rock, in a mossy glade,
The larch trees lend thee shade
That just begin to feather with their leaves;
From out thy service deep
White tufts of snowdrops peep,
And melted rime drips softly from thine caves.

Ah, rock, I know, I know
That yet thy snowdrops grow,
And yet doth sunshine fleck them through the tree
Whose sheltering branches hide
The cottage at its side,
That never more will shade or shelter me.

I know the stockdove's note
Athwart the glen doth float:
With sweet foreknowledge of her twins oppress'd,
And longings onward sent,
She broods before the event,
While leisurely she mends her shallow nest.

Once to that cottage door,
In happy days of yore,
My little love made footprints in the snow.
She was so glad of spring,
She helped the birds to sing;
I know she dwells there yet—the rest I do not know.

They sang, and would not stop,
While drop and drop and drop
I heard the melted rime in sunshine fall;
And narrow wandering rills,
Where leaned the daffodils,
Murmured and murmured on, and that was all.

I think, but cannot tell,
I think she loved me well,
And some dear fancy with my future twined;
Body shall never know,
Hope faints and lets it go,
That passionate want forbids to speak its mind.

II.

She was but a child, a child,
And I a man grown;
Sweet she was, and fresh and wild,
And, I thought, my own.
What could I do? The long grass groweth,
The long wave floweth with a murmur on;
The why and the wherefore of it all who knoweth?
Ere I thought to lose her, she was grown—and gone.

This day or that day, in warm spring weather,
The lamb that was tame will yearn to break its tether.
"But if the world wound thee," I said,
"come back to me,
Down in the dell wishing—wishing, wishing for thee."

The dews hang on the white may,
Like a ghost it stands,
All in the dusk before day
That folds the dim lands.

Dark fell the skies when, once belated,
Sad, and sorrow-fated, I missed the sun;
But wake, heart, and sing, for not in vain I waited,
Oh clear, oh solemn dawning, lo! the maid is won!
Sweet dews, dry early on the grass and clover,
Lest the bride wet her feet while she walks over;
Shine to-day, sunbeams, and make all fair to see.
Down the dell she's coming—coming, coming with me.

—*Good Words.*

CHARACTISTIC SAYINGS BY AMERICANS.

[*From the Columbus (O.) Journal.*]

SOME one with a good memory for such might make a very readable article from the best-remembered and most characteristic sayings of Americans. Here are a few which may serve as specimens of what might be done, with time and opportunity:

Samuel Adams, known for many things, seldom has his name associated with the phrase first applied by him to England: "Nation of shopkeepers."

It was John Wesley, and not Charles Sumner, who first spoke of slavery (the slave trade) as "the sum of all villanies."

Franklin said many things that have passed into maxims; but nothing that is better known and remembered than: "He has paid dear, very dear for his whistle."

Washington made but few epigrammatic speeches. Here is one: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Did you ever hear old John Dickinson? Well, he wrote of Americans in 1768: "By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall."

Patrick Henry, as every schoolboy knows, gave us: "Give me liberty or give me death," and "If this be treason, make the most of it."

Thomas Paine had many quotable epigrammatic sentences: "Rose like a rocket, fell like a stick"; "Times that try men's souls"; "One step from the sublime to the ridiculous," etc.

Jefferson's writings are so besprinkled that it is difficult to select. In despair, we jump at "Few die and none resign," certainly as applicable to officeholders now as in Jefferson's time.

Josiah Quincy, Jr., said: "Wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called on to make our exit, we will die freemen."

Henry Lee gave Washington his immortal title: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney declared in favor of "Millions for defense; but not one cent for tribute."

"Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," is from Josiah Quincy, in 1811.

John Adams did not say "Live or die, survive or perish, I'm for the Constitution"; but Daniel Webster did say it for him.

The revolutionary age alone would give us our article, had we time to gather the pearls. Coming down, we pass greater, but not more famous men: for

Davy Crockett was the illustrious author of "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Andrew Jackson gave us "The Union—it must be preserved."

Benton almost lost his original identity in "Old Bullion," from his "hard-money" doctrines.

Governor Throop, of New York, was called "Small Light Throop" for years, from a phrase in a Thanksgiving proclamation.

Scott's "hasty plate of soup" lasted his lifetime.

Taylor's battle order, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," will be quoted after he is forgotten.

Seward is known for the "irrepressible conflict" wherever the English language is spoken.

Marcy's patched breeches are as well remembered as his state papers.

Rufus Choate gave us "glittering generalities."

Our own Bill Allen, the "Chinese Gong," is responsible for "54-40 or fight."

Tom Corwin's "welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves," one of his noblest utterances, gave him more unenviable criticism than any other saying of his life.

Calhoun gave us "state rights" as a most pernicious and absurd equivalent for national supremacy under the Constitution.

Douglas applied "squatter sovereignty," though it is probable that Cass invented and Calhoun named it.

Stringfellow was the original "Border Ruffian."

War times gave us no end of epigrammatic utterances. Those of Lincoln alone would fill a volume. Chiefest of all these that noble, godlike sentiment: "With charity for all and malice toward none."

McClellan's chief exploit was to make us acquainted with the phrase "Change of base."

Grant gave us "Fight it out on this line," "Unconditional surrender," "I propose to move immediately upon your works," "Bottled up," and a hundred others. It seems to have escaped notice that Grant is responsible for more of these characterizing, elementary crystallizations of thought than any military leader of modern times.

Sherman first gave utterance to the great truth, showing at once statesmanship and military sagacity, "The Confederacy is a shell"; and he had the rare felicity of practically demonstrating his own theorem by the "March to the Sea."

Sheridan's character and his style of fighting are expressed by "Sent them whirling up the valley."

Pope's unfortunate orders from "Headquarters in the saddle" gave Lee opportunity for the one solitary joke of his lifetime: "What can you expect of a general who puts his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be?"

[*From the Boston Transcript.*]

Josiah Quincy, Jr., in his observations on the Boston Port Bill, in 1774, said: "Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate."

Mr. Jefferson, in one of his inaugurals, said: "Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

Benjamin Franklin, as Poor Richard, said: "God helps them that help themselves"; and, "Three removes are as bad as a fire."

William C. Bryant, in his "Forest Hymn," writes:

"The groves were God's first temples."

Whittier, in "Maud Muller," writes:

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

John Trumbull wrote in "McFingal":

"No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

James Russell Lowell, in "The Capture," said: "Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men."

Daniel Webster, on the 17th of July, 1850, said: "I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American."

Jonathan M. Sewall, in an epilogue to Cato, a hundred years ago, wrote:

"No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," wrote the famous words: "Boston State House is the hub of the Solar System. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar."

Fitz-Green Halleck wrote of Robert Burns:

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

Ralph Waldo Emerson said:

"Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

In Mr. Emerson's hymn sung at the completion of the Concord Monument are the lines:

"Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Lydia Maria Child, in her historical novel, "The Rebels," makes James Otis, in a supposititious speech, say: "England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the steps of freedom."

Rufus Choate, in speaking of the Puritans, in a New England address, said: "There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop."

William L. Marcy, in a speech in the U. S. Senate, in 1832, said: "They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils."

Washington Irving, in the "Creole Village," speaks of "The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land."

EMBROIDERED CHRISTIAN ART.

A VERY curious collection of objects of Christian art relating to Catholic worship was exhibited at Rome not long since, in the cloisters within the Baths of Diocletian. The first in interest as well as in beauty was the remarkable Tonicello, the dalmatic said to have been used by Pope Leo the Third at the coronation of the Emperor Charlemagne. The pontiff reigned from A. D. 795 to 816. It has been preserved in the treasury of the Vatican. It is known that the palaces of the Vatican existed in the eighth century, and that Charlemagne resided there at the time of his coronation by St. Leo. There is no reason to doubt that this interesting work of art dates from as early a period. The design, worked in gold and silver thread on a dark blue ground of silk, is evidently by the hand of a Byzantine artist. Indeed, it bears a very close resemblance, both in general treatment and costume, to some of the fine mosaic pictures by Greek artists still extant in the churches at Ravenna, and which date from the time of Justinian and two following centuries. The form of the dalmatic is similar to that in use at the present time by the attendant priests of the celebrant at mass, who is himself habited in the chasuble. It is of square shape both before and behind, with smaller square lateral pieces depending and sewn, forming loose sleeves. The principal subject is contained in a large circle; here is represented a colossal figure of our Lord in glory, seated on a rainbow and holding the Gospels. The right hand is raised and open, but not giving benediction either in the Eastern or Western mode; the feet are resting on two winged circles, a mystical type mentioned by Ezekiel; surrounding him is an angelic host, in figures of smaller size; beneath, in still smaller proportions, is a semi-circle of standing figures, representing the apostles, patriarchs, and emperors—some wearing the regal costume of the Eastern Empire. The remaining space in the angles is filled with a stately figure, surrounded by a crowd of men of very diminutive size. This mode of varying the proportions of the figures according to the importance of the person represented is common in the pictorial subjects of Byzantine artists at that early period. The posterior surface is covered with a design of the transfiguration. Our Lord is ascending from Mount Tabor; the figures of Moses and Elias are placed on either side; below are seen three of the apostles, shielding their eyes from the effulgence of the glory above. This conventional treatment of the subject has been followed pretty closely by Raphael in his celebrated picture. The two subjects on the lateral squares represent the mystical institution of the Eucharist. In the one case, our Lord is distributing bread to the apostles from a table; in the other, he gives the cup. The simple and homely treatment of these two scenes bears a strong resemblance to similar representations found on the incised stones of the early Christians. The different subjects are indicated by inscriptions of Greek characters; the remaining portions of the vestment are covered with small crosses, enclosed within churches. A very rich tone of color is still retained. The dark blue silk of the ground was doubtless fabricated in the East; this is laid over an equally rich mass of red silk, with several layers of some coarser material beneath; the orphreys of gold and silver thread have even now a subdued richness. The size is enormous. It could hardly have been worn by any man of ordinary stature; it was probably never much used; this, together with the thickness of the material, may account for the excellent state of preservation in which we now find it.

The remaining embroideries which make up this collection were brought from the treasury of the cathedral at Anagni. This town is situated just beyond the Alban Hills, at no great distance from Rome. It supplied several pontiffs to the chair of St. Peter during the Middle Ages. Here are preserved the vestments of Innocent the Third, A. D. 1198—1216. They consist of a chasuble and two dalmatics, and correspond very well with that date. They were probably made in Sicily, where at that time very beautiful works of art of many kinds were produced. The mixture of Byzantine and Romanesque designs give to these works a marked character. The ground of these vestments is of coarse silk, of that peculiarly rich red color which is still made in the Levant. The embroideries are in massive gold thread, and mainly covered with a pattern consisting of foliations and circles, containing the winged lion, the spread eagle, and birds in pairs. The chasuble alone is ornamented with a band of orphreys, representing our Lord giving benediction according to the Latin rite; also the Virgin, King David, and the ancestors of Christ.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER

A BOSTON correspondent assures us that the following, one of the many funny anecdotes that Portsmouth, New Hampshire, people tell of Mr. Webster, has not appeared in print:

During Mr. W.'s residence in that city, in his younger days, there was a furniture-dealer named Judkins doing business in the town, who was a very well-informed as well as ambitious man. He was patronized by Mr. Webster, who often dropped into the shop to order or superintend the making of some piece of furniture. These opportunities of conversing with a man so learned as Mr. W. were the delight of Judkins' life; and, on the removal of the former to Boston, the payment of a considerable debt due Mr. J. was willingly left for future settlement. Attempts were made at various times to collect the debt—always in vain. Finally, Mr. Judkins determined to go to Boston and see Mr. Webster himself. He reached the city after a long and fatiguing stage-ride; and, making a Sunday toilet, proceeded to the large house on the corner of High and Summer streets. "Is Mr. Webster in?" asked he of the servant who answered the bell. Yes; but he cannot possibly be seen." "But I must see him." "No; he is entertaining some Washington gentlemen at dinner." Mr. Judkins had heard of subterfuges, and believed not the serving-man. "Well, I will come in and wait till dinner is over." The puzzled servant, needed below stairs, decided to take the gentleman at his word, and raised and open, but not giving benediction either in the Eastern or Western mode; the feet are resting on two winged circles, a mystical type mentioned by Ezekiel; surrounding him is an angelic host, in figures of smaller size; beneath, in still smaller proportions, is a semi-circle of standing figures, representing the apostles, patriarchs, and emperors—some wearing the regal costume of the Eastern Empire. The remaining space in the angles is filled with a stately figure, surrounded by a crowd of men of very diminutive size. This mode of varying the proportions of the figures according to the importance of the person represented is common in the pictorial subjects of Byzantine artists at that early period. The posterior surface is covered with a design of the transfiguration. Our Lord is ascending from Mount

Picking Apples.

treated as I never expected to be treated in *this* world, and I was willing to pay for it."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

DR. BYLES AND HIS PSALMS.

[*From the Boston Transcript.*]

JOSEPH GREEN'S lampooning contest with Rev. Dr. Byles afforded much entertainment to the people of Boston a hundred years ago. Gov. Belcher, being about to sail to the eastern part of Maine, dropped into the shop to order or superintend the making of some piece of furniture. These opportunities of conversing with a man so learned as Mr. W. were the delight of Judkins' life; and, on the removal of the former to Boston, the payment of a considerable debt due Mr. J. was willingly left for future settlement. Attempts were made at various times to collect the debt—always in vain. Finally, Mr. Judkins determined to go to Boston and see Mr. Webster himself. He reached the city after a long and fatiguing stage-ride; and, making a Sunday toilet, proceeded to the large house on the corner of High and Summer streets. "Is Mr. Webster in?" asked he of the servant who answered the bell. Yes; but he cannot possibly be seen." "But I must see him." "No; he is entertaining some Washington gentlemen at dinner." Mr. Judkins had heard of subterfuges, and believed not the serving-man. "Well, I will come in and wait till dinner is over." The puzzled servant, needed below stairs, decided to take the gentleman at his word, and showed